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THE NEW YORKER

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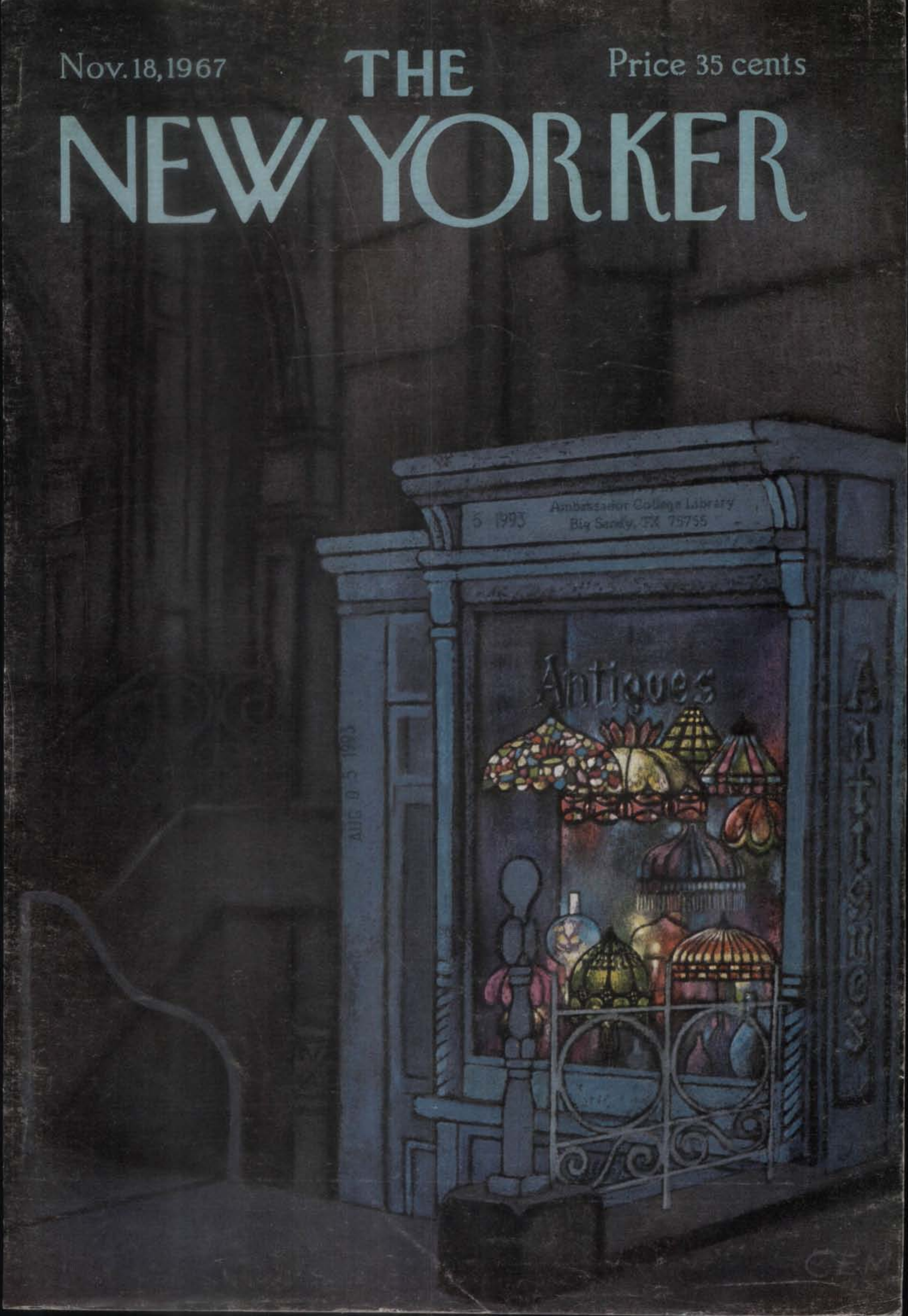
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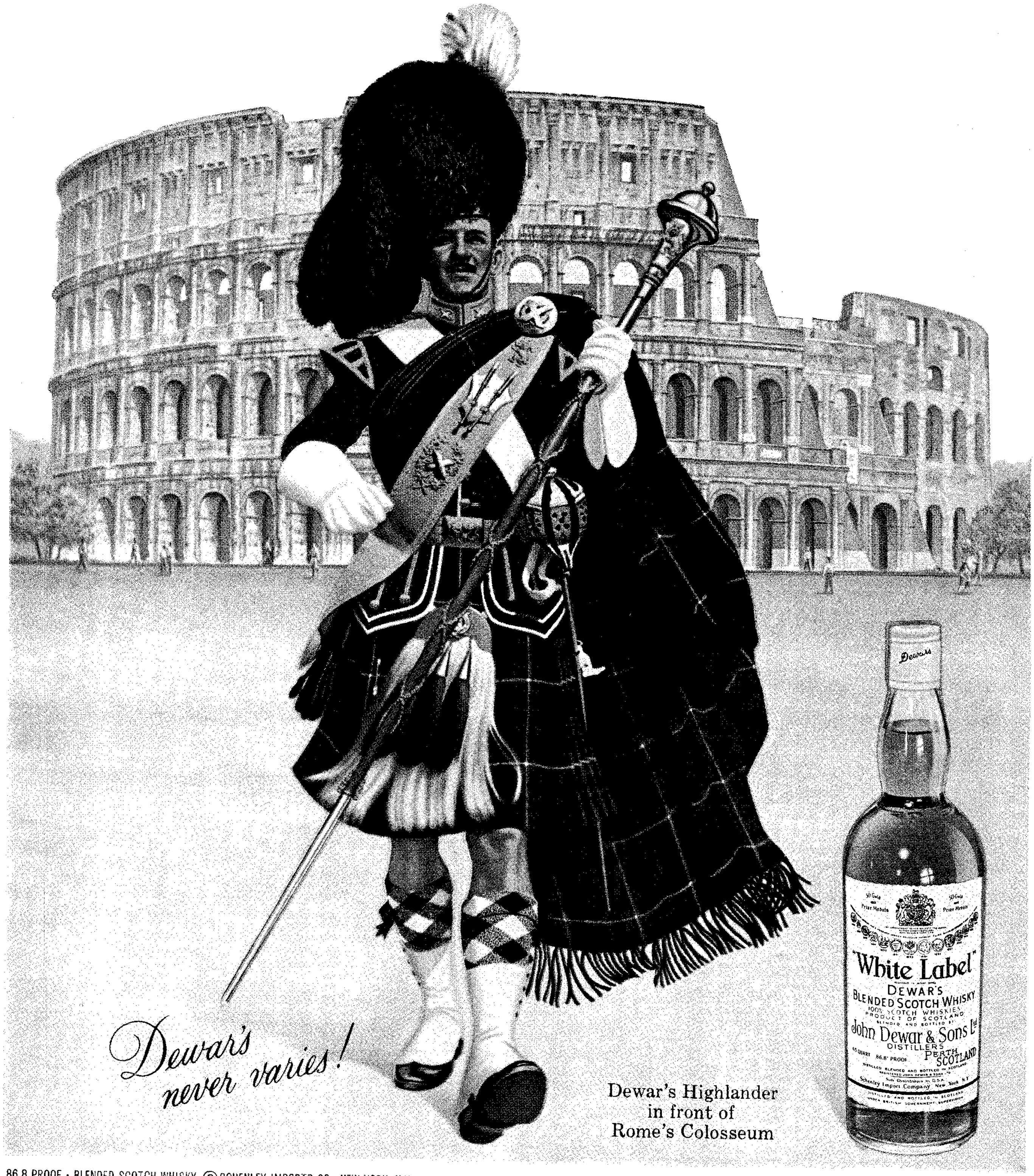
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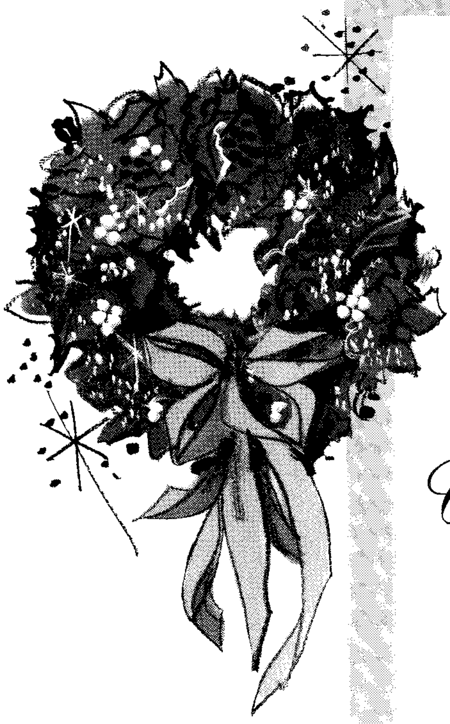

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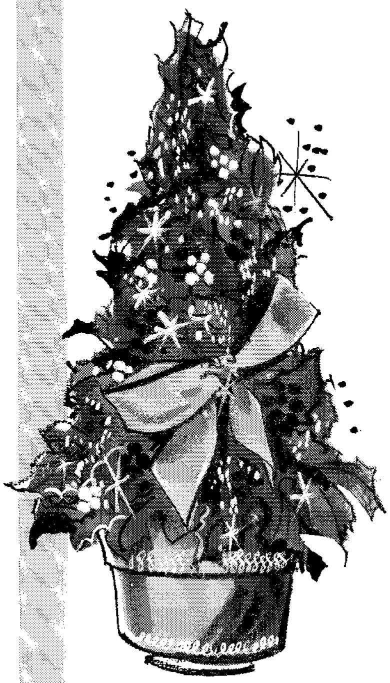

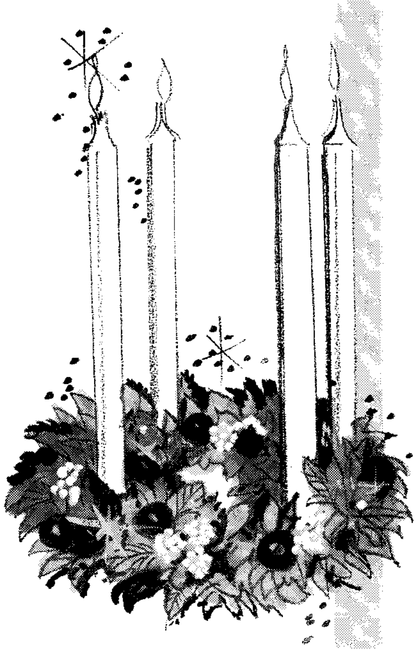

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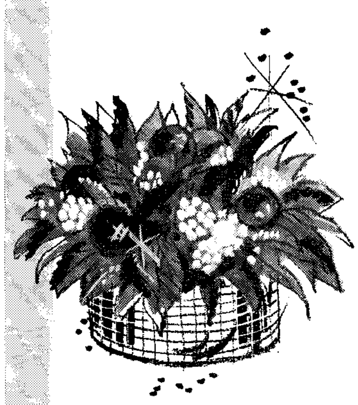

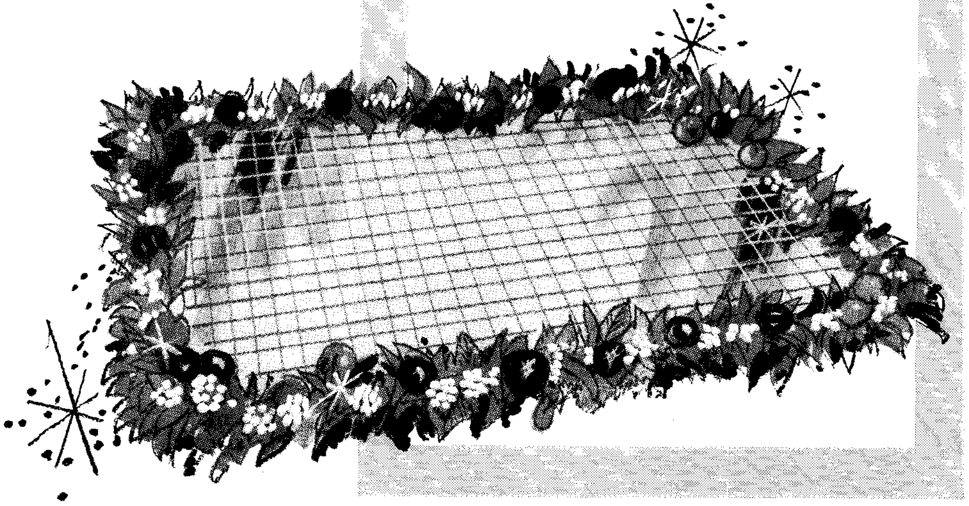

BONWIT
TELLER

New York Manhasset Westchester Short Hills Philadelphia Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston Palm Beach

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 23. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.... ¶ E. and W. means East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

After the Rain—John Bowen gives us, with the help of a fine cast, a glimpse of how the world may be in a future of which we wot not. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Birthday Party—Fun and most peculiar games in Harold Pinter's first full-length drama, written a decade ago. The assorted English people on display are not always portrayed with complete confidence by the American cast, and the direction, by Alan Schneider, is in and out. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Black Comedy—What goes on in South Kensington when the lights go out. A curtain-raiser, "White Lies," is a dud. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 2.)

Daphne in Cottage D—Sandy Dennis bumping into the walls as a cute alcoholic in a play by Stephen Levi that includes two characters and spates of sudsy dialogue. William Daniels, the second party in the affair, who portrays a doctor, is effective whenever Miss Dennis gives him a chance. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Halfway up the Tree—English hippies being unexpectedly supported in their antics by a Blimpish general. An uncertain comedy by Peter Ustinov, which is best when he quits preaching and abandons himself to sheer farce. Anthony Quayle does well as the Blimp, and there's a funny portrayal of a vicar by Graham Jarvis. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Jewish State Theatre of Poland—An eight-week engagement of two plays presented in Yiddish and starring Ida Kaminska. Bertolt Brecht's **mother courage:** Thursday, Nov. 16, at 7, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 24-25, at 8:30.... ¶ Jacob Gordin's **mirele efros:** Friday and Saturday, Nov. 17-18, at 8:30; Sunday, Nov. 19, at 3; and Tuesday through Thursday, Nov. 21-23, at 8:30. Simultaneous-translation ear-sets may be rented at each performance. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Through Sunday, Dec. 10.)

More Stately Mansions—A stark and windy melodrama put together by a number of hands from a script that Eugene O'Neill thought he had destroyed before he died. The fact that the cast is headed by Colleen Dewhurst, Ingrid Bergman, and Arthur Hill should, but doesn't, help matters much. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The 90 Day Mistress—A distressing attempt at comedy by J. J. Coyle, which tries to interest us in a young woman who likes to limit her love affairs to three months so that the magic won't go out of them. Mr. Coyle, a first-time playwright, has a lot to learn about plot, dialogue, and character. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead—Tom Stoppard's droll and highly ingenious account of how things might have gone in Denmark if the spotlight had been turned on Rosencrantz and Guildenstern instead of upon Hamlet. Brian Murray and John Wood lead a fine cast that has been astutely directed by Derek Goldby. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 245-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—A labored farce about a middle-aged lecher entrapped by a nineteen-year-old who has her doubts about his carnal capabilities. Barbara Ferris, as the young lady, is a nuisance, but Gig Young and the others in the cast are tolerable. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

What Did We Do Wrong?—More hippies vs. the older generation. This comedy by Henry Denker has nothing to recommend it but the presence of Paul Ford, who, as a beleaguered adult, is splendidly comic. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—A quartet of brief plays by Robert Anderson about sex and concomitant confusions. Not overly incisive but fairly funny and beguiling. It is acted by a splendid cast—Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Kathleen Dabney—and it is also cleverly directed by Alan Schneider. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Long Runs—cactus flower: A trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary. Lauren Bacall and Lloyd Bridges are among those present. Starting Monday, Nov. 20, Betsy Palmer will replace Miss Bacall. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday at 2, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2:30 special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30. ... **don't drink the water:** Lou Jacobi an Peggy Cass in Woody Allen's farce concerning a Jewish family from Newark tha takes a trip behind the Iron Curtain. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, excep Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

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Scheduled to open too late for review in thi issue:

The Promise—Eileen Atkins, Ian McKellen, an Ian McShane in a three-character Russia play, by Aleksei Arbuzov (translated b Ariadne Nicolaeff), which has previousl been seen in London. The director is Fran Hauser. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279 3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:3 Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 22 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matiné Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Hallelujah, Baby!—The ups and downs of Negro team—a girl who has a lovely voic and a boy who has brains—in the course o more than half a century of strugglin against a culture that gives them little heed Arthur Laurents's book is drab, but ther are some solid tunes by Jule Styne, wit satisfactory lyrics by Betty Comden an Adolph Green. Leslie Uggams, Robert Hooks and Allen Case head an excellent cast, augmented delightfully by Lillian Hayman (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinée Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Henry, Sweet Henry—Don Ameche as an avant garde musician and womanizer whose amour are constantly interrupted by a couple o girlish admirers. The pursuers—Robin Wilson and Neva Small—sing pleasantly, bu overall this is a very dull venture. (Palace Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Illya Darling—Melina Mercouri is charming i this musical adaptation of the film "Neve on Sunday," but it has little else to recommend it. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757 7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:3 Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays a 2:30.)

Long Runs—the apple tree: A musical derive from short stories by Mark Twain, Frank R Stockton, and Jules Feiffer. With Sue An Langdon and Alan Alda. (Shubert, 44th St. W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, a 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov 22, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matiné Thanksgiving Day at 2:30. Closes Saturday Nov. 25.)... **cabaret:** Germany just befor the Nazis took control. Jack Gilford, Lott Lenya, and Joel Grey are among those in th cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays a 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day a 2:30.)... **fiddler on the roof:** Harry Goz i a saga derived from some Sholom Aleiche tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-073 Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinée Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgivin Day at 2:30.)... **hello, dolly!:** An all-Negr cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway has just taken over. (St. James, 44t St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, excep Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2:30; specia matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.).. **i do! i do!:** In this version of "The Fourposter," Mary Martin and Robert Presto play the evening performances, and Caro Lawrence and Gordon MacRae the matinées (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271 Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinée Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgivin

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Day at 2:30.)... **MAME:** A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Angela Lansbury is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center Drama Company—Paddy Chayefsky's **THE TENTH MAN**, with John Kerr, Muni Seroff, and Boris Tumarin. The second of two plays in this year's American Playwrights Series. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 26.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Lillian Hellman's **THE LITTLE FOXES**, with Anne Bancroft, Richard A. Dysart, Margaret Leighton, E. G. Marshall, Austin Pendleton, William Prince, Beah Richards, George C. Scott, Maria Tucci, and Andre Womble. The first in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **DON GIOVANNI.** (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 16-17, at 8:30: **PATIENCE.**... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 18, at 4 and 8:30: **H.M.S. PINAFORE.**... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 19, at 3 and 7:30: **THE MIKADO.**... ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 21-22, at 8:30: **IOLANTHE.**... ¶ Thursday and Friday, Nov. 23-24, at 8:30: **THE GONDOLIERS.**... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 25, at 4 and 8:30: **PATIENCE.** (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

Arms and the Man—A revival of Shaw's comedy. The performance just about gets by, but the play, now over seventy years old, is as fresh as paint. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—To measure spoonfuls, dip spoon in ingredient, fill, lift, and level off with edge of knife. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Thanksgiving Day at 6 and 9. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hair—This musical about tousled young hopheads in this city is the first winter offering of the New York Shakespeare Festival. Galt MacDermot's score (as performed by a rock quintet), Ming Cho Lee's setting, and the book and lyrics by Gerome Ragni and James Rado all rate high. The company, under Gerald Freedman's direction, make as attractive a bunch as you're likely to meet. Even though the hippie atmosphere grows tiresome after a while, the show is still one of the most original in town. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 10.)

In Circles—Script by Gertrude Stein, music by Al Carmines, and a joy from start to finish. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 9, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Micheál MacLiammóir—A one-man show, "I Must Be Talking to My Friends," in which the Irish actor plays host to the dramatists, poets, wits, and revolutionaries of Ireland. Opens Thursday, Nov. 16. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Now Is the Time for All Good Men—A musical by a new team—Gretchen Cryer (words) and Nancy Ford (music)—about a teacher who has been court-martialled in Vietnam. The setting is a small town in Indiana. The tunes are appealing, the company is attractive and spirited, and the numbers work well, but the words—full of message and heavily ironic—get very obtrusive. David Cryer is extremely good as the young teacher. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pocket Watch—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Saturdays at 7 and 10, and Friday, Nov. 24, at 8:40. Matinées Sundays and Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Scuba Duba—Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is the comic Walpurgis Night of an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. Mr. Friedman knows what he is doing, but what he is doing is not for every taste. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Trials of Brother Jero and **The Strong Breed**—These one-acters introduce a fine Nigerian playwright named Wole Soyinka. The first is a satiric comedy about a self-described "prophet," the second a tragedy about a self-deceived schoolteacher who becomes the scapegoat for a New Year's ritual in a jungle village. The production is the first for a new Negro repertory company, under Cynthia Belgrave's direction, and it makes a triumphant beginning. The acting, especially that of Afolabi Ajayi, Harold Scott, and Yvette Hawkins, is excellent. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Walking to Waldheim and **Happiness**—A pair of tiresome ethnic items by Mayo Simon, but Aline MacMahon gives a good performance as an all-purpose Jewish mother in the first, and Jacob Ben-Ami gives an extraordinary performance as a cranky old man on the brink of senility in the second. (The Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7618. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This delightful little musical and the six actors who play in it manage to capture the elusive humor and charm of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts," on which, of course, it is based. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

Harkness Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8:30: "Landscape for Lovers," "Cain," "Youth," "Canto Indio," and "Time Out of Mind." ... ¶ Friday, Nov. 17, at 8:30: "Night Song," "A Season in Hell," "Canto Indio," "Requiem for Jimmy Dean—A Work in Progress," and "Tchaikovsky."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 18, at 2:30: "Sebastian," "Zealous Variations," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:30: "Tchaikovsky," "A Season in Hell," "Abyss," and "Time Out of Mind."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 19, at 3: "Tchaikovsky," "After Eden," "Variations for Four Plus Four," and "Time Out of Mind." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992.)

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8:15: "Four Temperaments," "La Sonnambula," "Tarantella," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 17, at 8:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 18, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Allegro Brillante," "Ragtime," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Allegro Brillante," "Ragtime," and "Raymonda Variations."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 19, at 1:15: "Serenade," "La Sonnambula," "Tarantella," and "Raymonda Variations."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 19, at 7:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 8:15: "Four Temperaments," "Narkissos," "Pas de Deux," and "Scotch Symphony."... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 8:15: "Irish Fantasy," "Four Temperaments," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "La Valse."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 23, at 8:15: "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," an unnamed Balanchine ballet (première), "Ivesiana," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 24, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Narkissos," "Pas de Deux," and "Scotch Symphony."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 25, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Stars and Stripes." ... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8:15: "Irish Fantasy," "La Sonnambula," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "La Valse." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

Manhattan Festival Ballet—"Designs with Strings," an unnamed Sokolow work, "The Flower Festival at Genzano Pas de Deux," and "Just Songs." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Mondays at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Marlene Dietrich—Sie selbst. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Nightly at 9. Matinée Saturday at 3. Final performances Saturday, Nov. 18.)

Philip Burton—In a one-man show entitled "Comedy Through the Ages." (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box reopens on Friday, Nov. 24, to accommodate George Kirby, whose parodying of fellow-members of the amusement trade has the nearly unprecedented merit of being amusement. Mary Lou Collins checks in to do the chirruping. They appear at dinner and supper. The orchestra of Lee Evans, which likes to sound like itself instead of like every other band, carries on all evening. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—This interesting geographical phenomenon (it's on the corner where Broadway crosses Sutton Place) gets its kinetic energy from the small band of Pir Marini, which works out from nine until two. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Ernie Warren, who was doing dance music back in the era of *curfew-shall-not-ring-tonight*, now stables his crew in the restaurant, where he keeps more sedate hours—from eight to one through the week, and Saturdays from eight to two. Sundays and Mondays are silent nights.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—History was made at night in this barony, and the rooms in which decisions were

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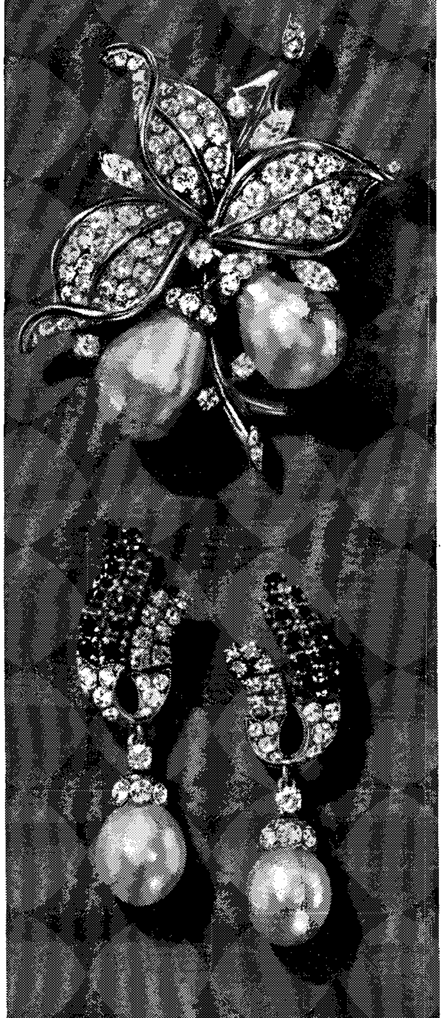

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reached that proved turning points in the nation's progress (shall we go around the world once or twice this winter?) are thrown open to the general public. Lester Lanin himself, and not on tape, runs one band, a bundle of Latins run another, and their office hours are eight until three-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—There is no squaring of the social circle that lies within the Café Pierre. The society notes are turned out by the hand-picked men of Ben Cutler's best band, which is supplemented, between sets, by the songs and piano of Ellen Harwicke, who knows what she's about. Business as usual every night of the week, except that Miss H. has Mondays off.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Katyna Ranieri, who shows up in the Persian Room during dinner and supper, is given to Grand Entrances, but she has a bit more right to them than many other orioles. Other times, the well-rounded, firmly packed orchestra of Burt Farber and the carefree cluster of bandsmen collected by Mark Monte do their best. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano-and-fiddle crew leads a more travelled life—four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and from seven to nine, except Sundays, in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ The Palm Court, thing of beauty, becomes even more a marbled hall in which to dream when Gunnar Hansen, violin at the ready, ascends the throne at eight. He does not abdicate until one. No music Sunday nights.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—*Temps perdu* is, in a sense, the beat of Bob Crosby and His Bobcats, a revivalist meeting with a fair amount of local color. They commence at nine; a foursome begins at seven, and never the twain shall quit before two. Sundays are silent.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—The old music hall has installed Buddy Morrow and his Night Train Orchestra and the Wind Jammers. On Friday, Nov. 24, they'll be replaced by Al Hirt's burly paraphrasers of New Orleans jazz. Eight until two is the schedule every night but Sunday.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Patachou, who inhabits the Maisonette at the dinner and supper hours, sings with astonishing calm, considering that her lyrics, like Parisian life as we know it, are so often packed to the gills with passion. George Cort's Jack-in-the-pulpit band and Quintero's cluster of Latinos do music all evening long. Sundays are solo nights, five to ten, for a Lester Lanin band, which plays safe-and-same with every tune. . . . ¶ La Boite, just across the aisle, is for the cool and the collected, on behalf of whom Ernest Schoen does swooping Viennese violin and Jules Kuti does relaxed piano. Their work week runs from seven-thirty until one, Tuesday through Saturday.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Tony Bennett, beamish as the midnight sun, is warm as the midday sun when he sings in the Empire Room, which he does at dinner and supper, and three times on closing night—Saturday, Nov. 18. His entourage—among it John Bunch on piano and Corky Hale on harp—is plenty of help. On Monday, Nov. 20, the new arrival will be Phyllis Diller, spooky (or kooky) as midnight in a haunted house. She, too, will declaim at dinner and supper (but only at six and eight-thirty on Thanksgiving Day). The orchestra of Charles Turecamo stays on. No Sunday activities. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley leads a less spectacular but unceasing life, which is enlivened (Monday through Friday) by cocktail and dinner piano, plus the dance triad of Horace Diaz (Wednesday through Saturday from eight to one, Sunday from five to ten).

Note—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—A protectorate devised for the benefit of those who can remember the fox-trot, the two-step, and other Early Americana. The surroundings are neat but not gaudy, and as much can be said for the two extensive bands. Seven-thirty until one, except for Sundays, which begin at three-thirty; the dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Francis Thorne, who has been writing suites in Rome the past ten years, is back at his old show-tunes piano once more, five-thirty until eight-thirty, after which Colonel Louis Golson Hawkins, prop., and Wayne Sanders take over, sometimes singly and sometimes doubly in spades, on the keyboards, and always merry as old King Cole. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Now and then, everybody who remembers the lyrics (or even thinks he does) gets into the act when Laurie Brewis sits down at his piano in this, the plainspoken bar of the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. It's for those who believe in community spirit. No music on Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island in the sun. A happy islander (sometimes Lord Inventor, sometimes Lord Superior) begins chanting those Basic English ditties of the West Indies between eight and nine during the week, and calls a halt between one and two. Sundays, he operates only from seven to twelve. Closed Thanksgiving Day. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The age median is permanently stuck in the middle twenties, and the Ah, Youth music is the work of Chuck Wayne's trio. It is distributed until late at night. No music Sundays. Closed Thanksgiving Day. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, sings her flashing-eyes songs mostly from the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A closeup view of Budapest from St. Margaret's Island—gypsies and all, bending over their hot fiddles and zimbalons. There is dancing (Béla Babai's band) and singing (Tibor Rakossy), and never a silent moment. Closed Mondays. . . . **TAMBURLAINE,** 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): You can hardly see the forest for the eerie trees in this Outer Mongolian landscape, but from eight-thirty until about one-thirty you *can* hear dance music—a bit rugged, it is true, except on Mondays, when Billy Rubenstein's trio has the floor. From six to eight, Monday through Friday every week, Allan Haig contributes well-tempered, well-chosen piano études. Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, everyone is at rest. . . . **KIPPYS,** 240 W. 52nd St. (581-4773): If it must be a Broadway steak house after the theatre, this one should do. It encases an upstairs inglenook wherein Charles de Forest, brimming with lyrics about the rush-lush life of after-hours New York, addresses a baby grand from nine until two every night but Sunday. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): In the Roman Pub, there is footwork on the small floor from five-thirty until seven-thirty and from nine-thirty until one-thirty, but the early-bird dance set is omitted on Saturdays. The wherewithal is provided by a soft-spoken trio led by Joan St. James, whose piano has a neat, meticulous, Juilliard sound. The dining is no more than snack. All quiet Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Every man jack of the staff has an ambition (and a by no means secret one) to burst into song as the next Caruso or Gigli. Closed Mondays. . . . **MICHAEL MANN'S,** 1101 Second Ave., at 58th St. (758-2411): This is the place to look, this season, for Ralph Strain and his well-remembered piano. The bar in which he plays, nine until three, except Mondays, may be part of a houseparty en route to either Acapulco or Plum Island (Maxwell's), but that's how things are today.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, who concerns himself with the triumphs, not the trivia, of our current songwriters, is at the keyboard of the best-tempered piano in night life. Six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one is his agendum. Allan Haig's piano is the sole sound on Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Norbert Faconi, the Horatio at the drawbridge of this comfortable old castle, is on tap from dinner until late every night but Sunday. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of King Henri's playhouses,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

also planned to bemuse the eye. George Cardini, whose fiddle is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Eternal (praise be!) Rome. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed every Sunday. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Three times around the walls of Rome, and every night but Sunday, marches the troupe of musicians in the charge of Herman Honigsberg and his reasonably magic violin, but so gently do they swing and sing that nary a stone is dislodged. Seven is starting time, well after the theatre is closing time. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Alongside the bar of the Regency Room, there is piano from five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The way New York looked in the finest of its town-house days. In the bar, a piano gets to perform from six to one, except Sundays. Closed Thanksgiving Day. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A baby grand is plied from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty in the opulent bar-restaurant, but not on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy has the use of the mannerly piano in one corner of the Hotel Westbury's Polo Bar, the main-floor restaurant. His stint is nine until one. No music Sundays or Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): None of the runs that Steven Weltner applies to the piano in the Casino-on-the-Park, where he is on view from six-thirty until one (Saturdays and Sundays excepted), are run-of-the-mill. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): Up the beanstalk (though just for one floor) into another world—Ottoman, Byzantine, or Erewhon? The piano in one of the dining alcoves is, though, as American as Rodgers and Hart. It operates six to one; the emporium operates daily except Sunday and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Felipe Gayo picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays or Thanksgiving Day. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, in the hotel of the same name, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): George Feyer is back in his parlor and at his parlor piano. Eight-thirty until two is his stint, which never includes Sunday or Thanksgiving Day.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

ARTHUR, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The entrance exams can be difficult; get in touch in advance with the committee on admissions. Inside, the music of spheres beyond our ken pervades, some of it committed by the Wild Ones. Nine until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The citizenry here is rather more senior than is customary in the trade. This statement does not apply, though, to the disc jockey (crisp and pungent is his tape measure) or to Kai Winding's quartet, which is free, easy, and breezy. A set of full-time chefs works behind the scene. Closed Sundays. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): The gateway to this charmed underworld is a needle's eye. Those who pass it find a Delphic bower in which young ladies who will be dazzlers if they ever grow up, or already are, disport themselves with their nimble partners in choreographic feats of daring. Nine-thirty until three-thirty night after night is the scheme. . . . **CHEETAH**, 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The flash in the pans of the very young, the very mini, who inhabit this bold new world comes from the strobe lights that make up the ceiling; the music, never out of sight (it's produced by real people) but definitely out of mind, is ceaseless and chaotic. The clamor starts at eight during the week, at three on Sunday afternoons, and late in the morning is when it ends. The barkeep believes that a soft drink turneth away wrath . . . **WHEELS**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The wheels within Wheels revolve inscrutably on their sidewall pinions, the turntables spew forth inscrutable rhymes and rhythms; live ammunition is supplied by the New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble, which, to prove it's a switch hitter, does honor-bright Bach, too— a whole set, in fact, every Thursday. Its time-outs come Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ELECTRIC CIRCUS**, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080): That's how the kookie crumbles, and the hippie, too. Music for them to crumble to issues from unearthly sources; the light in which they disintegrate issues from an aurora borealis that is man-made, man! Muddy Waters and his blues band will drop in on Thursday, Nov. 16, Sunday, Nov. 19, Tuesday, Nov. 21, and Thanksgiving Day. Dancing, or watching, from eight-thirty until three or four; lofty, cool (in every sense), *alkoholfrei*, and fun. . . . **L'INTERDIT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): A darkened dell whose mechanized music has a decidedly French accent, whose chairs (and this is setting a precedent) are comfortable, and whose kitchen rustles up a fairly late dinner. Nine is starting time; Sunday is null and void.

BIG AND BRASSY

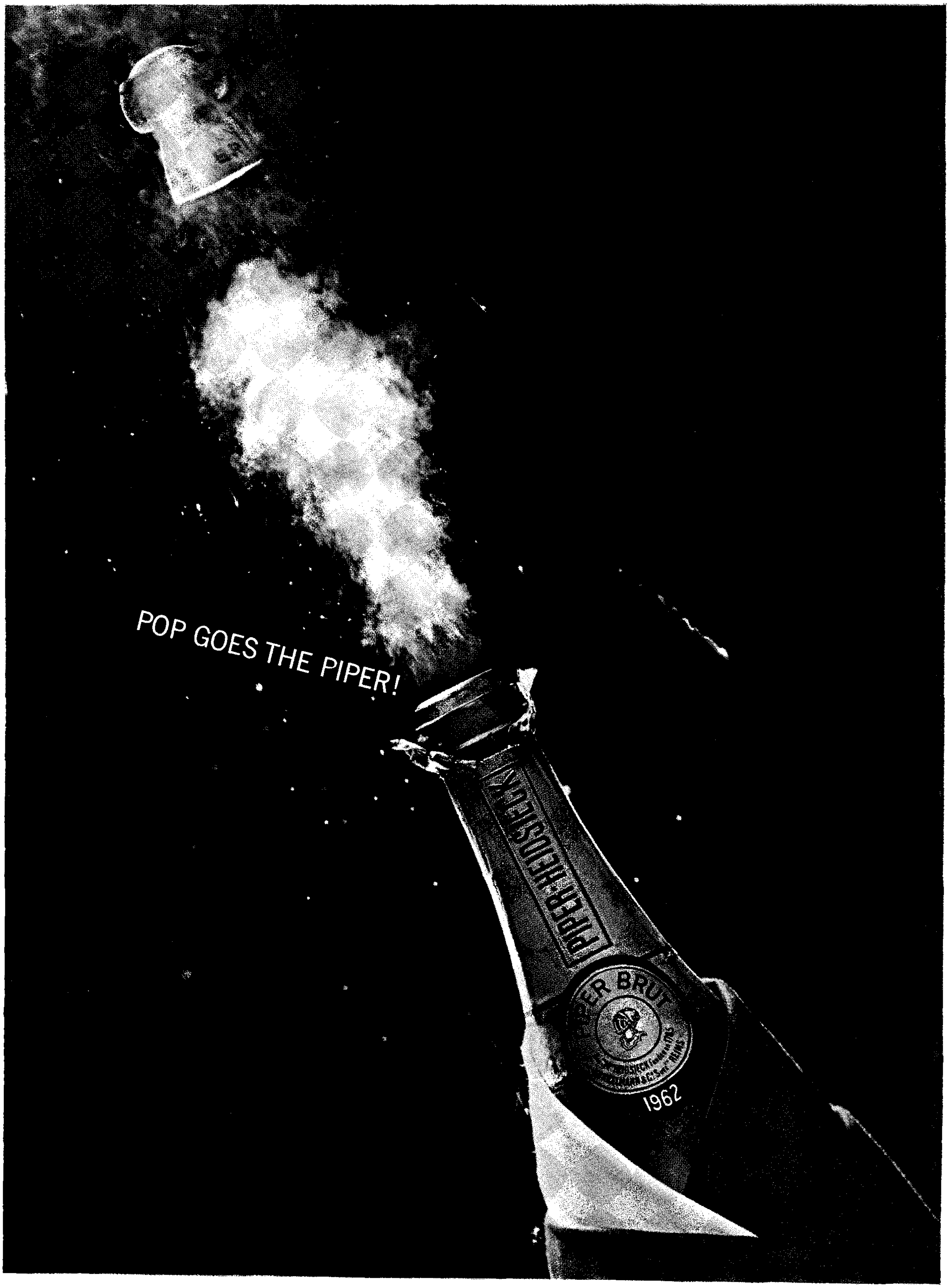
(Dining and dancing.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Crescendo is the name of the game Jimmy Roselli plays with his vocal cords, and *paisano* is the name of his jokes. On Thursday, Nov. 23, Ray Charles, his highly activated pipes, and his floor show supersedes Sig. Roselli. Dancing for the customers, and no nights off. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Teresa Brewer, that heaping pint of Southern Comfort, is the principal singer, and the perkiest one, in the extravaganza prankishly entitled "Maid in Paris." The world will not long remember the humor of Larry Best, but it will forever dream of the fiery and feral young ladies who are three-quarters of the population in this highly improbable version of La Ville Lumière. Miss Brewer and Mr. Best will be succeeded, on Wednesday, Nov. 22, by a roustabout crew of singers called the Vagabonds. Twice every night, without cease.

CABARETS

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): 'Tis never folly to be as wise as the words of "Four in Hand," Julius Monk's new tribute to the art form known as revue. The serpents' tongues that speak these words (as though they were death sentences to all sorts of human and inhuman faults) belong in the main to Mary Louise Wilson and Liz Sheridan, but in sturdy degree, too, to Rex Robbins, Terry O'Mara, and Alex Wipf. The exuberant pit band is the pianos of Robert Colston and Otis Clements; Baldwin Bergersen is the eclectic interlude pianist. Nine and eleven-thirty are the hours. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The campfires of Los Chavales de España, Iberia's most mobile army, burn high and warm as they run through their musical maneuvers. Though, as loyal Spaniards, they believe in male supremacy, they come equipped with a set of activist ballerinas. Dancing, too, for the patrons, who are a match for nearly any pro. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room after ten, the guitar of Alejandro Manzana and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The main event is Joan Rivers, or Why Analysts Leave Home and Senses. Her ululations on the human condition usually do not begin earlier than ten, and she believes that Sunday is the day of rest. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Half a dozen players are involved in "Dark Horses," a canapé-size revue that is having its fling at nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): The idea is hors d'oeuvre—somebody or other from a Broadway show trying out an afterpiece that has nothing to do with his work in the theatre. This happens late; earlier on, the house staff does casual entertainment. . . . **LIVING ROOM**, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): The view (and the audibility) is best from the front row, for the natives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Languishing on your houseboat in Kashmir, a flower vendor paddles alongside. "A dozen roses, sir?" You have no need of roses. "Have you need of conversation, sir?" Indeed you have. *When will the almond trees be in bloom?* "In about another week, sir. Then the willows will turn green. And the snows in the upper reaches start to melt. Would you like me to show you around Srinagar, sir? I will do it for the pleasure of your company."

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India

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

are a restless lot. The one point of order in the bust-out is Bobby Short, whose piano is always climactic and whose songs are especially designed for the perennial people of the night. Sunday, Nov. 19, is his last stand.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Gary Burton's quartet, full of last-minute news flashes, is on deck. On Tuesday, Nov. 21, it will be joined by João Gilberto, whose guitar is proof positive that Brazil is just about first and foremost in the New Music. They lay off Mondays, which are always assigned to the sixteen-man squadron of Thad Jones and Mel Lewis. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Belowstairs, Nina Simone, under some sort of remote control (her own, though), sings her withdrawn songs, and Montego Joe's septet plays hob. Mondays, they are replaced by the collection of Latin musicians compiled by Symphony Sid. . . . ¶ On the ground floor, there is Willie the Lion Smith, whose stride piano wears seven-league boots, and who is generously complemented by Don Ewell's keyboard. This heartening display takes place every evening but Tuesday. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, leading what sounds like his best trio ever, does the levitating here, lifting his piano a good three inches off the ground when he really gets going. Between sets, Fran Thompson inherits the instruments. Dining. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The perpetual and admirable Zutty Singleton is in full swing, and he gets help from Max Kaminsky, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti. Closed Sundays. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): In the heart of the low-rent district, but what matters is the intent listening of the junior-grade audience and the effort at music of the moment—to wit: Jackie McLean's quartet, from now until Sunday, Nov. 19, and then—as of Tuesday, Nov. 21—Art Farmer's quintet. On Mondays, Sun Ra's crew of ten undercover operatives takes over. . . . **POOKIE'S PUB**, 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): The prize sight is Elvin Jones, surrounded by the tools of the drummer's trade, reaping his own mighty and complex whirlwind at the head of a group in which Jaki Byard is thoroughly involved. The band is in session every night but Monday. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Enormous sit-ins are planned for the premises—Fridays through Sundays, the seventeen-man band of Duke Pearson; on Mondays, Howard McGhee's seventeen-man band. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The identification between the banjoists on the stand and the bouncy guests with their beer-by-the-pitcher is complete, for the age group—the tireless twenties—is the same. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Permanent Fourth of July, with all the concomitant explosives—washboard, tuba, and such. Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday, Ruth Crews' blockbuster voice is added. There's also a Sunday session (by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band), four-thirty to nine. . . . **RED GARTER**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Whooping it up at another of Jack London's Malamute Cafés. The band is tinpanny timpani, the beer flows like Würzburger. Movies, too, also with the patina of years. From nine until doomsday every night, and from as early as five on Sundays. . . . **THE FRAMMIS**, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160): Tal Farlow, who has hidden himself and his guitar all these years (presumably in a niche of the Hall of Fame), is in action again, with a trio including Johnny Knapp and Lyn Christie. They tee off at nine. Dining of fair proportions, and portions. No music on Sunday. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804): The Village's most promising coffee *finca*. Monday, Nov. 20, is the last time for the First Edition, a prodigious roller of rocks; Wednesday, Nov. 22, is the first time for the Electric Flag, another new band, likewise given to rock and such, and incorporating Mike Bloomfield on guitar. Tuesdays

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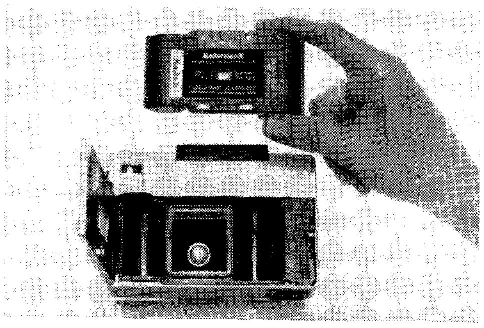

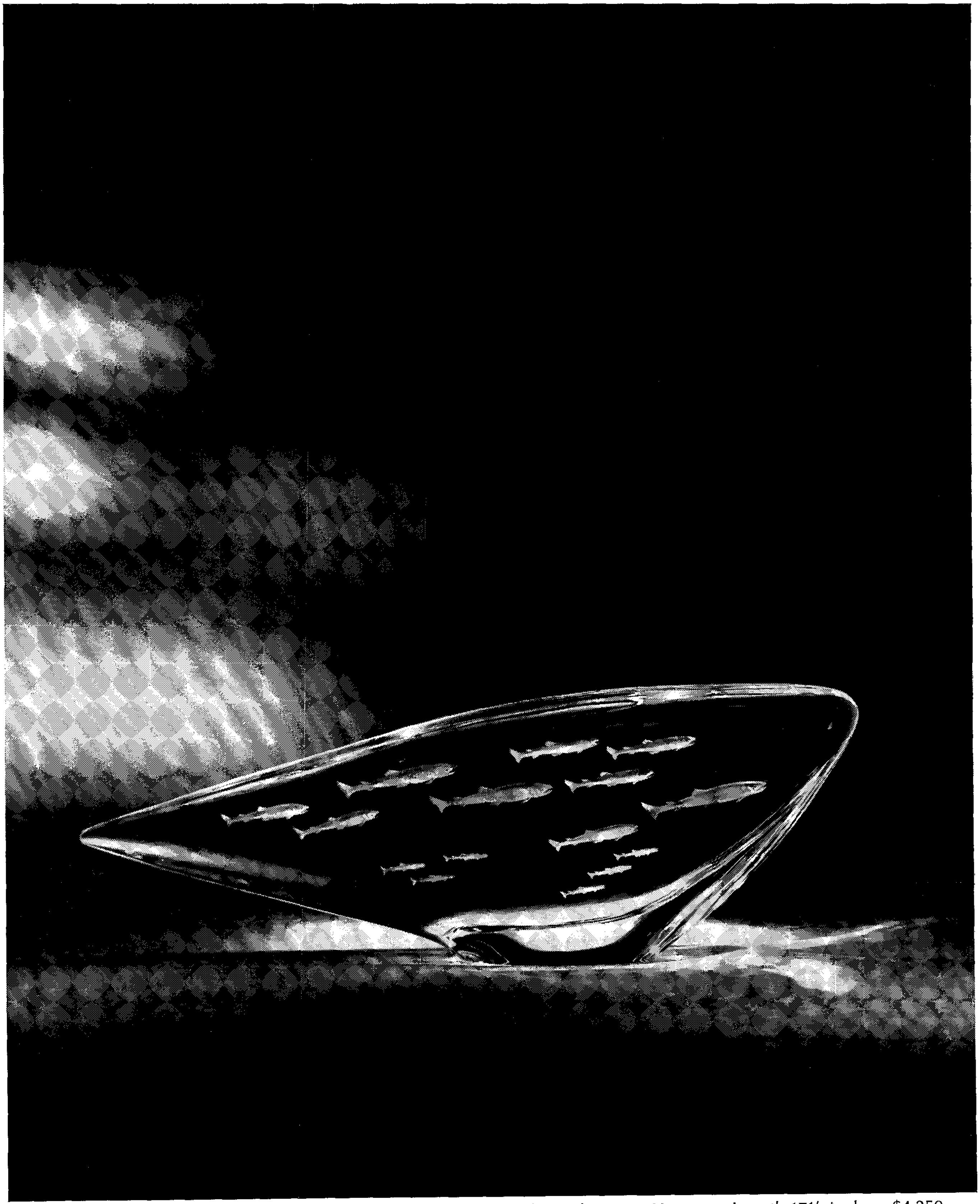

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **GOTHAM RESTAURANT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): A reminder of Bermuda before the days of four-engine jets—the Talbot Brothers, re-creating, every Sunday afternoon from five to nine, their easy way of musical life. A zimbalon-and-fiddle crew operates from six to nine-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays, beginning on Nov. 21. Dining.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES

BILLY APPLE—Seven "sculptures" using fluorescent tubes, by an ex-chemist from New Zealand; through Dec. 2. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SHUSAKU ARAKAWA—Abstract compositions that adapt diagrams and contain words; through Nov. 29. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 24-25.)

SAUL BAIZERMAN (1889-1957)—Seven large hollow-metal figurative reliefs in hammered copper, done in the thirties and forties; through Dec. 9. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

ERICH BRAUER—Dreamlike paintings of figures in symbolic landscapes; through Dec. 2. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Drawings, recently unearthed, mostly from 1930-31, and twelve wire sculptures by the famous mobile-maker; through Dec. 23. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM COPLEY—Figurative paintings referring to titles of poems by Robert W. Service, by a Surrealist inclined toward Pop; through Dec. 9. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

CORNEILLE—Paintings by a primitivist Expressionist affiliated with the Dutch Cobra group; through Dec. 2. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLEM DE KOONING—Paintings and drawings since 1963, including the well-known series of paintings on doors, by the leading American Action painter; through Dec. 2. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

LAMAR DODD—Abstract romantic seascapes and cityscapes; through Wednesday, Nov. 22. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—Gouaches and drawings on the theme of "Paris Circus;" through Dec. 16. (Hahn, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

JARED FRENCH—Very large pen-and-ink drawings interpreting Greek mythology; through Dec. 2. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays and Friday, Nov. 24.)

FRANK GALLO—Figurative sculptures; through Nov. 29. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

JUAN GENOVÉS—The first exhibition here of a Spanish artist whose theme is crowds in which individuals are picked out; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CLEVE GRAY—Large colorful abstract paintings; through Dec. 9. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

O. LOUIS GUGLIELMI (1906-56)—A cross-section of works done between 1931 and his death, by a "magical" painter of New York scenes who was prominent in the thirties and forties; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Downtown, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHARLES HINMAN—Shaped canvases of large color areas that stand away from the wall; through Dec. 7. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

LEWIS ISELIN—Portrait and figure sculptures in bronze; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

MORTON KAISH—Paintings of interiors, landscapes, and figures; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROY LICHTENSTEIN—Paintings and sculptures, in

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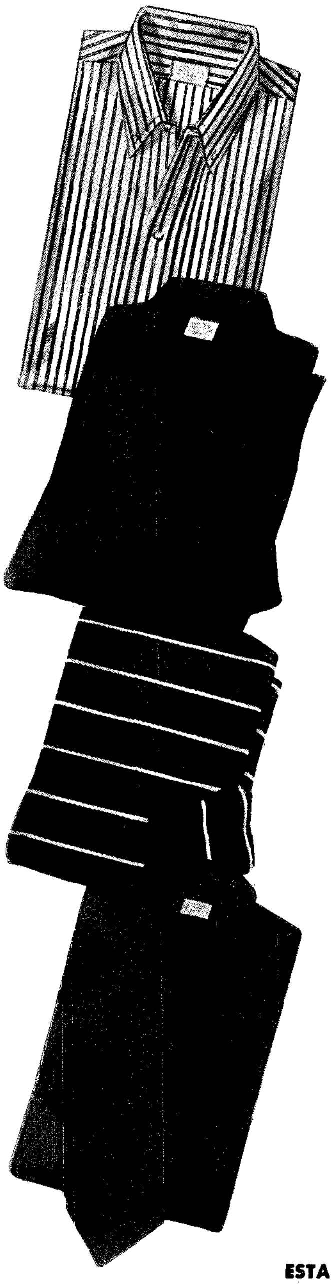

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THE QUEEN'S AWARD TO INDUSTRY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

brass, glass, and marble, based on design themes of the thirties; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Marisol—Painted wood-sculpture portraits of heads of state, including L.B.J., de Gaulle, and Franco; through Dec. 2. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Alice Trumbull Mason—Paintings and graphics by a veteran abstractionist; through Nov. 30. (Twentieth-Century West, 1043 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rory McEwen—Abstract sculptures in glass, plastic, chrome, steel, and aluminum, all making use of reflected light; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Bernard Meadows—Recent brass sculptures in abstract figurative themes; through Dec. 16. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Joan Miró—Paintings, gouaches, and two bronzes eight feet high; through Dec. 9. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Roy Moyer—Still-lifes, figures, and landscapes by the current director of the American Federation of Arts; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Jack Nelson—Sculptural constructions featuring boxes, drawers, and assemblages; through Dec. 2. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Michael Noble—Abstract sculptures carved in marble; through Dec. 2. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kenneth Noland—Large paintings by a color-field artist who has switched to horizontal bands; through Dec. 6. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Victor Pasmore—Abstract paintings and constructions by a leading British artist; through Dec. 9. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gabor Peterdi—Paintings and a portfolio of prints for poems by John Ciardi; through Dec. 2. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Reginald Pollack—Recent landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Pousette-Dart—Lyrical paintings by a first-generation American Abstract Expressionist; through Dec. 2. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Noel Rockmore—Paintings of fantasies incorporating a wide variety of techniques; through Dec. 2. (Greer, 35 W. 53rd St.)

Daniel Schwartz—Oils, watercolors, and sculptures of teen-agers in expressive postures; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Audrey Skaling—A series of painted wood sculptures entitled "Decoys," accenting primitive forms; through Dec. 30. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

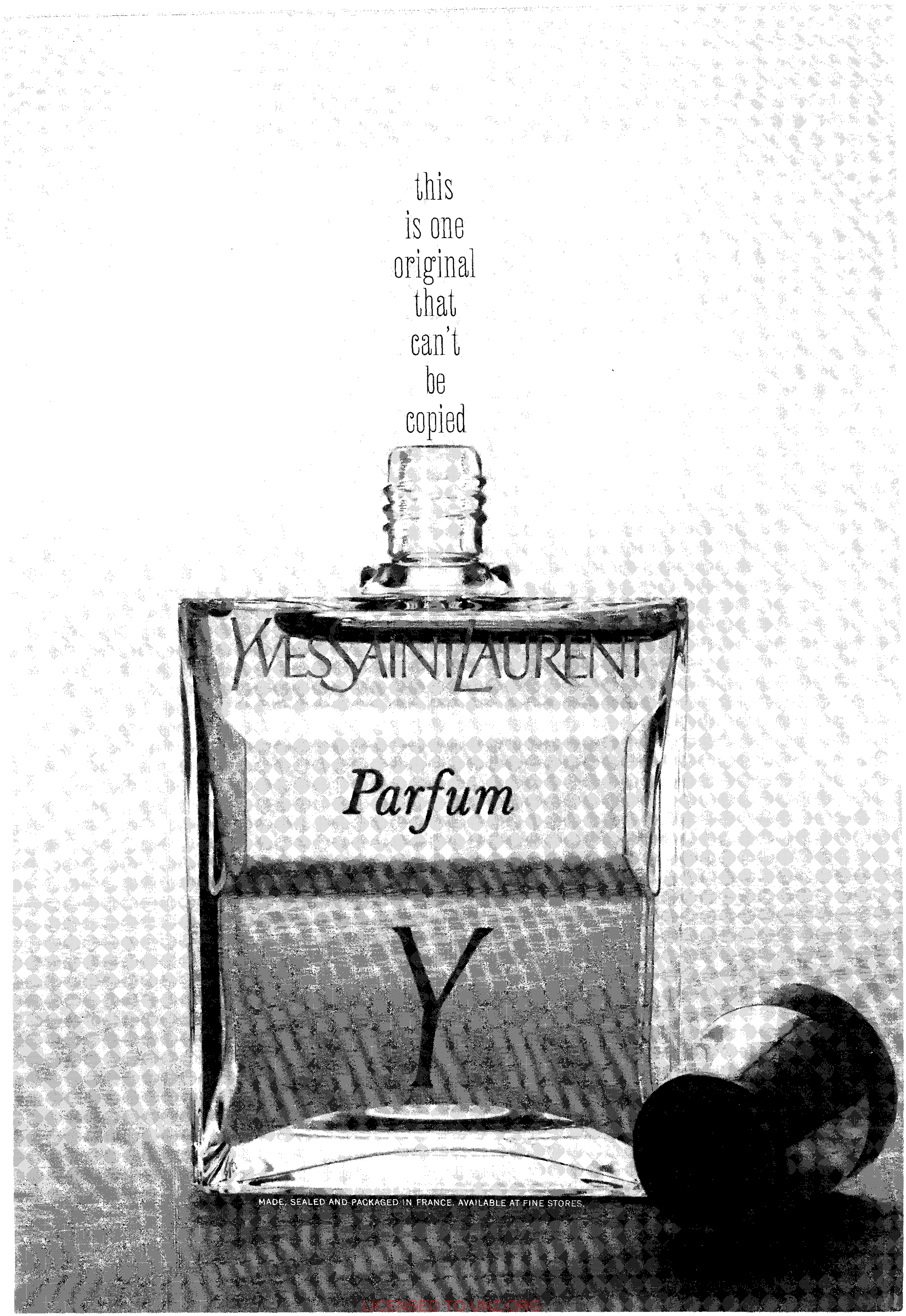
Raphael Soyer—Two exhibitions that are running concurrently with his show at the Whitney Museum: Forty paintings and drawings, most of them recent; through Friday, Nov. 17. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)...¶ Fifty years of his etchings and lithographs; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

Irving R. Wiles (1861-1948)—Seventy paintings and drawings by an artist with some resemblance to Sargent; through Nov. 30. (Chapellier, 22 E. 80th St.)

Isaac Witkin—Four large sculptures of aluminum and steel intended for outdoors; through Wednesday, Nov. 22. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Shows—Figurative paintings of the fifties by such artists as Hartigan, Freilicher, Lester Johnson, Ben Johnson, and Jan Müller; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Landscape drawings by French artists, from Corot to Giacometti and Balthus; through Dec. 2.... **SELIGMANN**, 5 E. 57th St.: French, Italian, and English draw-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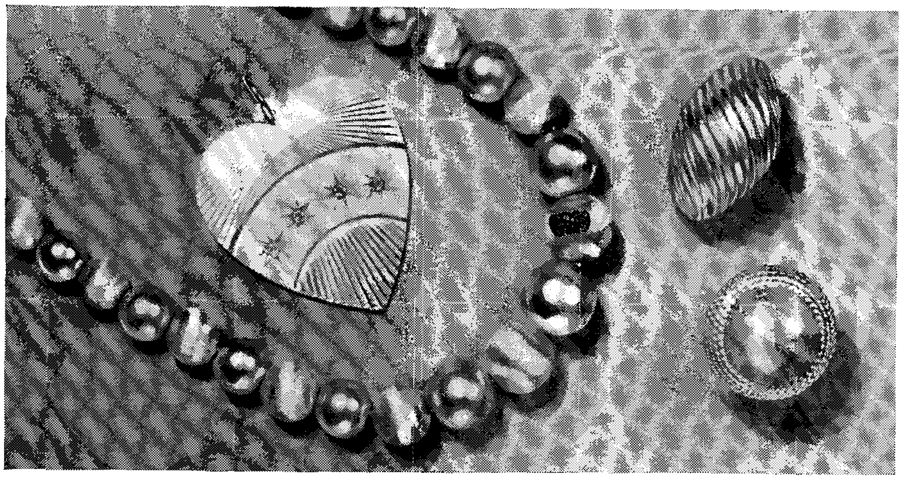

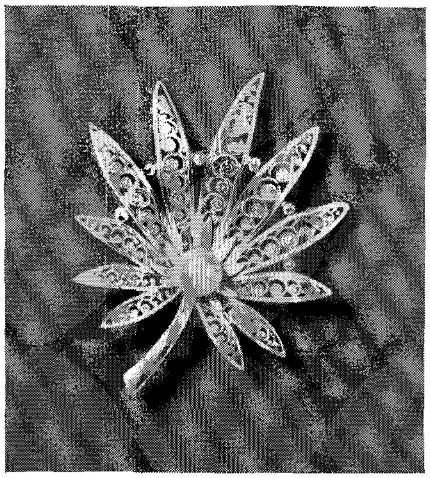

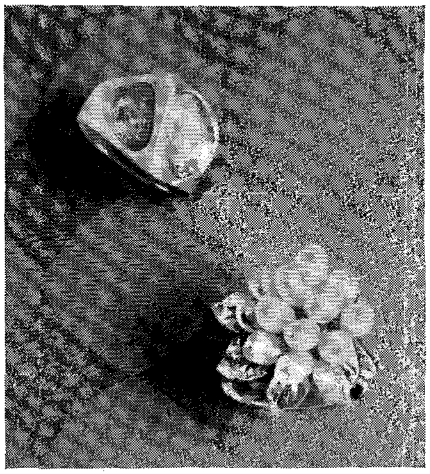

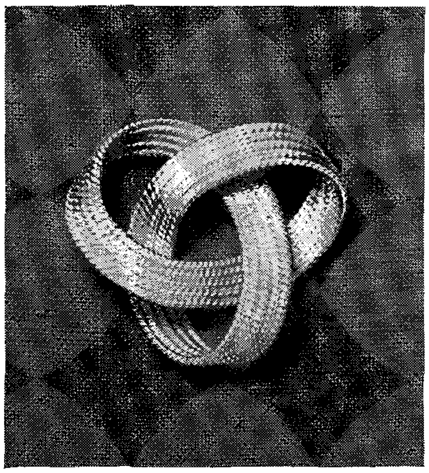

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ings from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **VIVIANO,** 42 E. 57th St.: Abstract paintings by Afro, Lanyon, and Manrique; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of a hundred and eight drawings, watercolors, and pastels, including six by Watteau, two by Degas, and examples by Turner, Cézanne, and Italian Old Masters, from the National Gallery of Ireland, in Dublin; through Dec. 30.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—American paintings and historical prints from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. J. William Middendorf II; through Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Seventeen important paintings and sculptures (on loan from the Guggenheim Museum) by twentieth-century European masters: Picasso, Mondrian, Kandinsky, Braque, Brancusi, Klee, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The first comprehensive survey of Picasso's sculpture presented in America, consisting of more than two hundred pieces in bronze, wood, terra-cotta, painted sheet metal, and ceramic, many from the artist's own collection; through Jan. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The fifth Guggenheim International Exhibition; this one, the first to be devoted entirely to sculpture, includes nearly a hundred examples, executed since 1960, by eighty artists from twenty nations. Through Feb. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and sixty-one oils, drawings, watercolors, and prints covering forty years of Raphael Soyer's preoccupation with New York City life, its street scenes, underprivileged people, and particularly young working women; through Dec. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.) Good complements to this exhibition are the Soyer shows at the Associated American Artists Galleries, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St., and (through Friday) at the Forum Gallery, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and one American and European paintings, including works by Courbet, Whistler, Eakins, and Chase, assembled under the title of "Triumph of Realism;" through Sunday, Nov. 19. (An admission charge of fifty cents goes to the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.) . . . ¶ Realistic and Impressionist prints by twenty-five German artists from the middle of the nineteenth century to the First World War, including Max Liebermann, Adolph von Menzel, and Lovis Corinth; through Dec. 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

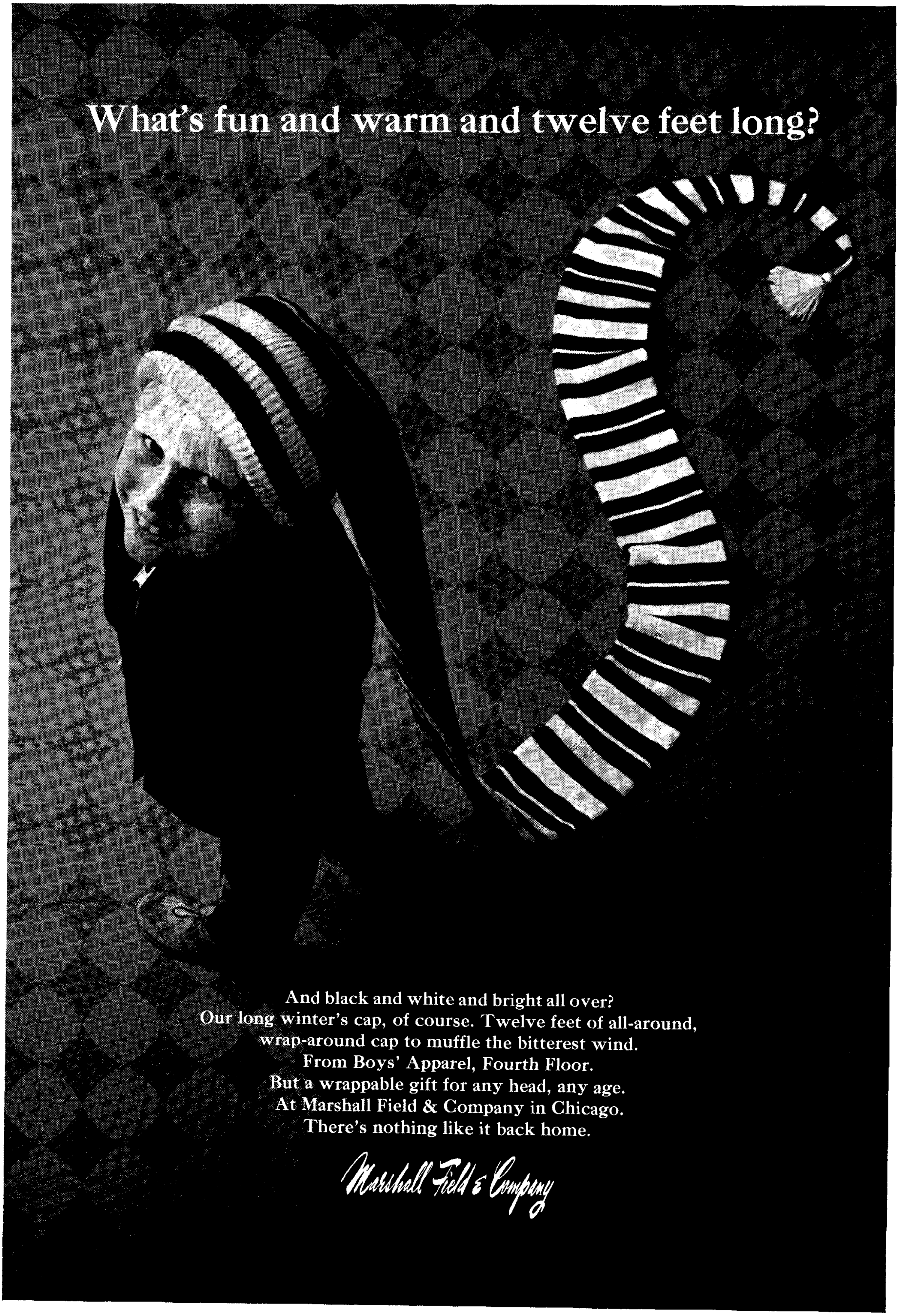
AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"The World Beneath Our Feet . . . Minerals," a panoramic arrangement illustrating the variety of color, form, and composition of these elements. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—A selection of Chinese sculptures (one, of a frog, is three thousand years old), vessels, plaques, pottery, and some paintings, representing animals and birds; through Jan. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—The first major showing here of prints and drawings by Felicien Rops, a nineteenth-century Belgian artist who specialized in social themes; through Dec. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Sixty master prints by artists from the fifteenth century to the eighteenth—Cranach, Dürer, Rembrandt, and van Leyden—interpreting themes from the Book of Genesis; through Jan. 7. (Sundays through Thursdays, 10 to 10; Fridays, 10 to 3.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A loan exhibi-



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tion of Swiss drawings, from the Holbein brothers of the sixteenth century to the Giacomettis, father and son, of the twentieth; through Dec. 30. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Paintings and carvings by nineteenth-century folk artists of the Greater New York area, including James and John Bard, Erastus Salisbury Field, and John Bradley; through Dec. 10. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition of items made with paper (furniture, flooring, festival and carnival decorations), gathered from all over the world; starting Saturday, Nov. 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—African tribal sculptures from the collection of Ernst and Ruth Anspach; through Feb. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

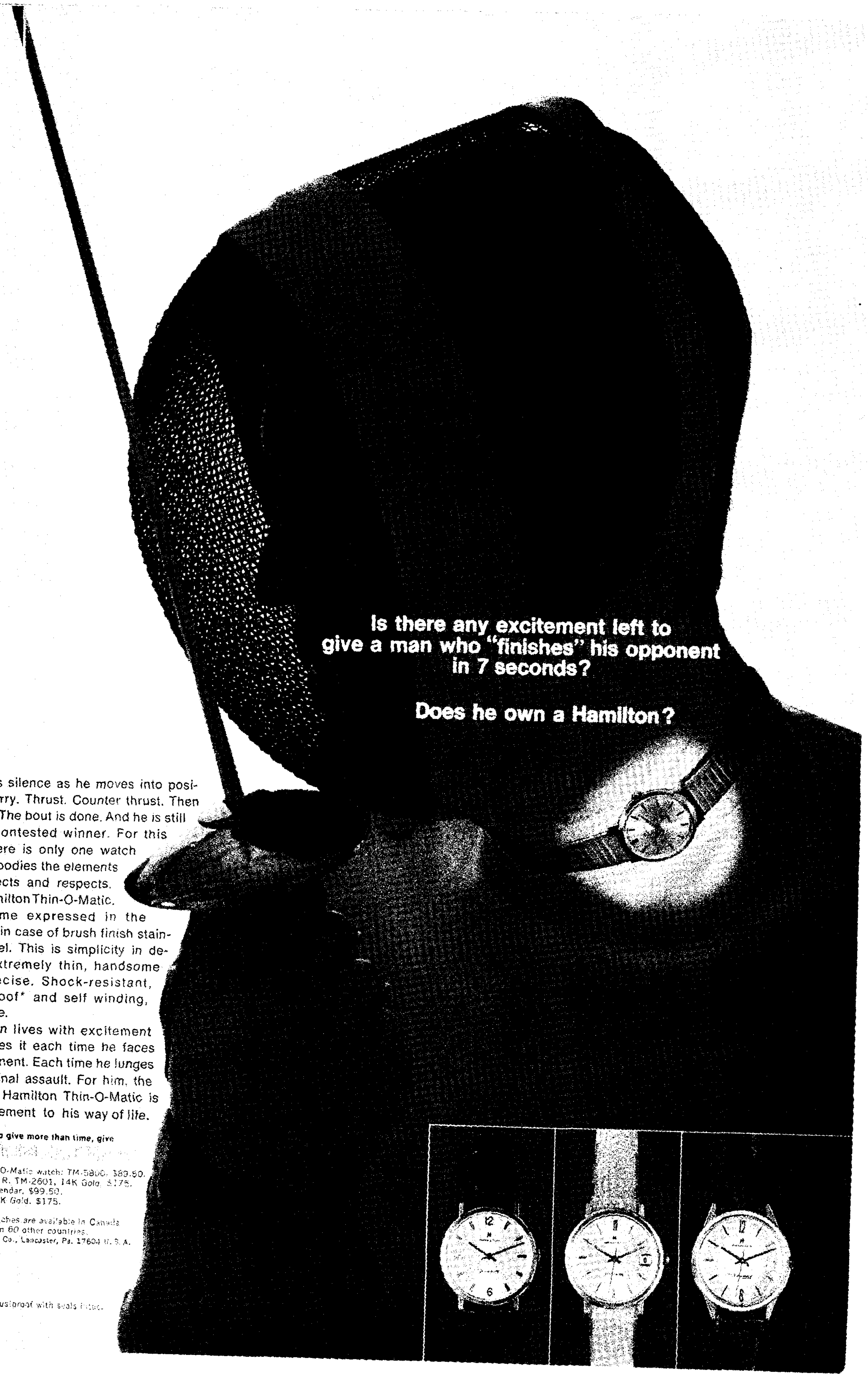
OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8: "La Ventana," danced by the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; and "Hansel and Gretel," with Teresa Stratas, Rosalind Elias, Lili Chookasian, Karl Dönch, and William Walker.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 17, at 8: "Falstaff," with Raina Kabaivanska, Mary Ellen Pracht, Fedora Barbieri, Marcia Baldwin, Ezio Flagello, George Shirley, and Frank Guarrera.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 18, at 2: "La Traviata," with Jeannette Pilou, Luigi Alva, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Nell Rankin, Rosalind Elias, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, and Jerome Hines. (A non-subscription performance.)... ¶ Monday, Nov. 20, at 8: "La Ventana," danced by the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; and "Hansel and Gretel," with Teresa Stratas, Rosalind Elias, Lili Chookasian, Karl Dönch, and William Walker.... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 7: A new production of Wagner's "Die Walküre," with Birgit Nilsson, Gundula Janowitz, Christa Ludwig, Jon Vickers, Thomas Stewart, and Karl Ridderbusch. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.)... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Nell Rankin, Lili Chookasian, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, and Bonaldo Giaiotti.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 23, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Pilar Lorengar, Judith Raskin, Teresa Berganza, Nancy Williams, Cesare Siepi, Tom Krause, and Fernando Corena.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 24, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Birgit Nilsson, Gundula Janowitz, Christa Ludwig, Jon Vickers, Thomas Stewart, and Karl Ridderbusch.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 25, at 2: "La Ventana," danced by the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; and "Hansel and Gretel," with Joy Clements, Marcia Baldwin, Carlotta Ordassy, Paul Franke, and Ron Bottcher.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Jeannette Pilou, Marcia Baldwin, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, John Macurdy, and Raymond Michalski. (A non-subscription performance.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, *William Steinberg conducting*—Performances of Berlioz's "The Damnation of Faust" Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 16-18, at 8:30, and Monday, Nov. 20, at 7:30 (all with Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Ernst Haefliger, tenor; Gérard Souzay, baritone; Raymond Michalski, bass; and the Westminster Choir). A varied program on Thursday, Nov. 23, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 24, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 27, at 7:30 (all with Yehudi Menuhin, violin).

Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra—*George Trautwein conducting* with Christian Ferras,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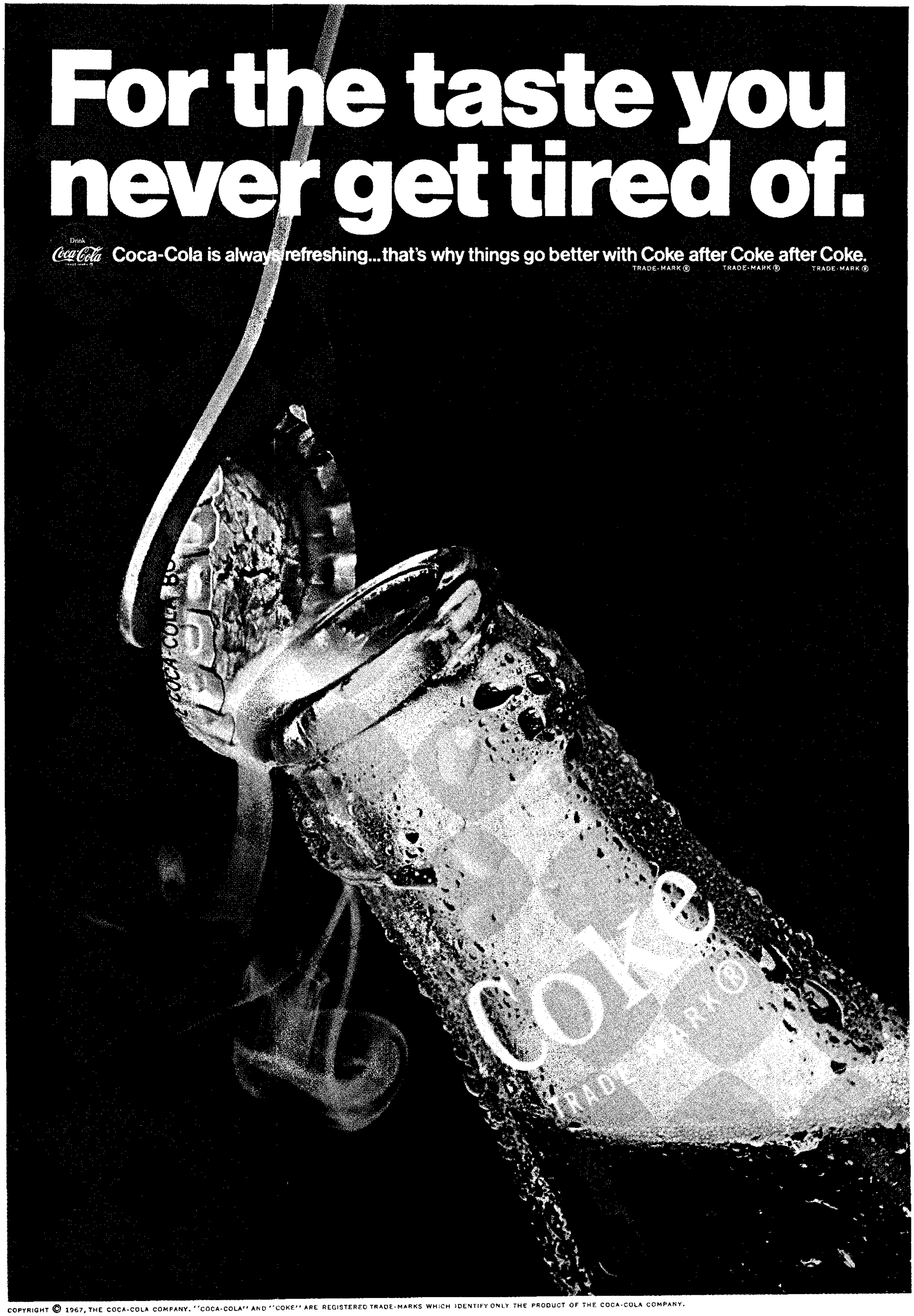
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—Jean Martinon conducting, with Robert, Gaby, and Jean Casadesus, as piano soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Istvan Kertesz conducting a Schubert-Bruckner program. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

Orchestre Jean-François Paillard—M. Paillard conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting the second in a series of three Bach-Mozart programs, with Albert Fuller and George Pappastavrou, harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Claude Frank, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 3, and Monday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

I Solisti di Zagreb—A Yugoslav chamber orchestra, with the violinist Alexander Schneider as both conductor and soloist. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 3. . . . ¶ Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Jonel Perlea conducting. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, which must be applied for in writing, call EN 9-2202.)

Late Late Concert Players—Allan Miller conducting a chamber orchestra. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 11:30.)

RECITALS

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—The Amadeus Quartet, in an all-Schubert program. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 685.)

Cesare Siepi—Bass-baritone. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

Guarneri String Quartet—An all-Beethoven program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

Samuel Dilworth-Leslie—Piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 2:30.)

Lenox Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

New School Concerts—A Schoenberg-Mozart program, performed by Felix Galimir, violin; Robert Sylvester, cello; Fritz Jahoda, piano; and others. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sundays, Nov. 19, at 3 and 9.)

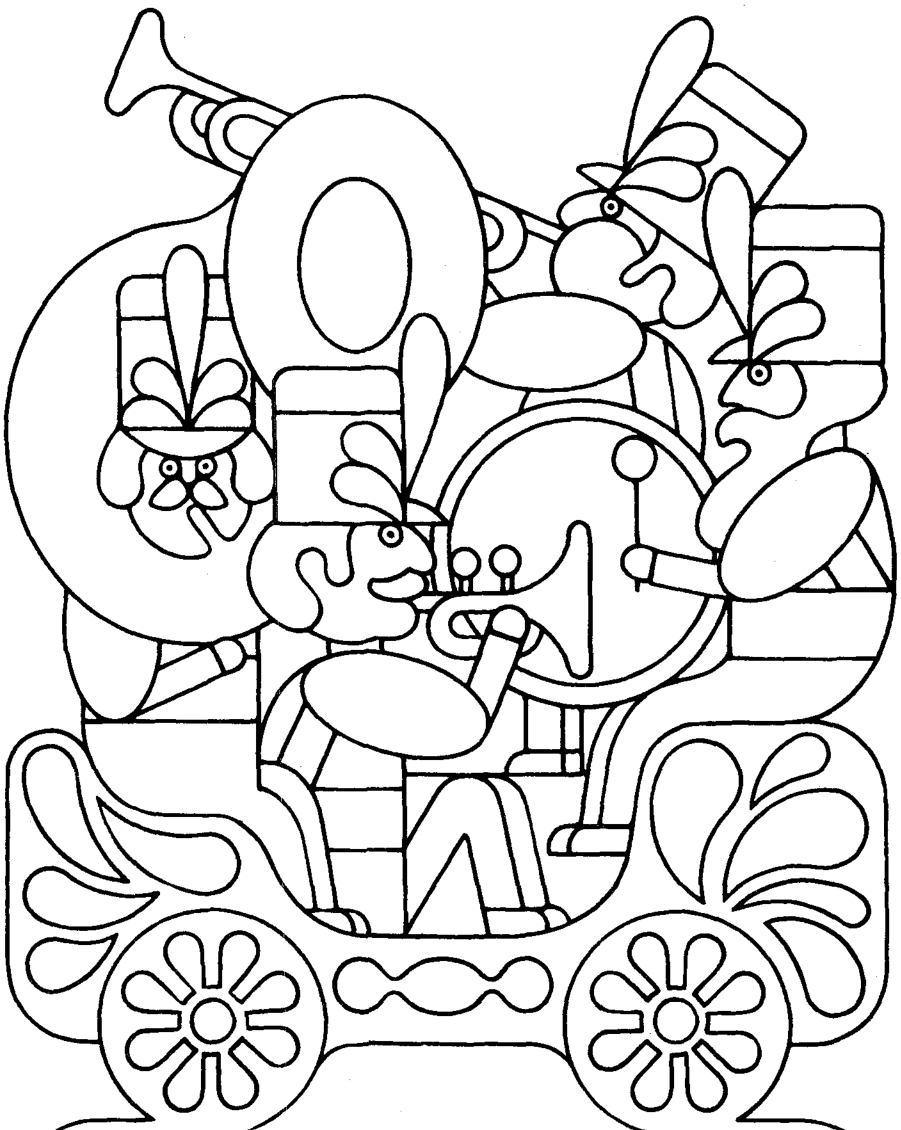
Manitas de Plata—Flamenco guitarist, with assisting artists, in the second of two concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 23, at 9.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 24, at 8:30.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal and Robert Veyron-Lacroix—Flute and keyboard duo. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 24, at 8:30.)

Nathan Milstein—Sonatas and partitas for unaccompanied violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Richard Tucker—Tenor. (Brooklyn Academy of



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.)

Juan Serrano—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.)

Note—The Duo Rampal–Veyron-Lacroix will give a flute-and-harpsichord recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 26, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 20, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Jean-Louis Barrault and the New York Chamber Soloists—A program of words and music from the court of the Sun King, Louis XIV. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Benefit Concert—Clinton Utterbach directing the Utterbach Concert Choir, plus Moses Gunn and Thelma Oliver reading from the late Langston Hughes' poetry, in musical settings arranged by Mr. Utterbach. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Jazz/Folk/Rock—The Charles Lloyd quartet. *(Village Theatre, 105 Second Ave., at 6th* St. 475-8400. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 17-18, at 8 and 10:30.)...¶ The New Lost City Ramblers, folk singers, and others, in a benefit concert. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:30. For tickets, call NE 8-2830.)...¶ Maurice Chevalier. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)...¶ Ella Fitzgerald, with the Tee Carson trio. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 8:30.)...¶ Miriam Makeba and *Mongo* Santamaria's band. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 8:30 and midnight.)...¶ The Doors, folk rock. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Nov. 24, at 8 and 10:30.)...¶ Jim Kweskin Jug Band, rock. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 24, at 8:30.)...¶ Theodore Bikel, folk singer. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8:40.)...¶ Thad Jones, Joe Newman, Kenny Burrell, Kenny Dorham, Bill Harris, the Wynton Kelly *trio*, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 25, at midnight.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:35: Knicks vs. Baltimore....¶ Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 6:30: San Diego vs. Boston and Knicks vs. Chicago....¶ Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8:35: Knicks vs. Seattle.

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 18 (all games at 1:30): Brown vs. Harvard, at Providence....¶ Dartmouth vs. Cornell, at Hanover....¶ Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia....¶ Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton....¶ Trinity vs. Wesleyan, at Hartford....¶ Williams vs. Amherst, at Williamstown....SATURDAY, NOV. 25 (all games at 1:30): Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence....¶ Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia....¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton....¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick....¶ Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven.

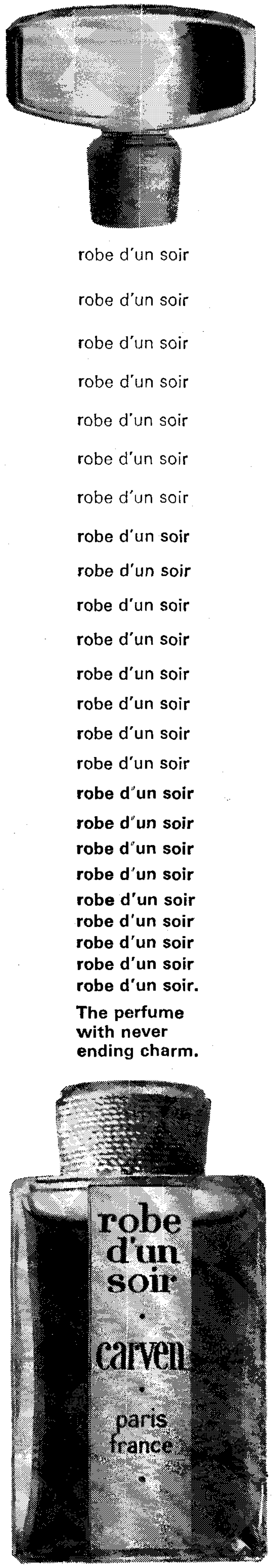
Professional Football—Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 1:30.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Nov. 19, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Minnesota....¶ Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Club Fall Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 25-26.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at noon; through Friday, Dec. 15. Post time will be 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Queens County Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 18; the Firenze Handicap, Thanksgiving Day; and the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 25....GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Daily at 12:30; through Saturday, Nov. 18. The Garden State, Saturday, Nov. 18....LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, Jan. 1. The Laurel Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 25.

Soccer—Greek-Americans vs. Slavia Prague of



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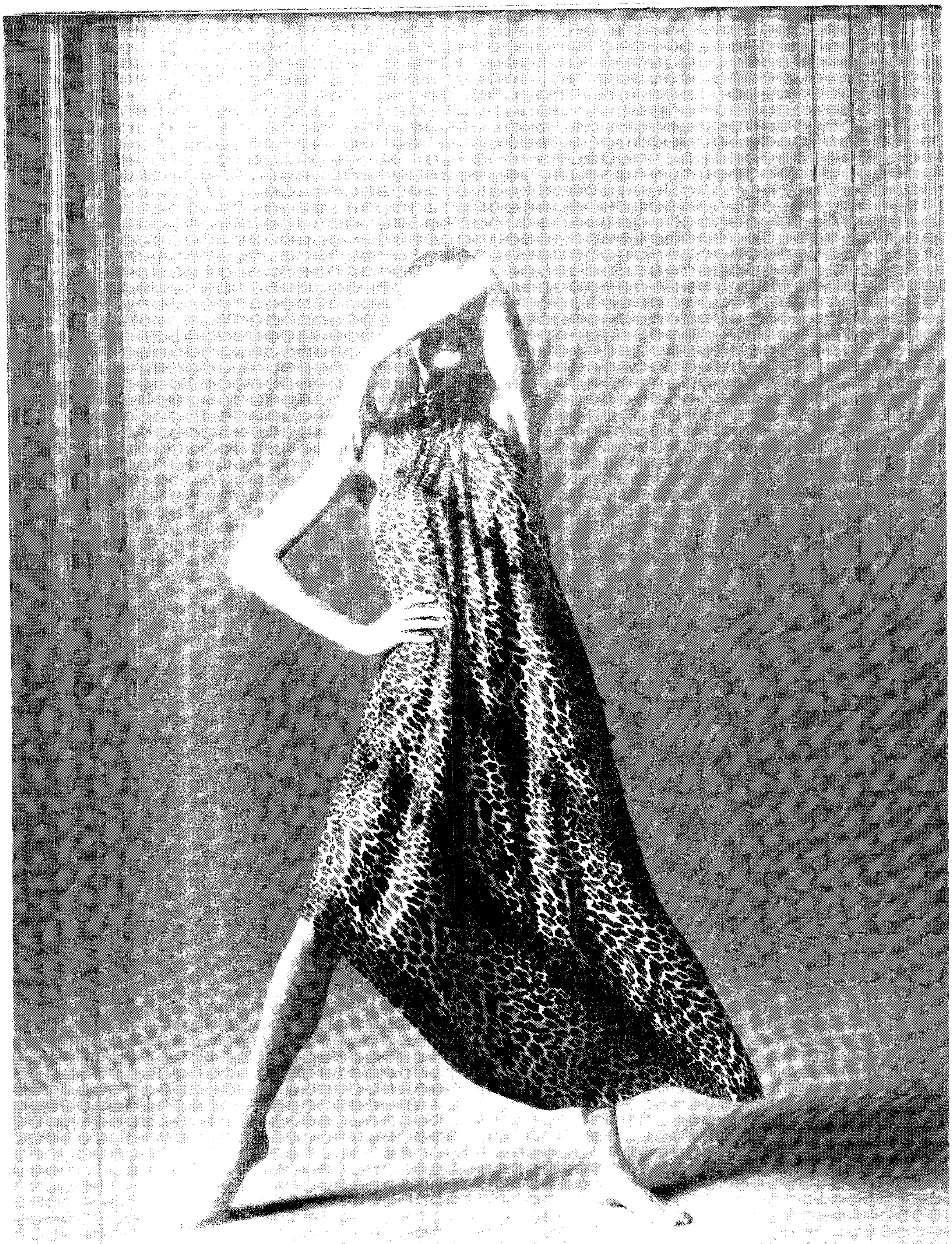

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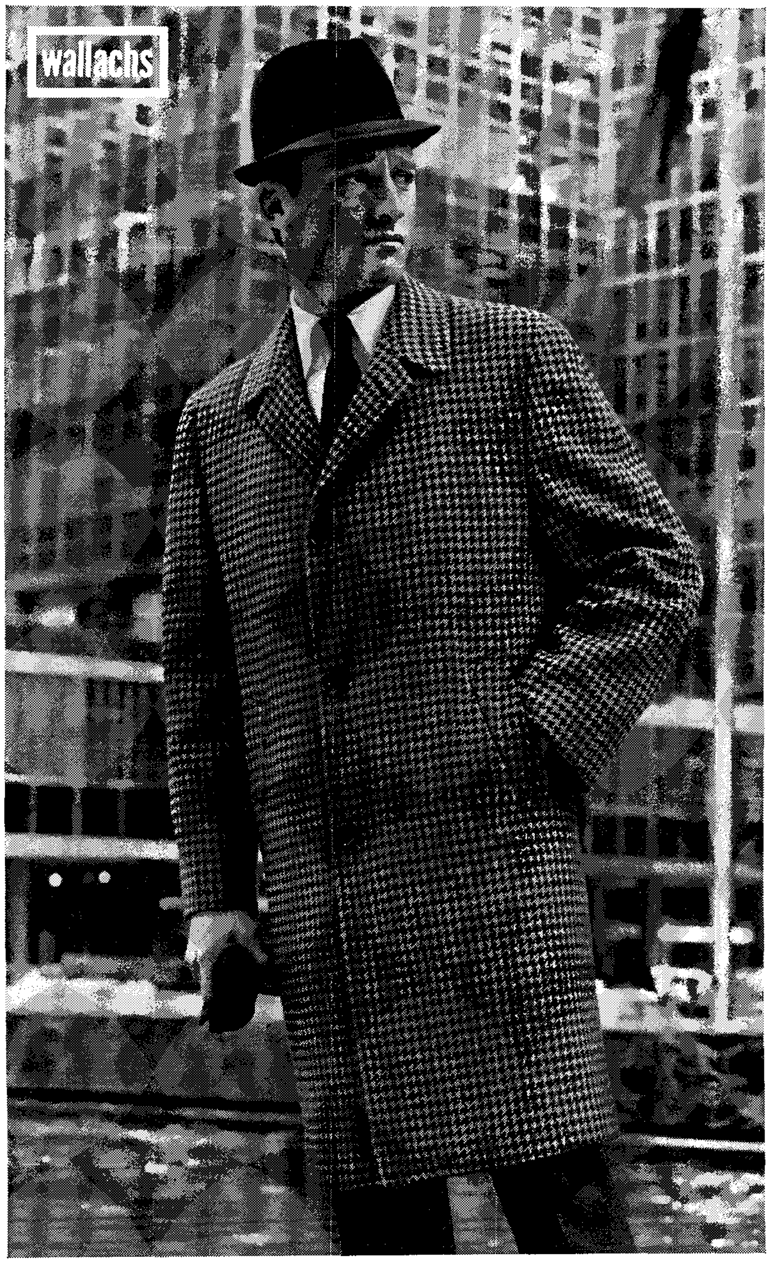

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Czechoslovakia. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 2:30.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 7:40; through Friday, Dec. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade—Gigantic figures (among them Superman and a dragon) bobbling along above floats, bands, and a thousand costumed marchers. Starts at 8:45 A.M., at Central Park West and 77th Street, moves down Central Park West to Columbus Circle, and thence along Broadway to 35th Street, arriving at Macy's at 10.

Opera—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "Hansel and Gretel." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **AMERICAN CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "Toby Tyler." (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 24-25, at 1. For tickets, call 787-4749.)... **BIL BAIRD'S MARIONETTE THEATRE:** "Winnie-the-Pooh," plus a number of puppet variety acts. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 24, at 3:30, and Saturday, Nov. 25, at 1 and 3:30.)... **CHILDREN'S THEATRE INTERNATIONAL:** "Babu." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 2:30.)... **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "Snow White," Saturdays at 2 and 3:30. ...¶"The Pied Piper," Sundays at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.)... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel." (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **MARA AND HER COMPANY:** "The Playful Dragon: A Cambodian Fairy Tale." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 24-25, at 3.)... **MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS:** "A Song for Johnny Appleseed." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)... **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Scraps." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.)... **PROVINCETOWN CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "Aladdin." (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Saturdays, Sundays, and Thanksgiving Day at 1 and 3.)... **SILVER BUTTON PRODUCTIONS:** "The Silver Button." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 1.)... **STORYLAND THEATRE:** "Heidi." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Adventures of Pinocchio," Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30....¶"Adventures of Peter Pan," Saturdays and Sundays at 3. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.)... **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Greensleeves." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Friday, Nov. 24, at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "The Realm of the Planets." Starting Tuesday, Nov. 21, there will be a new show, "Stars in the Christmas Sky." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Nov. 24, at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Thanksgiving Day at 1, 2:30, and 4; and Friday, Nov. 24, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and

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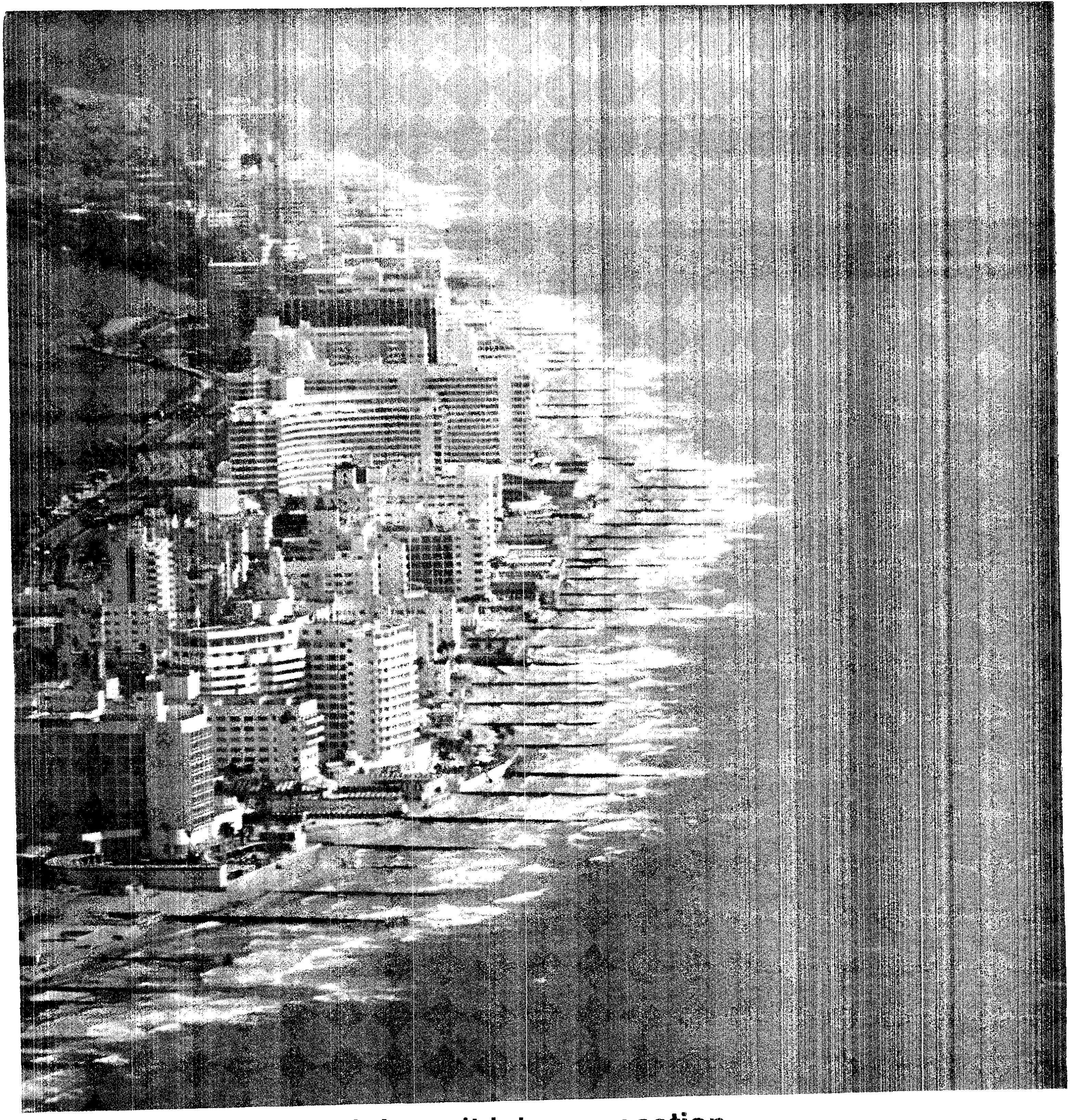

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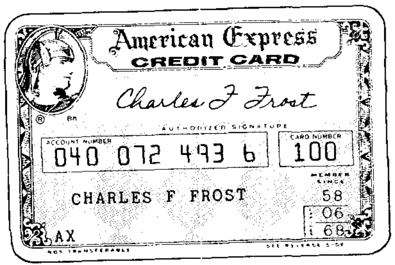
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Thanksgiving Day. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—Sunday, Nov. 19: Mary Lavin and John Updike reading from their own works.... ¶ Monday, Nov. 20: John Barth reading from his new works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Evenings at 8:30.)

FLOWER SHOW—The annual indoor showing of chrysanthemums in all sizes and colors. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 16-17, from 1:30 to 4:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 18-19, from 10 to 4:30.)

NATIONAL POSTAGE STAMP SHOW—The nineteenth annual exhibit will feature special showings of United States and United Nations stamps. On the first day of the show, the United States Post Office Department will issue a new blue five-cent George Washington stamp, and the United Nations will issue a six-cent "Kiss of Peace" stamp, adapted from the stained-glass window by Chagall, and a sheet of six six-cent stamps that combine to show the entire Chagall window. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 17-18, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, Nov. 19, from 1 to 8.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Nov. 17, at 10:30 and 1:45: Oriental art, including Japanese netsuke, Chinese snuff bottles, Chinese and Japanese ivory carvings, Japanese paintings, and Chinese porcelains; from various owners.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 18, at 1:45: English and Continental furniture and decorations, belonging to several collectors.... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 10:30: Books and manuscripts relating to Texas; letters and documents of Sam Houston, Stephen Austin, and other Texas figures; and early currency and bank notes; the property of Robert Davis.... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 1:45: English and American portrait miniatures, eighteenth and nineteenth-century watches, and other *objets de vertu*; from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 17.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd—Six programs of Japanese films. Nov. 16 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The Burglar Story" (1965).... Nov. 17 at 2 and 5:30: "All Mixed Up" (1964).... Nov. 18 at 11, 3, and 5:30: "Longing for Love" (1966).... Nov. 19 at 2 and 5:30: "The Face of Another" (1967).... Nov. 20 at 2 and 5:30: "The Affair" (1967).... Nov. 21 at 2 and 5:30: "A Full Life" (1962).... ¶ Nov. 22 at 2 and 5:30: "Excuse My Dust" (1920), with Wallace Reid.... **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—The last three programs in a series called "A Tribute to Fred Zinnemann." It should be added that this is a very tentative listing. Nov. 16 at 3: "A Hatful of Rain" (1957), with Eva Marie Saint and Don Murray.... Nov. 16 at 5:30: "Teresa" (1951), with Pier Angeli and John Ericson.... Nov. 17 at 3 and 5:30: "The Search" (1948), with Montgomery Clift and Aline MacMahon.... ¶ Four films directed by Rouben Mamoulian. Nov. 18 at 3: "Becky Sharp" (1935), with Miriam Hopkins.... Nov. 18 at 5:30: "Blood and Sand" (1941), with Tyrone Power and Rita Hayworth.... Nov. 19 at 2: "Queen Christina" (1933), with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert.... Nov. 19 at 4: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1931), with Miriam Hopkins and Fredric March.... ¶ Nov. 21-22, at 3 and 5:30: "The Making of the President 1960" (1963) and "A Thousand Days: A Tribute to John Fitzgerald Kennedy" (1964), both produced for television by David L. Wolper.... **NOTE:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED HERE

The Battle of Algiers—An exciting account, in documentary terms, of how Algeria won its independence. The large cast has but a single professional actor. Gillo Pontecorvo directed. In French and Arabic. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Bonnie and Clyde—Arthur Penn's lucidly observant story of two young robbers who become folk heroes of the Depression. Faye Dunaway plays Bonnie, ex-waitress; Warren Beatty is the debonair Clyde Barrow. One of the very few genuinely thoughtful movies in the use it makes of photographed violence. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Nov. 21.)

Camelot—Vanessa Redgrave is very pretty and Richard Harris very handsome in this mindless dinosaur of a musical. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Chappaqua—Conrad Rooks is the director and star of this study of a young drug addict and his cure. Wonderfully photographed by Robert Frank. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Closely Watched Trains—A comedy about a young lad who takes a job in a godforsaken railway station as a way of shirking service during the last war. One of the fine Czech films shown this summer in the Lincoln Center festival. Directed by Jiri Menzel. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Cool Hand Luke—An inmate of a Southern prison (Paul Newman) reluctantly becomes a hero to his fellow-prisoners and so meets his doom. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; and Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Elvira Madigan—In which a beautiful young couple find that love is not all. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Family Way—Dulled film of a good stage play about the brutish jocularity of the North-of-England working class toward young marrieds. Hayley Mills is said to have grown up in this film, which is a lie, though she plays a bride. John Mills is at his crustiest, roaring sentimental songs at the piano like a Bible-bashing patriarch. The Boulting Brothers produced and directed. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Nov. 22.)

Far from the Madding Crowd—Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Terence Stamp, and Peter Finch in a disastrous attempt to bring an aging literary classic to the screen. Directed by John Schlesinger and beautifully photographed by Nicolas Roeg. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Father—An affecting account, sad and funny, of a fatherless boy making his difficult, dreamy way toward manhood. Ably directed by István Szabó, who also wrote the screenplay. In Hungarian. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through Nov. 19.)

How I Won the War—An all-out assault on the human race, told in comic terms that uncannily succeed in making us laugh. Directed by Richard Lester, and starring Michael Crawford. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717.)

A Man and a Woman—Splendid visual elaboration of a slight love story, in which the principals are played by Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

A Man for All Seasons—Paul Scofield gives a sensationally good performance in this admirable adaptation of the Broadway success of a couple of years ago. Robert Bolt, who wrote the play, is the author of the screenplay, and Fred Zinnemann produced and directed. Others in the cast include Wendy Hiller, Leo McKern, Orson Welles, and Robert Shaw. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Daily at 2:30, 5:45, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Point Blank—Lee Marvin in a marvellous performance as a man who will do anything for money, especially if it is money that has been stolen from him. Directed by John Boorman. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166.)

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Reflections in a Golden Eye—A clumsy mistranslation of the McCullers novel, directed by John Huston. Elizabeth Taylor and Marlon Brando make less than they should of the leading roles. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

The Taming of the Shrew—In which the director, Franco Zeffirelli, seeks to lend Shakespeare a helping hand. With Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Nov. 21. Evening performances only on Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 18-19. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Nov. 21.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A funny but overlong satiric falsification of the Golden Twenties. Directed by George Roy Hill, with Julie Andrews, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, Carol Channing, and Beatrice Lillie. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Tiger Makes Out—Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson working hard and sometimes humorously as a pair of eager, aging misfits. Directed by Arthur Hiller, from a screenplay by Murray Schisgal. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Wait Until Dark—Audrey Hepburn, blind and alone in a Village apartment, pits herself against three murderous crooks. With Alan Arkin and Richard Crenna. Terence Young directed. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

The War Game—A powerful tract against the Third World War, directed by Peter Watkins. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Nov. 22.)

REVIVALS

The African Queen (1952)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Nov. 18.)

America America (1963)—A chronicle of a young Greek's fierce journey to the land of his heart's desire. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Nov. 22.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Becket (1964)—Richard Burton as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Peter O'Toole as King Henry II, in an adaptation of the Anouilh play. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Nov. 21.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—A version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Don Quixote (1961)—The Knight of the Woeful Figure here is a Russian, Nikolai Cherkassov, in this Soviet version of Cervantes' classic. Directed by Grigory Kozintsev. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; starting Nov. 21.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 17.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly in a film about the effect of war and death on two small children. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; Nov. 16.)

The Fortune Cookie (1966)—Billy Wilder's bitter comedy about a shyster lawyer. With Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Nov. 22.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Yves Montand is the star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier is the melancholy Dane. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 18.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 18-19.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—A tale of a wife not so much scorned as ignored. Directed by Federico Fellini, and with Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; Nov. 17-20.)

Leda (1961)—Directed by Claude Chabrol, with Madeleine Robinson and Jean-Paul Belmondo. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; Nov. 16.)

The Lower Depths (1936)—Directed by Jean Renoir, with Jean Gabin and Louis Jouvet. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 22.)

Morocco (1930)—Marlene Dietrich's first American picture, in which she plays a cabaret singer. Also with Gary Cooper as a Foreign Legionnaire. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 16.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—W. C. Fields again, this time doing his best as a kindly uncle. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Phaedra (1962)—A modern version of an old Greek horror story, featuring Melina Mercouri, Raf Vallone, and Anthony Perkins. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 17.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version, with added musical sound track. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Nov. 18.)

Red Desert (1965)—Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210. Nov. 17-20.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (1961)—Alan Sillitoe's own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city. With Albert Finney. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; starting Nov. 21.)

Shanghai Express (1932)—Revolutionaries and politics in the Orient. With Marlene Dietrich and Clive Brook. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 16.)

This Sporting Life (1963)—A movie about the rise and fall of a professional Rugby player in the North of England. Richard Harris and Rachel Roberts. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; starting Nov. 21.)

Tillie and Gus (1933)—Still more W. C. Fields, here with Alison Skipworth. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 18-19.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22			

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Tony Rome," Frank Sinatra.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Comedians," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
WAIT UNTIL DARK.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"The Penthouse," Suzy Kendall, Terence Morgan.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
COOL HAND LUKE.

Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
Through Nov. 21: "Waterhole #3," James Coburn.
From Nov. 22: "Operation Kid Brother," Neil Connery.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Incident," Jan Sterling, Thelma Ritter.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
CAMELOT.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
HOW I WON THE WAR.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through Nov. 18: **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival; and **POTEMKIN** (silent).
Nov. 19-20: "Napoleon in Moscow" (in Russian; formerly called "1812"), revival.
From Nov. 21: **DON QUIXOTE** (in Russian), revival.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Nov. 21: **BONNIE AND CLYDE**; and "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian), revival.
From Nov. 22: **THE WAR GAME**; and **AMERICA AMERICA**, revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 21 (evening performances only on Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 18-19): **THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.**
From Nov. 22: "To Sir, With Love," Sidney Poitier.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Woman and Temptation" (in French).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Tony Rome," Frank Sinatra.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Nov. 19: **FATHER** (in Hungarian).
From Nov. 20: "Guilt" (in Swedish).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
CHAPPAQUA.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE AFRICAN QUEEN, revival.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Incident," Jan Sterling, Thelma Ritter.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Fearless Vampire Killers," Jack MacGowran, Sharon Tate.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Comedians," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
COOL HAND LUKE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
HOW I WON THE WAR.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS (in French and Arabic).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Sound of Music," revival, Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
THE BANK DICK, revival; and **NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK**, revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 21: **BECKET**, revival.
From Nov. 22: **THE FAMILY WAY.**

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Nov. 21: "Rough Night in Jericho," Dean Martin, George Peppard.
From Nov. 22: "Waterhole #3," James Coburn.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
POINT BLANK.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
Nov. 16: **LEDA** and **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (both in French and both revivals).
Nov. 17-20: **RED DESERT** and **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** (both in Italian and both revivals).
From Nov. 21: **THIS SPORTING LIFE**, revival; and **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING**, revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 21: **THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.**
From Nov. 22: "To Sir, With Love," Sidney Poitier.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 21: **BECKET**, revival.
From Nov. 22: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French), revival.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
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Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Nov. 21: "Rough Night in Jericho," Dean Martin, George Peppard.
From Nov. 22: "Waterhole #3," James Coburn.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO, revival.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS, a Czechoslovakian film.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE TIGER MAKES OUT.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Tender Scoundrel" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Robert Morley.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Nov. 19: "The Witnesses," a documentary on the Warsaw Ghetto.
From Nov. 20: To be announced.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

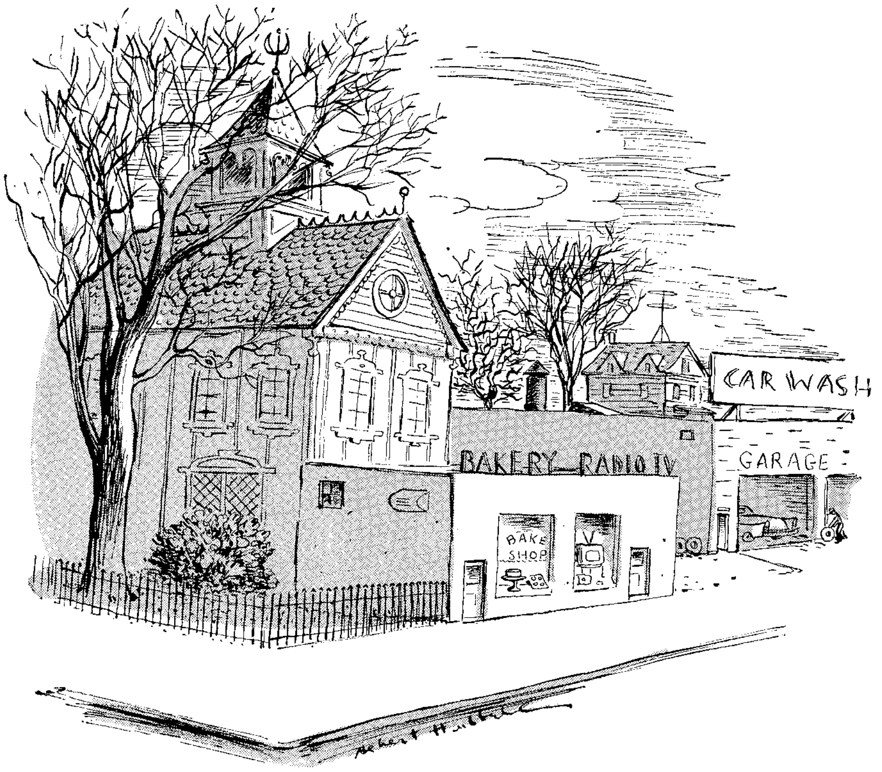
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"This Special Friendship" (in French).

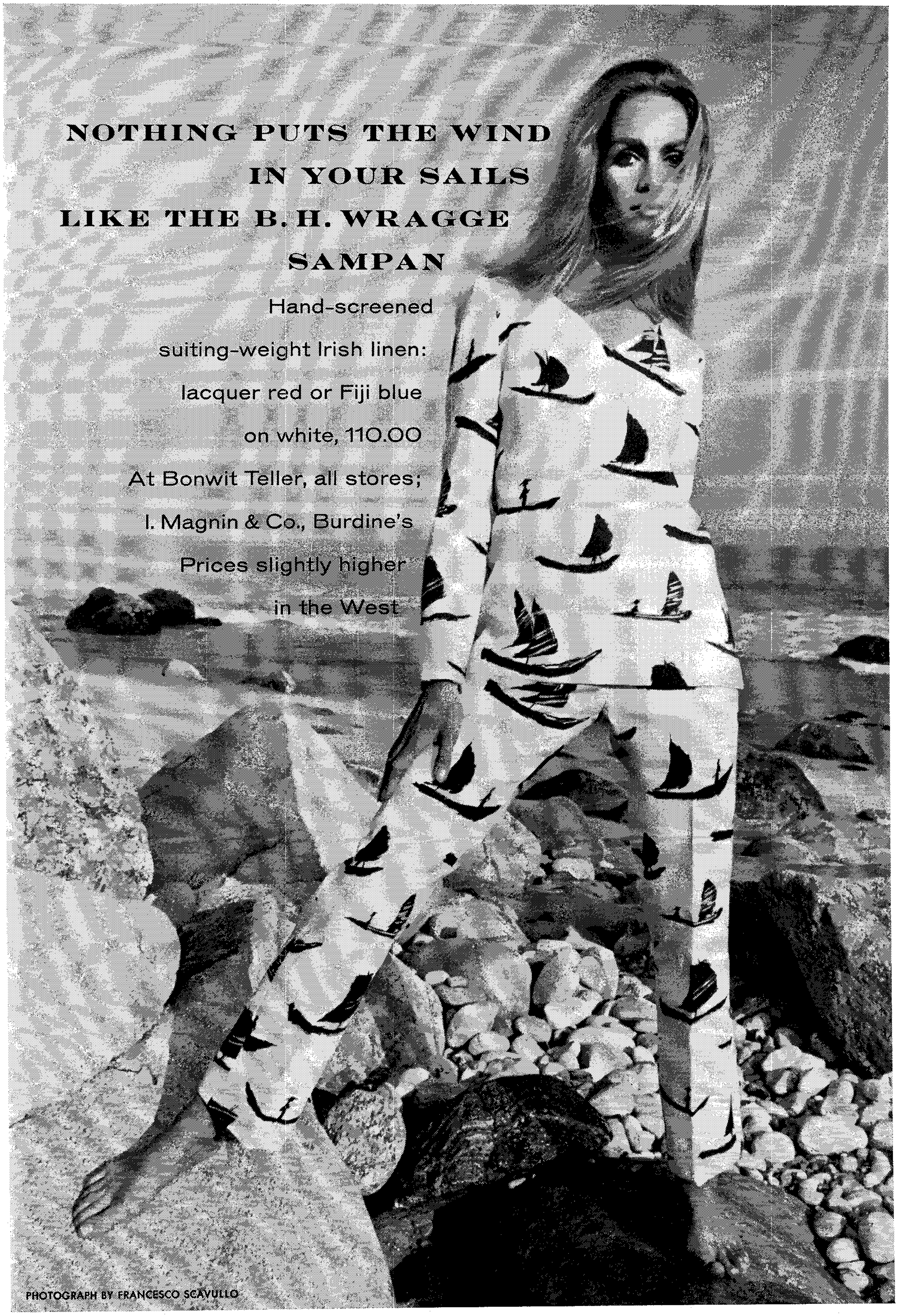
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 17: **8½** (in Italian), revival; and "Mickey One," revival, Warren Beatty.
Nov. 18-19: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival; and **TILLIE AND GUS**, revival.
Nov. 20: "Shock Corridor," revival, Constance Towers; and "The Phenix City Story," revival, John McIntire, Richard Kiley.
Nov. 21-22: "Ohayo" (in Japanese), revival; and "Swedish Wedding Night" (in Swedish), revival, Jarl Kulle.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 21: **THE TAMING OF THE SHREW**; and "The Happening," Anthony Quinn, George Maharis.
From Nov. 22: **THE FORTUNE COOKIE**, revival; and "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," revival, Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 16: **SHANGHAI EXPRESS**, revival; and **MOROCCO**, revival.
Nov. 17: **PHAEDRA**, revival; and "Antigone" (in Greek), revival, Irene Papas.
Nov. 18: **HAMLET**, revival.
Nov. 19: "Boris Godunov" (in Russian), revival; and "The Beggar's Opera," revival, Laurence Olivier.
Nov. 20: "Cyrano de Bergerac," revival, José Ferrer, Mala Powers; and "Volpone" (in French), revival, Harry Baur, Louis Jouvet.
Nov. 21: "The Would-Be Gentleman" and "The Marriage of Figaro" (both French revivals, performed by the Comédie-Française).
Nov. 22: **THE LOWER DEPTHS** (in French), revival; and "The Devil's Disciple," revival, Kirk Douglas, Burt Lancaster.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Nov. 21: **BECKET**, revival.
From Nov. 22: **THE FAMILY WAY.**





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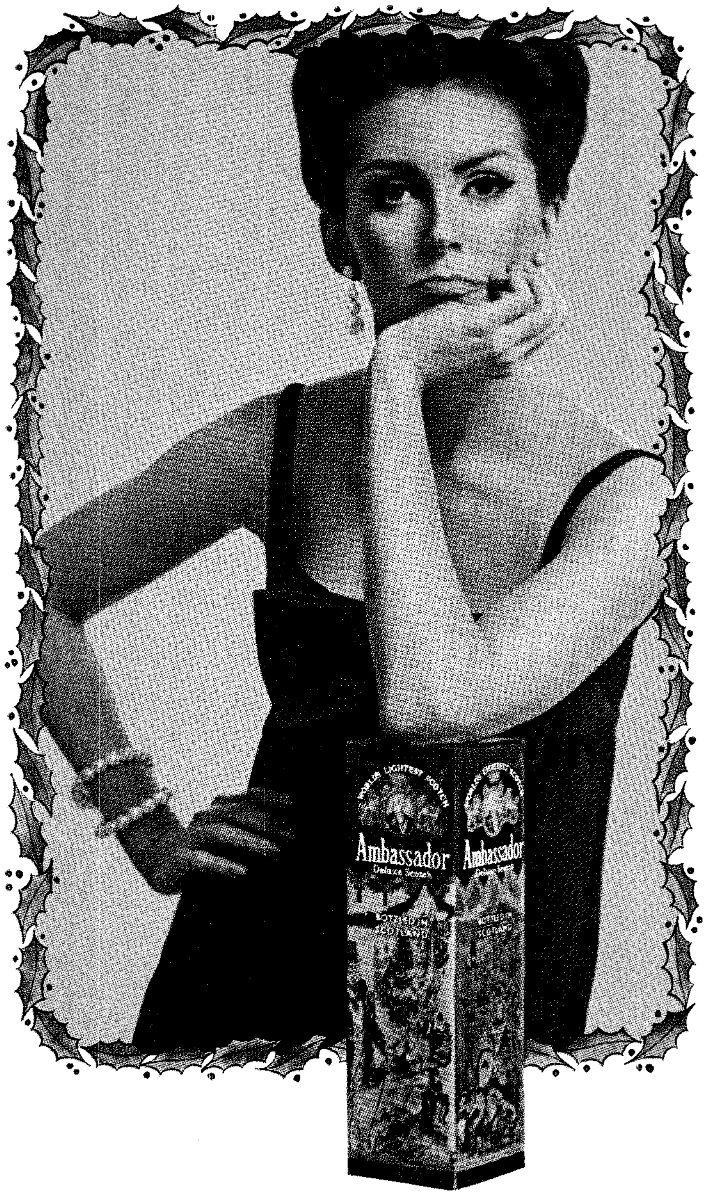
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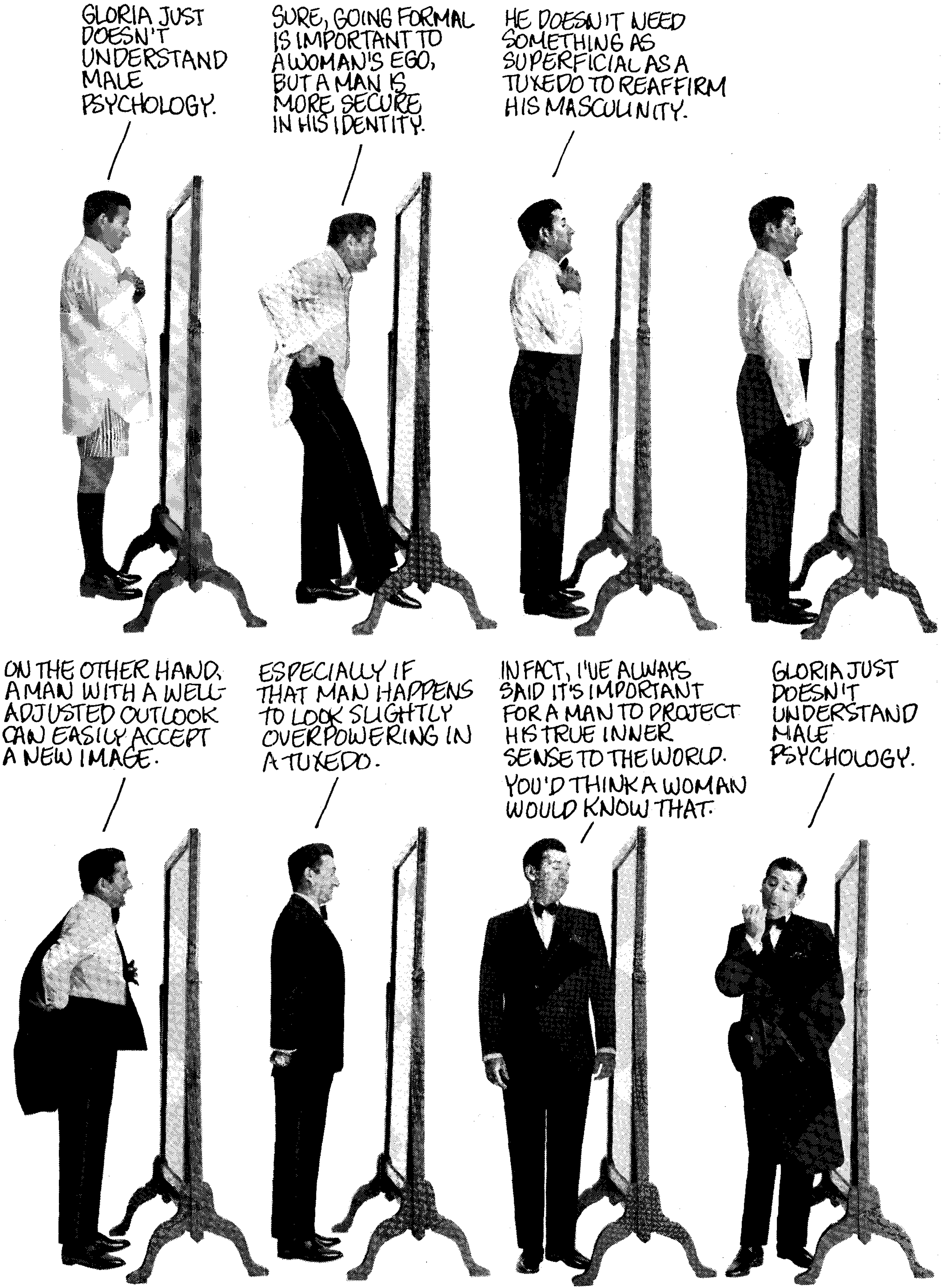
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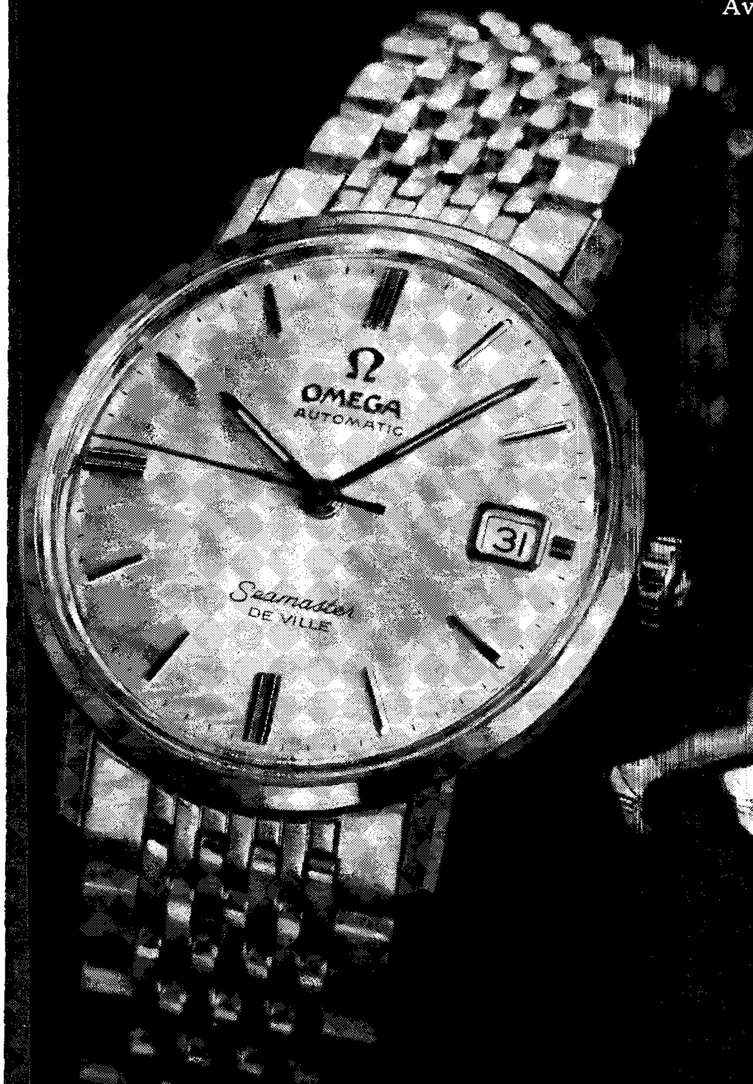

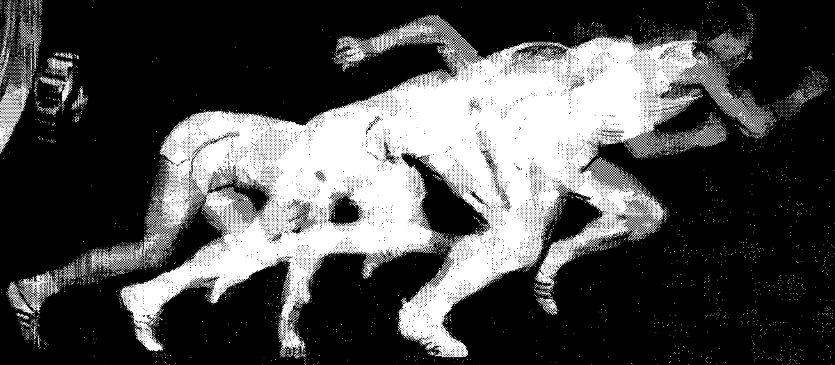

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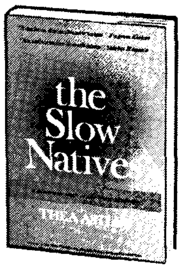
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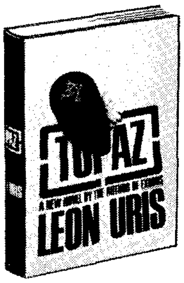
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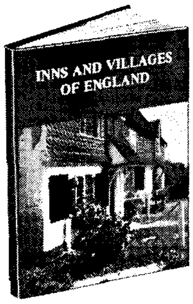
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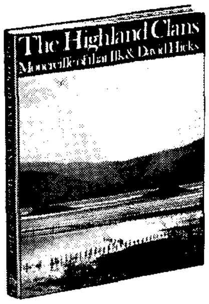
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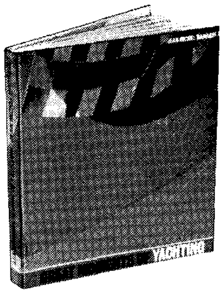

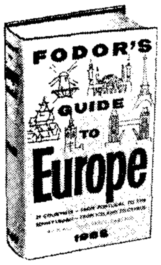
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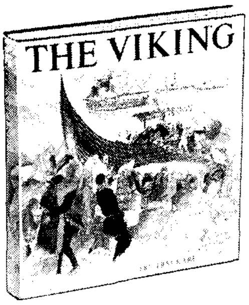

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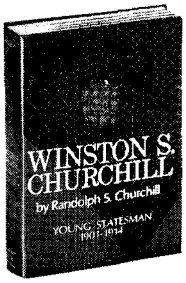
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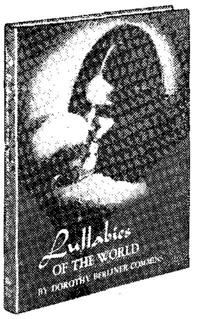
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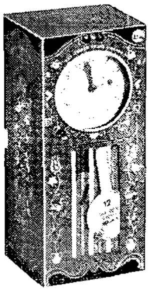

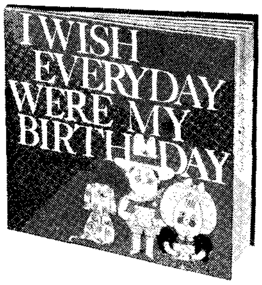
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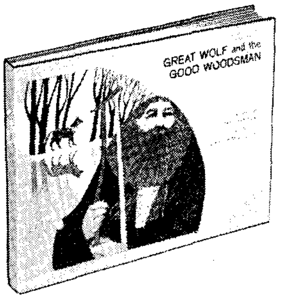
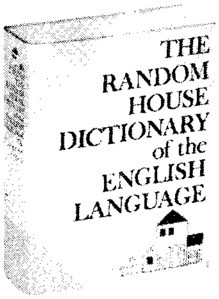

GREAT WOLF and the GOOD WOODSMAN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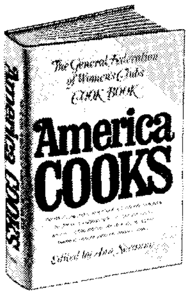
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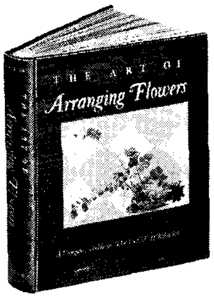
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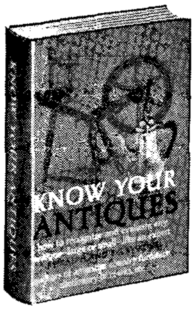
Arranging Flowers


KNOW YOUR
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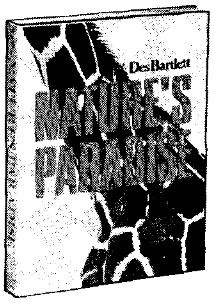
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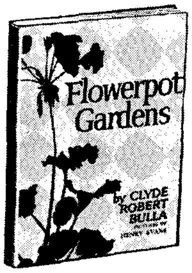
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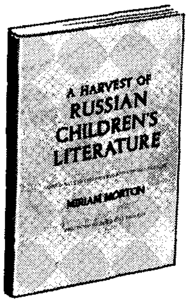
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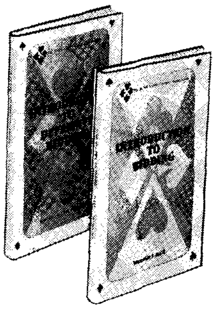

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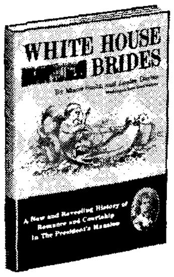
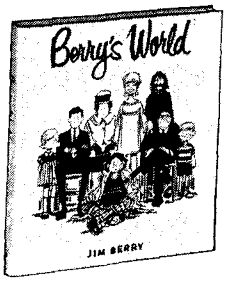

WHITE HOUSE
BRIDES

TASTE IN
AMERICA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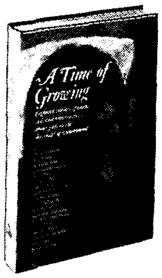
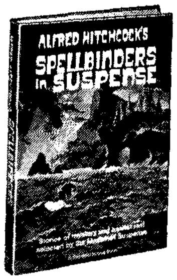
JIM BERRY


A Time of
Growing

WHERE
DOES
THE
SUMMER
GO?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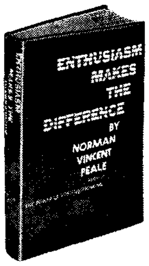
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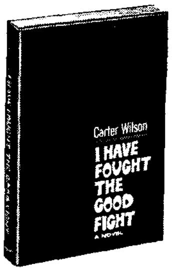
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I HAVE FOUGHT THE GOOD FIGHT
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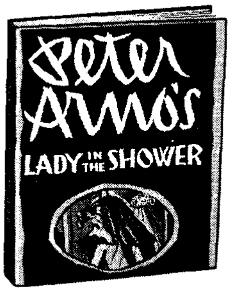
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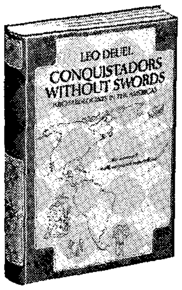
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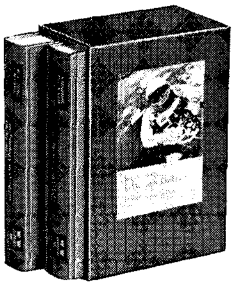

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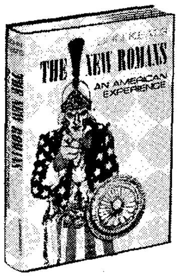
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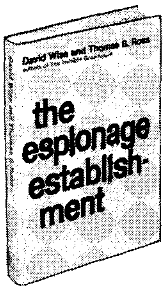
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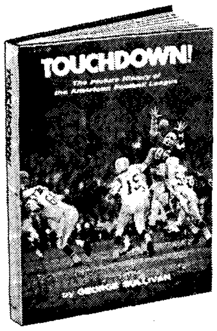
the espionage establishment



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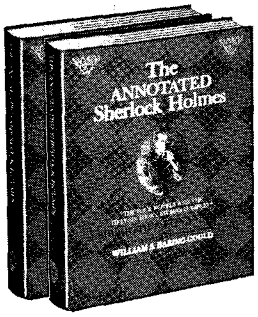
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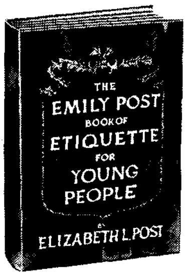
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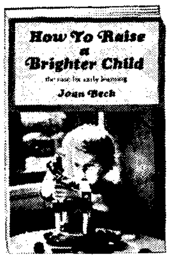
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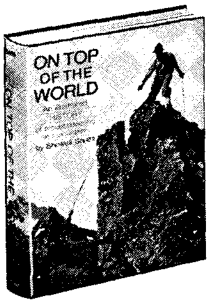
Joan Beck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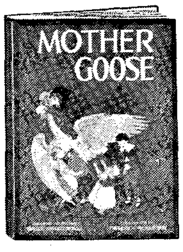
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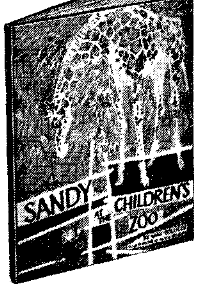
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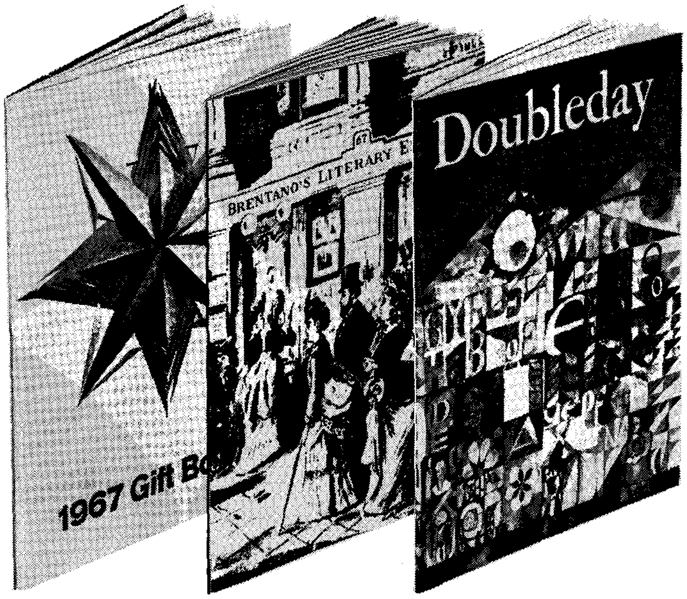

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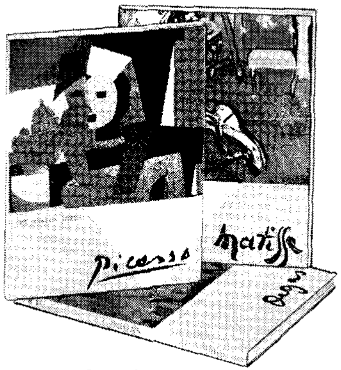

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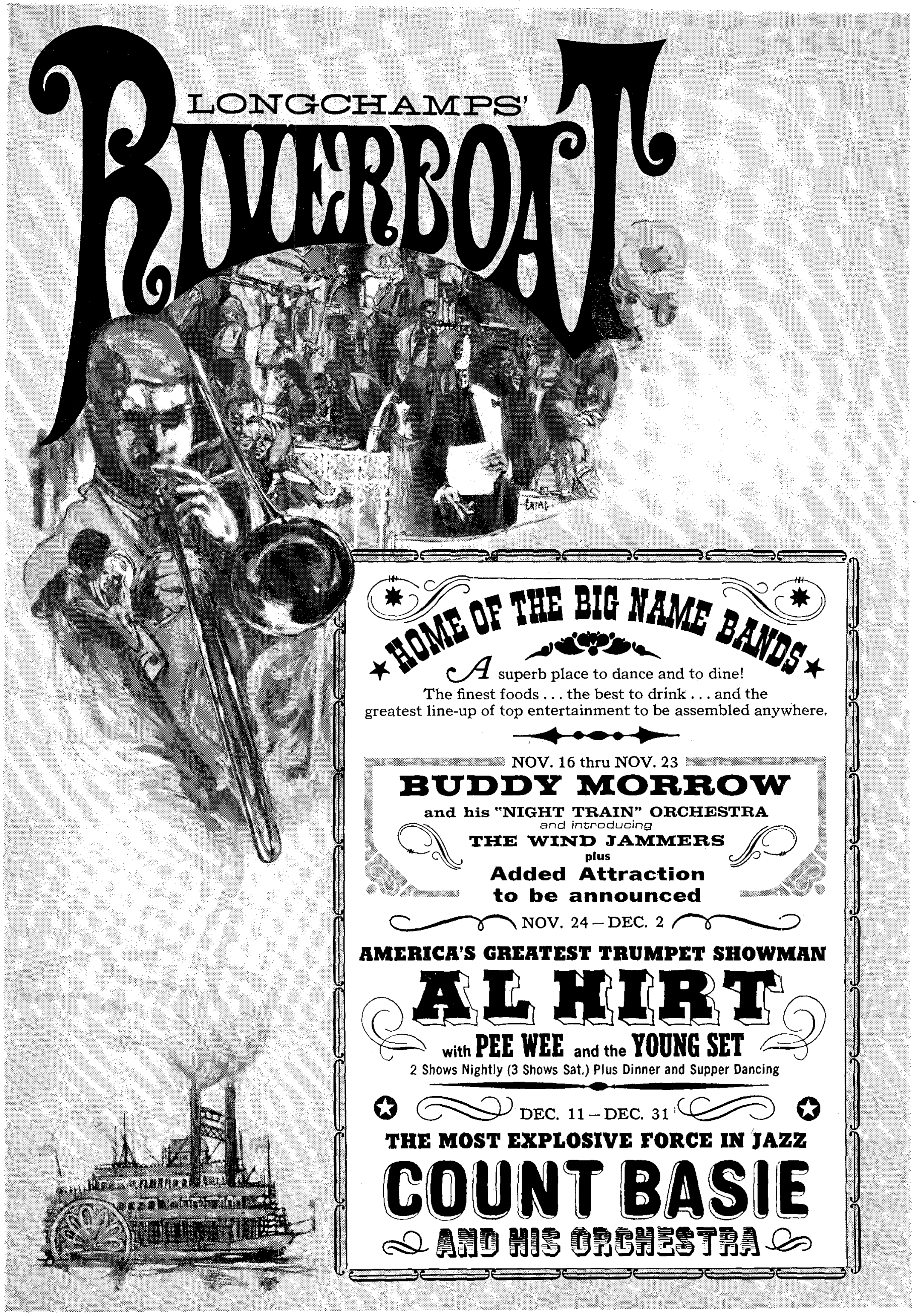

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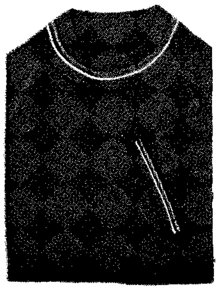

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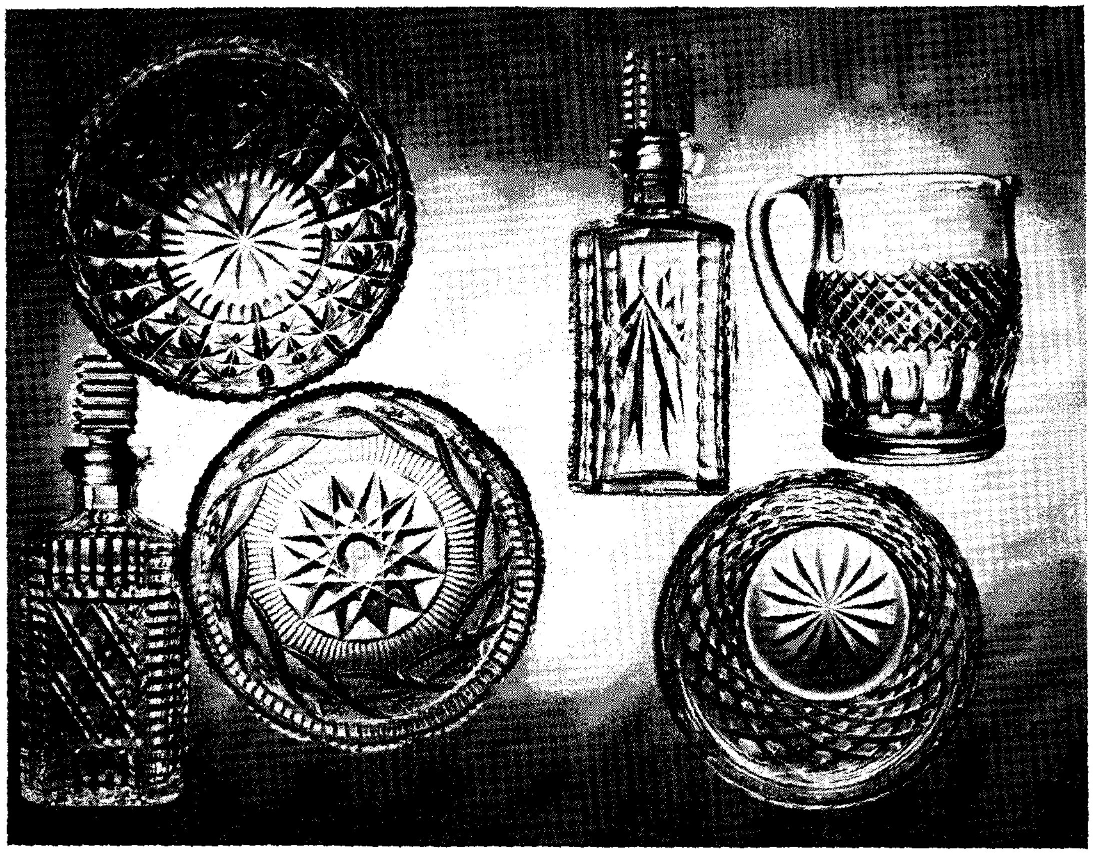

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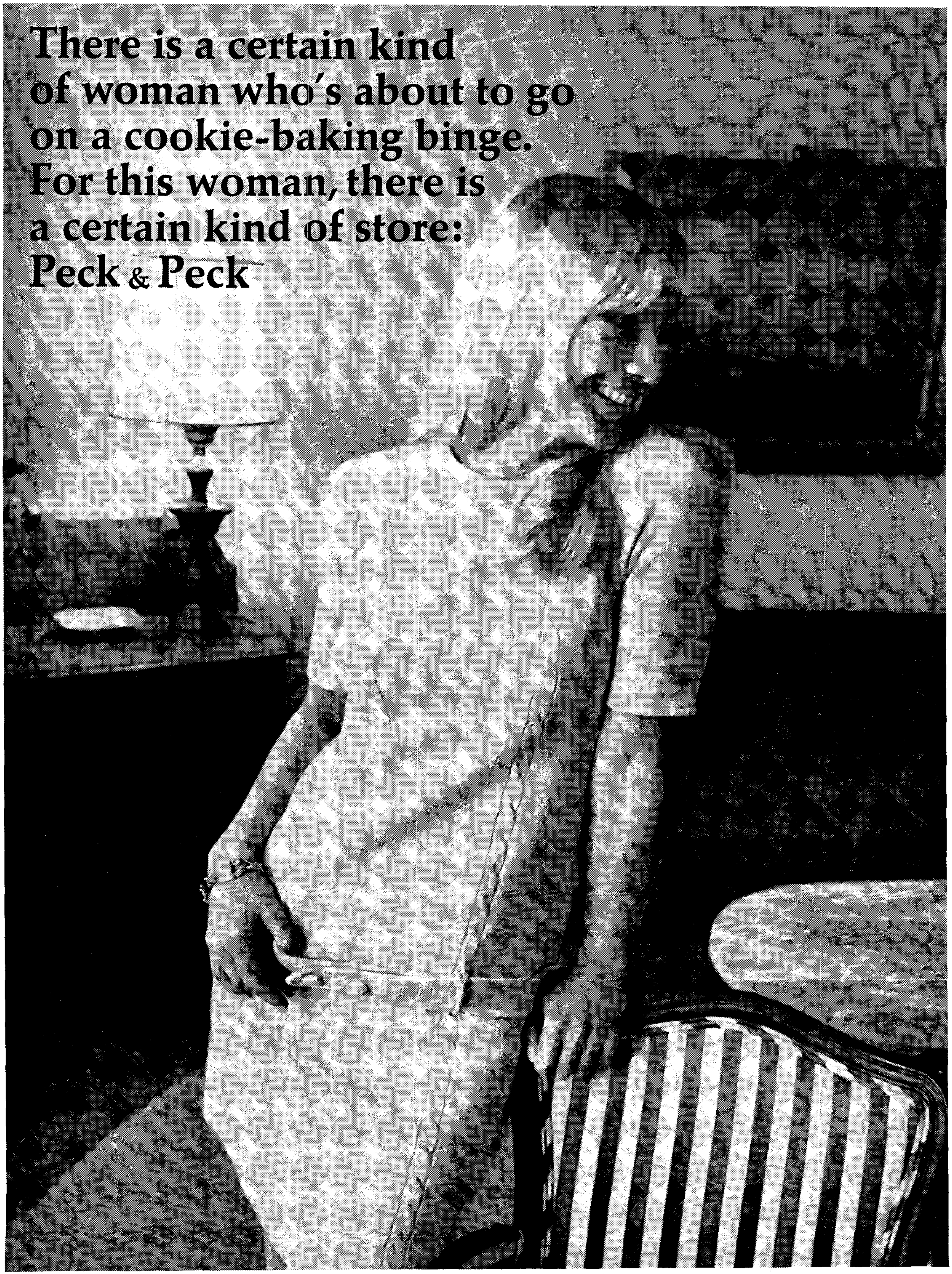
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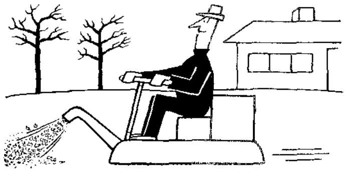
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

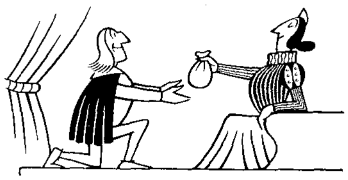
THE burning of leaves—a relatively innocent offender—will have come under complete control in this country long before any of the other pollutants of our air have been properly dealt with. This, aside from the obvious aesthetic deprivations it entails, uncovers that weak side of all crusading which likes to make a big show of attacking the gentlest, least offensive enemy first, while it leaves the real villains for some unnamed date. When one examines the methods of leaf control being employed to avoid the traditional burning—the municipalities that still have trees run their public-works collection equipment on regular leaf-pickup schedules, and homeowners are beginning to prepare their leaf crops for town collection by driving leaf-vacuuming machines up and down their lawns—one sees the possibility that the various motors employed in collecting and transporting the leaves may pollute the neighborhood air as much as the burning itself might have done. Of course, there's always the alternative of defoliation. (We've seen it happen.) If leaf control has to come, and come before we try society's power against exhaust pipes, diesel plumes, and smokestacks, we would like it down on the record that during the exceptionally long leaf season just closed we were able to spend one Sunday-morning hour at a window that looked out on a late-leaved maple. The only visible thing happening to the tree was that the warm rising sun was fingering its way through the foliage. No breath of air was stirring. In this complete but warming Sabbath calm there came, from high in the tree, the movement of a leaf disengaged and tumbling down, in unpredictable and erratic directions dictated only by its own structural aerodynamics, until, having brushed against other leaves and turned away from branches, it came to its easy landing. Another fell, and another, and within the next hour, still with no puff of wind, no quiver of a limb, no movement of air other than that caused by the falling leaves themselves, the tree, knowing its own time, had slipped a pattern of scarlet and yellow down to the ground.



Explorers Club

WE had been meaning to put in for a guided tour of the Explorers Club ever since it moved into the enormous Tudor house of the late Stephen C. Clark, west of Park Avenue on Seventieth Street, early in 1965, and our intention was realized the other day, when we were kindly briefed and shown around by Ward Randol, the club's executive director. He received us on the street floor, in a spacious panelled office from whose walls Theodore Roosevelt, Herbert Hoover, Carl E. Akeley, Sir Hubert Wilkins, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, and other intrepid travellers gazed at us. "We bought the house in 1963, from a company that got it from Eddie Gilbert," Mr. Randol said. "You remember *him*—the Wall Street operator who got into trouble, flew to Brazil, and later gave himself up. He'd bought the house from Mrs. Clark, and redecorated and rebuilt quite a lot of its interior at the time he had to give *it* up. He was redoing it with a French architect, and had really done considerable damage if you want to think of it as a Tudor house, which we did. Well, I called on Mrs. Clark (she died early this year) to see if we could recover some of the things that had been here (the house was empty when we took possession), and she was so delighted that someone was interested in bringing its appearance back to what it had been that she contributed generously to the expense of the project. This involved restoring all the woodwork, which Mr. Gilbert had bleached chemically."

Mr. Randol shuddered, and went on to say that the club, which had occupied a suite in the Majestic Apartments, on West Seventy-second Street, since 1932, had paid five hundred and fifty thousand dollars for its present home. "We had a building fund of a hundred and ninety thousand dollars, and some of our members, including Lowell Thomas, Thomas J. Watson, Jr., and his brother Arthur K. Watson, and George R. Wallace, a Massachusetts paper manufacturer, pledged enough money for us to swing the deal," he said. "We have fifteen hundred members, from all over the world, and they're divided for the most part between actives—chiefly professional scientists and explorers—and associates, or men who *encourage* exploration. Such encouragement is traditional in the history of exploration. Queen Isabella of Spain was an associate of Columbus, for example. Associates pay higher dues than actives. There's another classification—corresponding members, who don't pay dues at all. These are mostly distinguished foreign residents of countries from which it is difficult to send money. We were organized in 1904 and chartered in 1905, and we still have a 1905 member—E. de Koven Leffingwell, of Carmel, California, who is ninety-two. A 1908 member—Colonel Louis J. de Milhau, who had been on expeditions to Iceland and South America—is still active. Another 1908 member, Colonel C. Wellington Furlong, died the other day, at ninety-two. He was the first American to explore in Tripoli."



Mr. R. handed us a club roster, which listed Leopold III of Belgium as a corresponding member, and then he led us into the lobby, whose south wall was pretty well hidden by photographs of twenty-one club presidents, ranging, chronologically, from Major General Adolphus W. Greely, a pioneer Arctic explorer of the eighteen-eighties, to Dr. Walter A. Wood, a more recent explorer of the Arctic. We took an elevator to the library, on the fifth floor—an area of stacks and a raftered chamber, forty-five feet by twenty-three, that is used as a reading and trophy room. It was full of New Guinea totems, narwhal tusks, elephant tusks, elephant folios, Chilkat weavings, pottery, and stuffed animal heads. "Originally an attic," our guide said. "Then it became a gymnasium for the Clarks' children, and then an art gallery."

We followed Mr. Randol up a staircase to a map room on the sixth, and top, floor. "This used to be part of a guest suite," he said. "We have five thousand maps, many of them unpublished." On the fourth floor, we visited the Peary Library; Robert E. Peary was the club's third president, and the Admiral's books, which were presented by his daughter and his son, occupy a room that appropriately faces north. Next was the archivist's office, where we ran into Colonel de Milhau, chairman of the club's history-and-archives committee, who is eighty-three. "I'm sorting out some documents," he said. "I found we had the original letters from Sir Henry M. Stanley to the London papers. The club started in rooms on West Sixty-seventh Street and later moved to a loft over a garage on Amsterdam Avenue."

"When I became acquainted with the club, in 1929, it occupied an eight-story building on Cathedral Parkway," Mr. Randol said. "Five stories of bedrooms were supposed to make it solvent, but they didn't. The only real bedroom it has today is mine. The Clarks had twenty-two rooms for their living quarters and twenty-odd service rooms."

Mr. Randol showed us his bedroom, on the third floor, and said he had used it the night of the blackout. "I commute from Scarsdale," he said. "I stay here during railroad and transit strikes." The board of directors' room, with a big bathroom opening off it, also graced this floor, along with a President's Conference Room, one wall of which was given over to a National Geographic Society map of the world. "The sofa turns into a bed, so the president can sleep here," Mr. Randol said. "His bathroom doesn't have a shower."

Part of the carved woodwork on the second floor was identified for us as having come from one of Lord Nelson's ships, and two of the objects in a lecture room on that floor—an early Flemish tapestry and a sandstone statue of Joan of Arc—as having been given by Mrs. Clark. "And those two big couches belonged to the late Ambrose Clark," Mr. R. said as we crossed a hallway to the rare-book library. "We hold Saturday-morning seminars for high-school students on this floor. The kids are highly motivated, or how could they listen to Serge A. Korff—one of our past presidents—on the cosmic ray? Dr. Korff is president of the American Geographical Society, and has his office in this house. Would you like to see our kitchen?"

Regaining the street floor, we gazed at a vast stove and other culinary Clarkiana. "Our special luncheons are catered by General Motors, but at our fortnightly smoker-lectures Dr. Carl von Hoffman, an ethnologist, cooks safari dinners," Mr. Randol said. "We can serve sixty people in my office. We don't want to have a bar and restaurant. We feel that they would build up an inappropriate atmosphere. Our chief concern is to promote exploration. We have an Exploration Fund of about two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, whose income goes into grants-in-aid to qualified explorers. Right now, we're collaborating with the Smithsonian on an electronic survey of the Bermuda reefs to locate historic shipwrecks. Extensive timber remains and artifacts of the Warwick, which sank in 1619, have been found."

•

OVERHEARD in a Madison Avenue elevator, one well-creased trouser to another: "Slow down, George. You can't build your entire life around media."

Pretty Purdie

A RED-AND-BLUE sign on a music stand in a crowded recording studio on West Forty-seventh Street said:

YOU'VE DID IT AGAIN
PRETTY
HIT MAKER
PURDIE

A matching sign next to it said:

IF YOU NEED ME
CALL ME
THE HIT MAKER
PRETTY PURDIE

"Hey, Purdie!" a guitar player yelled to Bernard (Pretty) Purdie, the owner of the signs. "These signs are about worn out. You need some *new* signs." Everybody laughed. We were sitting on a stool near the drums, where Purdie, the city's busiest drummer for pop records, was about to cut five new songs with his own musicians and the Shirelles, a popular singing group. It was three o'clock in the afternoon; he had three hours in which to do the whole job.

Purdie, a stocky, enthusiastic, and amused-looking twenty-eight-year-old, was dressed in a light-tan suit, a yellow shirt, a flowered black tie, and mushroom-colored shoes, and was darting happily around the cluttered studio, shaking hands and talking to people. ("Listen, there's no strings today!" he called to the arranger. "It was too late to get into it.") When he got the chance, he ate tomato soup from a paper cup on top of an electric organ. "I did jingles this morning for Benton & Bowles," he told us between spoonfuls, "and tonight I'm doing James Brown."

We said his schedule sounded frantic, and asked him how many records he had made.

"I've never counted," he replied. He paused. "I know I've had seven days off in the last four years," he said. He picked up a pencil and a scrap of paper, and wrote down some figures. "There's usually two sessions, eight sides a day," he murmured as he figured. "Here." He handed us the total. "Around eleven thousand sides," he said cheerfully.

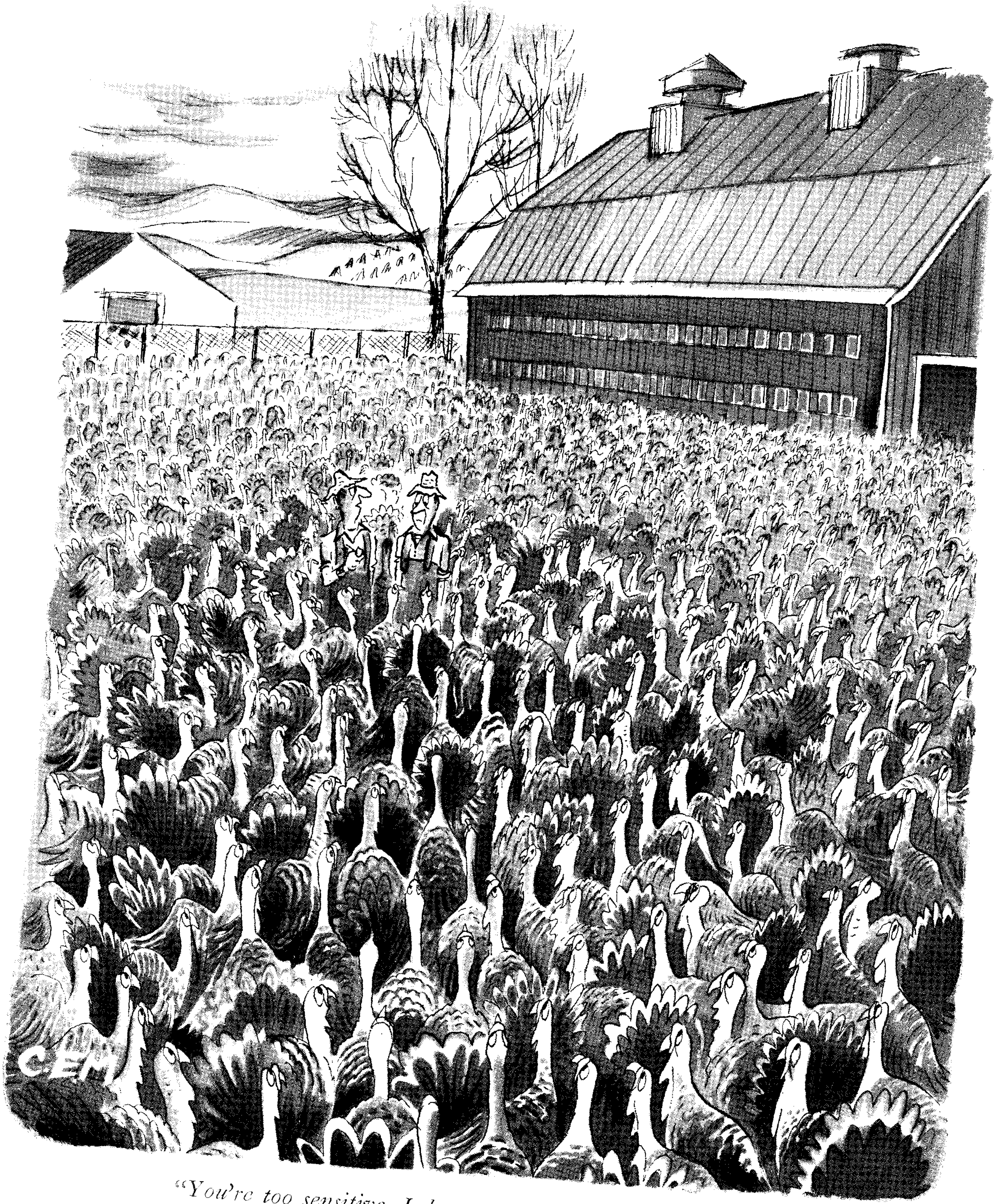
Near the piano, the Shirelles—four pretty girls, two in bright yellow, two in black—were running through one of their songs ("Flower People"), and Purdie started to clap in time. "That's good!" he called. A man was passing the sheet music of "I Love You" around, and the musicians were looking at it.

We asked Purdie how he found time to rehearse the songs.

"We don't rehearse!" he exclaimed. "The singers rehearse by themselves, and then it all comes together here. It's beautiful how it all comes together." He unwrapped a roast-beef-on-a-roll and took a bite. "Sing your song, girls!" he called to the Shirelles, tapping his foot.

A moment later, Purdie yelled, "All right, fellas!" and seated himself at the drums, put an open can of orange drink on a tomtom, and glanced at his sheet music. It had various notations, such as "Sort of ad lib," "Bass conga soul 18," "Repeat till fade," and a number of wavy lines. "Let's run it down!" he called.

The musicians were scattered around the studio, separated by baffles—horns out of sight behind one partition, a vibraphone out of sight behind an-



"You're too sensitive. I detect no air of silent reproach."

• •

other, a piano half hidden by a third, and the Shirelles sealed off entirely within a soundproof room on wheels near the control room. Only the guitar players, directly in front of Purdie and with their backs to him, were completely within view. Gleaming microphone booms were placed at angles everywhere, and the floor was strung with black cables.

"Is it up tempo?" Purdie asked the arranger.

"One, two—one, two, three," the arranger demonstrated, and Purdie snapped his fingers in time.

"Hey, horns!" Purdie called.

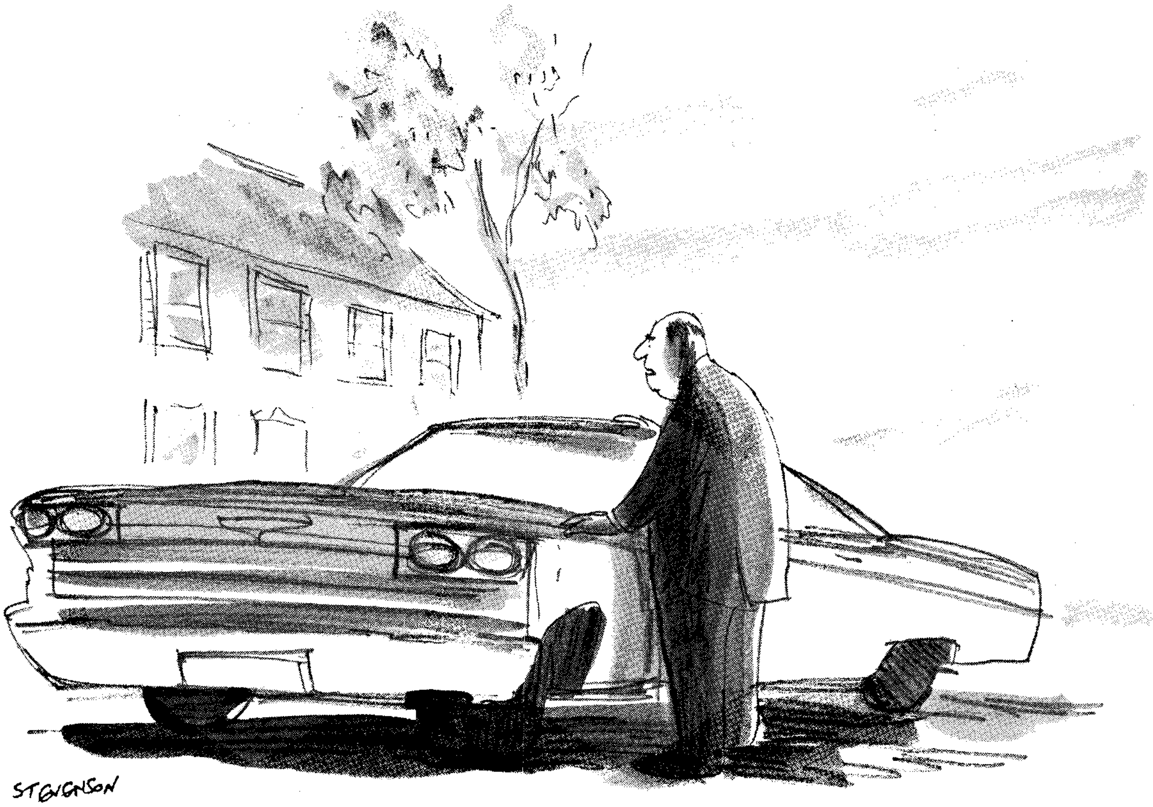
"Yeah, baby?" a voice called from behind the horns' partition.

"You know when to come in?" Purdie shouted.

"No!" the voice replied.

"Then stay out, then!" Purdie yelled, and everybody laughed.

They ran through the song once (a



"You're going away for a while, old girl, but we'll be back together soon as they correct that little defect."

• •

man entered during the music to deliver a sandwich to one of the guitar players, and the mission was accomplished and the sandwich paid for without a break in the music), and then there were questions ("Intro B should be eight bars?" and "Horns, do you have compound triplets before bar B?") and new instructions ("Everybody cool it while they play those four bars," and "Lay out on letter C, and *tacet* letter A the first time"), and then a voice in the control room said, "I want to get one now I can walk with. Take one."

Purdie put on a headset, so that he could hear the Shirelles, and, picking up his sticks, he called, "One, two—one, two, three" and hit the drums, and the music crashed forth. Purdie sat very straight as he drummed, his brow furrowed; he kept looking around and smiling slightly, then closing his eyes during the trickier passages. The drums, with Purdie presiding over them, seemed a complex and eccentric piece of machinery in a factory that produced sound, the parts all moving independently—at different speeds and with different functions. The bass-drum pedal went up and down, up and down; the padded stick slammed forward, back, forward, back, striking the same spot; the pedal on the sock cymbals rose and fell, making the cymbals jump apart and chomp together. They all wavered and shimmered, shivering when they were hit as the sticks pursued a rapid, confusing route over the drumheads, bouncing from one to another and back again, the skins shuddering under the impact. Purdie's knees moved up and down, alternating. Then there was a big finish, with a long fade of frenzied drumming—a storm of percussion—and Purdie, arching back, eyes clenched, face strained and drawn, looked, under his headset, like a jet pilot going through a severe pull of Gs. Then it was over. "Ohhh!" Purdie howled, leaping to his feet. Everybody laughed.

A guitar player turned around and looked at Purdie with mock suspicion. "Hey!" he said. "Does this part call for a drum solo?"

"Yeah!" Purdie cried. "Who asked *you*?"

"Let's try it again," a voice in the control room said.

Without more than twenty seconds' rest, and with Purdie working just as energetically as he had the first time, they did it all over again.

"We're safe," the control room said.

A man passed around the sheet music for the next song, and another man handed out Employee's Withholding Exemption Certificates to the musicians. Purdie opened a can of Sprite and took a drink. "Hey, Richard!" he called to Richard Tee, a burly, affable arranger in a royal-blue suit, who was standing by the piano. "You got twenty hits."

Tee said, "I do? Since when?"

"Since the first of the year," Purdie replied.

Tee smiled.

"I don't know if you got *credit*," Purdie continued, smiling, "but you arranged 'em." They both laughed. "'I Love You' is beginning to happen," Purdie said, trotting toward the control room to hear the playback, his sandwich in one hand.

"He's a gas," Tee said as Purdie vanished into the control room. "He plays fantastic drums. We've worked together for a long time. He knows what I want, and I know what he wants. It's like one big family."

In the control room, Purdie was tapping his feet in time to the taped song. "I love the simplicity!" he exclaimed. "This is *me!* It's so simple it's ridiculous!" He hurried back into the studio. "O.K., fellows!" he called. "Let's make another one!"

By 6:25 P.M., running late, they had taped "Mountains, Valleys and Oceans," "Groovy Guy," and "The Hippy Walk," and were reading through the final song, "Flower People."

"Purdie, the title of this is 'Flower People,' and you're coming in like a bomb! Don't tear up the patch!" a voice called from the control room.

Purdie said "O.K." and played softer.

Ten minutes later, they were done, and there was a burst of festivity in the studio; as the song was played back, a couple of the Shirelles danced, Purdie did some funny steps, and the engineer brought out the tape—a fat one, with fourteen tracks—and everybody autographed the metal reel with a Magic Marker. There were goodbyes, and laughter, and Purdie—with just enough time now to get some dinner before the James Brown session—hurried out, and we both headed toward Broadway. He strode along with a vigorous, spirited gait; there was no hint that he had put in five or six hours of strenuous drumming so far that day. We asked him how he kept going.

"It rejuvenates you if you can catch it when the others feel something," he explained. "You have to keep life, keep the thing going. You've got to be always thinking in front. I've learned to read eight bars ahead of myself, so I can be thinking about what I'd like to do. It *can* become mechanical, if you let it. *If* you let it." He was clearly not letting it.

"Hey, Pretty!" A man hailed him, and he and Purdie shook hands and exchanged greetings.

"That was one of the Flamingos," Purdie said as we both moved up Broadway. "In ten blocks here, you'll see all the big-name acts. This is the place."

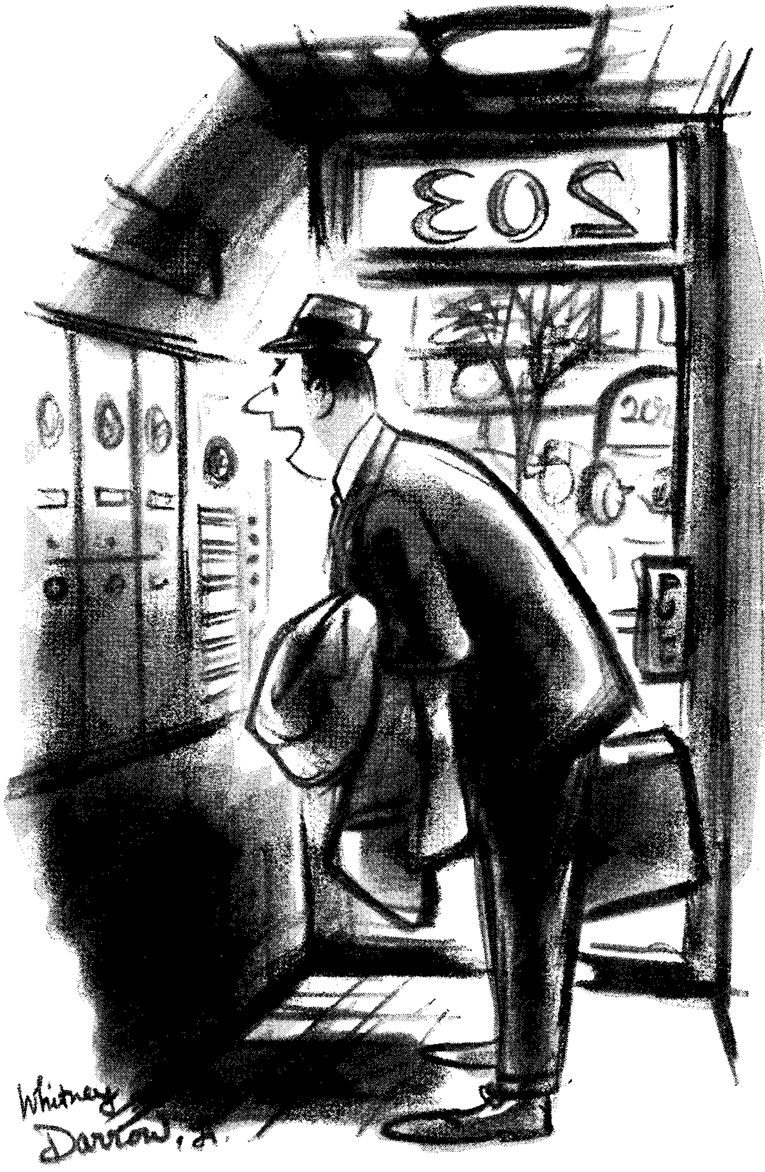
The two of us ducked into a cafeteria-type steak restaurant and picked up trays. "I came from a gospel family—Elkton, Maryland," Purdie told us during dinner. "There were fifteen children, but six died young. We sang gospel in the Providence Methodist Church, and when I was a child I toured Baptist churches around the country with the Purdie Quartet Plus One. I was the One, and I was a tenor. At home, I had a toy drum, and, starting when I was eight, I used to go round the corner every night to where a man named Leonard Hayward lived. He was one of the greatest drummers in the world, and he gave lessons to other boys. I couldn't pay for lessons, so I used to sit down and listen to him teach them. He used to give me his books to take home and study, and after the class was over and the other boys had gone home, he let me play his drums, to see if I'd learned anything. He was my inspiration and my idol. I followed him. From the time I was eight till I was twelve, I followed him wherever he went. I'd carry his drums, just to watch him and be near him."

Purdie's mother died when he was eleven, and his father died three years later. "I got my first real set of drums when I was fourteen," he said. "They cost two hundred and twenty-nine dollars, and it took me a year to pay, in installments. When I wasn't in school, I worked at a newsstand, seven days a week, and at night I worked with bands, playing country music and pop. We had a group called Jackie Lee and the Angels for three years, and it was my group, but Jackie Lee fronted the group, because I was the only colored. There were a lot of places we couldn't go because of me."

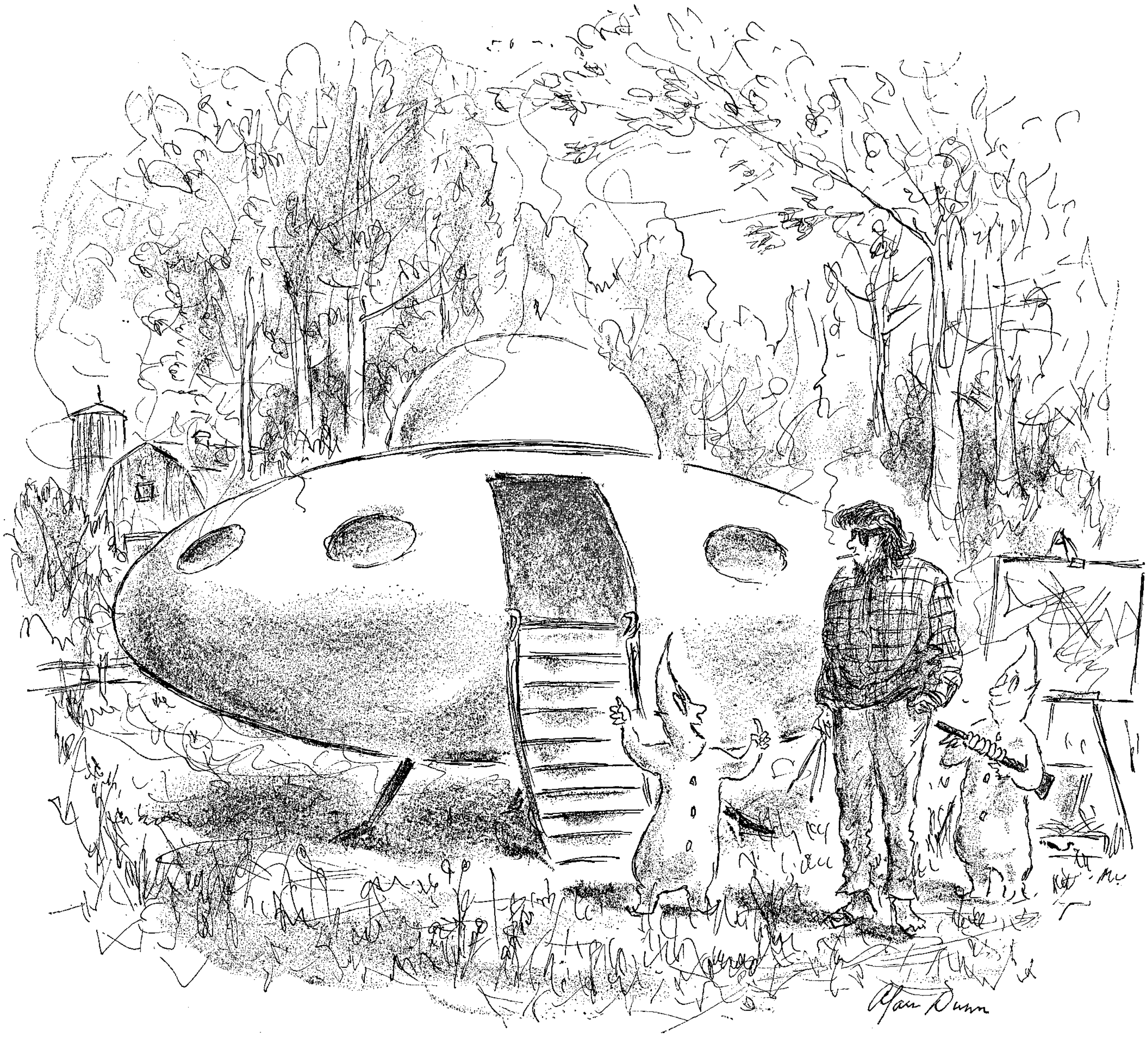
Purdie got a scholarship to Morgan State College, in Baltimore, where he majored in Business Administration and minored in Music, and he formed a nine-piece orchestra, Bernard Purdie and His Orchestra, but he couldn't afford to stay in college. "I quit, but I've always wanted to go back," he said. "I managed three singing groups and four bands in Baltimore after that, and I'd play alternating nights with each of them." He finished a glass of iced tea and stood up. "I came to New York with a group—I can't think of the name," he said as he hurried out onto Broadway. "We just got in a car at two in the morning, arrived in New York at six, and went to 165th Street and Washington Avenue, where a cousin of one of the guys lived. They spread the word that we were there, and set up that afternoon in a club called the Comet Bar & Grill, and everybody from the neighborhood came to hear us. Sylvia Robinson, the owner of Sylvia's Blue Morocco, on the Boston Road, hired us for one night, and then the other fellows got homesick, but I decided to stay. Sylvia loaned me money to stay and record on Sunday. Well, I worked four hours on Sunday and she paid me eighty dollars, and that just messed my mind. I'd never earned so much and enjoyed myself so much. I was spending heavy—that eighty dollars was gone in two days. I had to get a job, so for the next six months I worked in the New York Globe Laundry, on West Forty-ninth Street, near Tenth Avenue."

Purdie greeted another man, shook hands, and chatted for a minute, and then we both continued up Broadway. "I used to stand on the corner here every day—on Fiftieth Street, where the musicians stood—trying to get work," he said. "I didn't know anybody, but I've always been bold. I'd ask for work in a minute. The musicians would say, 'Yeah, yeah. We'll call you.' "

Purdie finally got a job with Lonnie Youngblood's orchestra, went on the road, returned, and went out again,



"Good God, Alice! This is no time to decide whether our marriage has any meaning! Buzz the door!"



"We hope you don't mind, but we want to show our scientists back home a real earthling."

• •

with Les Cooper's band. "I stayed two years with Les, and we made 'Wiggle Wobble,' which turned out to be very good for me," he told us. Then he started making demos, or demonstration records. "When they make the demo the master, that's the big break. Mine came when they made the master of 'Mercy, Mercy' from our demo." For the last three years, Purdie has been working constantly. He is married and has four children, and the family lives in Queens. "I've recorded with the Beatles, the Animals, Tom Jones, James Brown, Brook Benton, Jackie Wilson"—he turned the corner on Fifty-first Street and walked west—"the Four Seasons, Simon & Garfunkel, the Rascals, all the acts from Motown." The list went on as he got his car from a garage near Eighth Avenue. He drove rapidly downtown to pick up his drums. "I've enjoyed every one of them," he said. "Each one is entirely different, and I've had a ball. This is heaven on earth. I'm so happy. The biggest kick is listening to myself on a record. Nothing is more exciting than that. The people in the business know who the drummer is on a record, and that's what keeps me working. I have my own little trademarks—riffs, little sounds." He paused. "We only have a moment we reign," he said, with a smile. "They're always looking for someone new."

Four hours later, Purdie and the orchestra at the James Brown session, in a large studio in the Great Northern Hotel, were still working ("Take eighteen," said the control room), and we started to creep away. Purdie, now in his tenth hour of drumming, caught our eye and waved, grinning. He looked as fresh as he had at 3 P.M. We waved back and closed the studio door, and the big sound faded as we walked down the empty corridor.

•

BUTTONS (ALPINE DIVISION): Sign observed beside the push-button panel at the hill station of a funicular in Lugano, Switzerland:

(*In Italian*) BELL TO MAKE THE CAR ASCEND. ABUSES WILL BE SEVERELY PUNISHED.

(*In French*) BELL TO MAKE THE CAR ASCEND. ALL ABUSES WILL BE SEVERELY PUNISHED.

(*In German*) ELECTRIC BELL FOR CALLING THE CAR. ALL ABUSES WILL BE SEVERELY PUNISHED.

(*In English*) RING THE BELL, PLEASE.

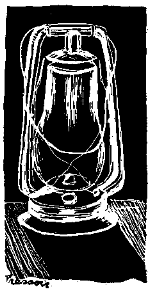
MUSEUMS AND WOMEN

CONJOINED, the two words are seen to be mutually transparent; the E's, the M's blend—the M's framing and squaring the structure lend resonance and a curious formal weight to the M central in the creature, which it dominates like a dark core winged with flitting syllables. Both words hum. Both suggest radiance, antiquity, mystery, and duty.

My first museum I would visit with my mother. It was a provincial museum, a stately pride to the third-class inland city it ornamented. It was approached through paradisical grounds of raked gravel walks, humus-fed plantings of exotic flora, and trees wearing tags, as if freshly christened by Adam. The museum's contents were disturbingly various, its cases stocked with whatever scraps of foreign civilization had fallen to it from the imperious fortunes of the steel and textile barons of the province. A shredding kayak shared a room with a rack of Polynesian paddles. A mummy, its skull half masked in gold, lay in an antechamber like one more of the open-casket funerals common in my childhood. Miniature Mexican villages lit up when a switch was flicked, and a pyramid was being built by dogged brown dolls who never pulled their papier-mâché stone a fraction of an inch. An infinitely patient Chinaman, as remote from me as the resident of a star, had carved a yellow rhinoceros horn into an upright crescental city, pagoda-tipped, of balconies, vines, and thimble-sized people wearing microscopic expressions of pain.

This was downstairs. Upstairs, up a double flight of marble climaxed by a green fountain splashing greenly, the works of art were displayed. Upstairs, every fall, the county amateur artists exhibited four hundred watercolors of peonies and stone barns. The rest of the year, sombrely professional oils of rotting, tangled woodland had the walls to themselves, sharing the great cool rooms with cases of Philadelphia silver, chests decorated with hearts, tulips, and bleeding pelicans by Mennonite folk artists, thick aqua glassware left bubbled by the blowing process, quaint quilts, and strange small statues. Strange perhaps only in the impression they made on me. They were bronze statuettes, randomly burnished here and there as if by a caressing hand, of nudes or groups of nudes. The excuse for nudity varied; some of the figures were American Indians, some were mythical Greeks. One lady, wearing a refined, aloof expression, was having her clothes torn from her by a squat man with horns and hairy hooved legs hinged the wrong way. Another statue bodied forth two naked boys wrestling. Another was of an Indian, dressed in only a knife belt, sitting astride a horse bareback, his chin bowed to his chest in sorrow, his exquisitely toed feet hanging down both hard and limp, begging to be touched. I think it was the smallness of these figures that carried them so penetratingly into my mind. Each, if it could have been released into life, would have stood about twenty inches high and weighed in my arms perhaps as much as a cat. I itched to finger them, to interact with them, to insert myself into their mysterious silent world of strenuous contention—their bulged tendons burnished, their hushed violence detailed down to the fingernails. They were in their smallness like secret thoughts of mine projected into dimension and permanence, and they returned to me as a response that carried strangely into parts of my body. I felt myself a furtive animal stirring in the shadow of my mother.

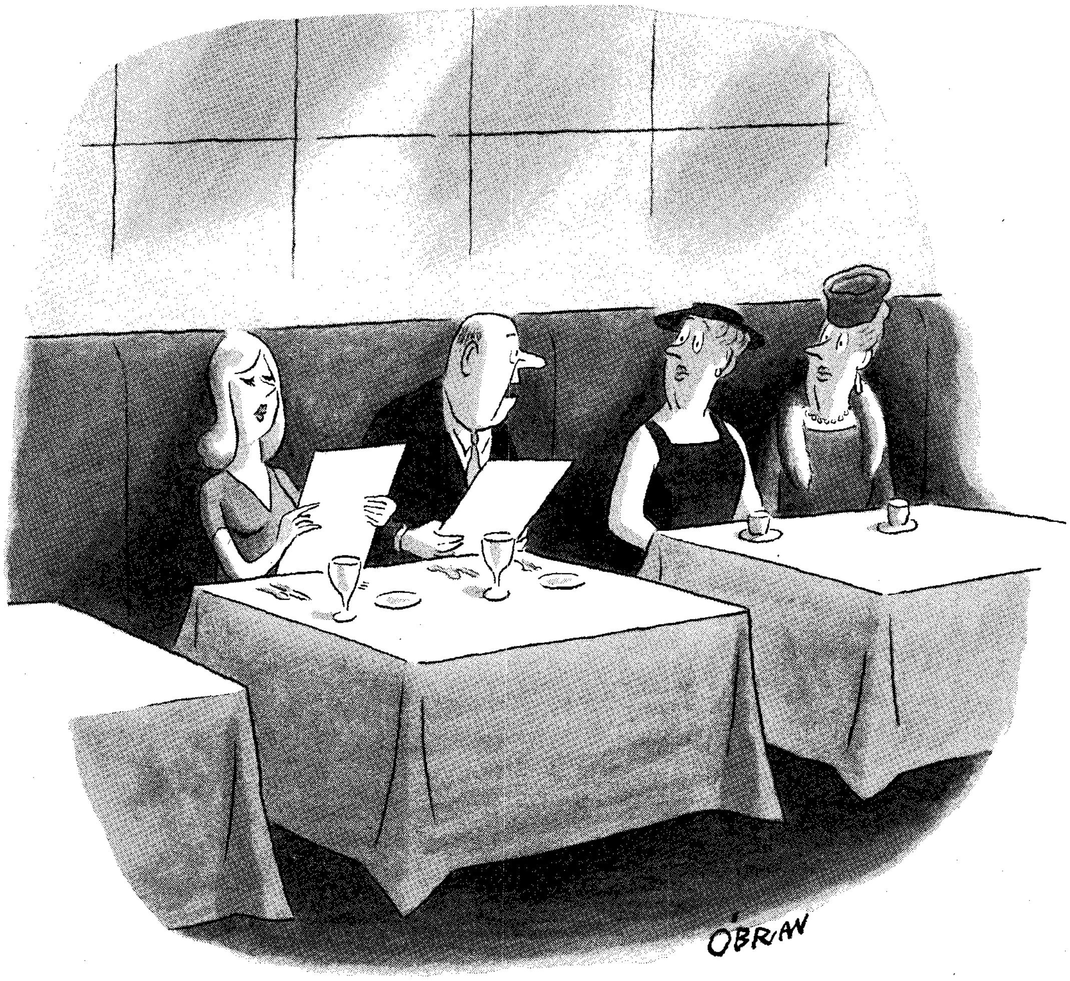
My mother: like the museum, she filled her category. I knew no other, and accepted her as the index, inclusive and definitive, of women. Now I see that she too was provincial, containing much that was beautiful, but somewhat jumbled, and distorted by great gaps. She was an unsearchable mixture of knowledge and ignorance, openness and reserve; though she took me many Sundays to the museum, I do not remember our discussing anything in it except once when, noticing how the small statues fascinated me, she said, "Billy, they seem such un*hap*py little people." In her glancing way she had hit something terribly true. The defeated Indian was not alone in melancholy; all the statuettes, as they engaged in the struggles or frolics that gave each group the metallic unity of a single casting, seemed caught in a tarnished fate from which I yearned to rescue them. I wanted to touch them to comfort them, yet I held my hand back, afraid of breaking the seal on their sullen, furious underworld.



My mood of dread in those high cool galleries condensed upon the small statues but did not emanate from them; it seemed to originate above and behind me, as if from another living person in the room. Often my mother, wordlessly browsing by the wall on the paintings of woods and shaggy meadows, was the only other person in the room. Who she was was a mystery so deep it never formed even into a question. She had descended to me from thin clouds of preëxistent time, enveloped me, and set me moving toward an unseen goal with a vague expectation that in the beginning was more hers than mine. She was not content. I felt that the motion which brought us again and again to the museum was an agitated one, that she was pointing me through these corridors toward a radiant place she had despaired of reaching. The fountain at the head of the stairs splashed unseen; my mother's footsteps rustled and she drew me into another room, where a case of silver stood aflame with reflections like the mouth of a dragon of beauty. She let me go forward to meet it alone. I was her son and the center of her expectations. I dutifully absorbed the light-struck terror of the hushed high chambers, and went through each doorway with a kind of timid rapacity.

This museum, my first, I associate with another, less ghostly hunt; for this was one of the places—others being the telephone company, the pretzel factory, and the county fair—where schoolchildren were taken on educational expeditions. I would usually be toward the end of the line, among the unpaired stragglers, and up front, in the loud nucleus of leaders, the freckled girl I had decided I loved. The decision, perhaps, was as much my mother's as mine—the girl lived in our neighborhood, one of a pack of sisters, and from the time she could walk past our front hedge my mother had taken one of her quixotic fancies to her. She spoke admiringly of her "spirit;" this admiration surprised me, for the girl was what was known locally as "bold," and as she grew older fell in with a crowd of children whose doings would certainly have struck my mother as "unhappy." My mother always invited her to my birthday parties, where she, misplaced but rapidly forgiving the situation, animated for a few dazzling hours my circle of shadowy-faced, sheltered friends.

When I try to picture my school days, I seem to be embedded among boiling clouds straining to catch a glimpse of her, or trapped in a movie theatre behind a row of huge heads while fragmented arcs of the screen confusingly flicker. The alphabet separated us; she sat near the front of the



"Just to set your minds at ease, the young lady is *my daughter."*

• •

classroom and I, William Young, toward the rear. Where the alphabet no longer obtained, other systems of distinction intervened. In the museum, a ruthless law propelled her forward to gather with the other bold spirits, tittering, around the defenseless little statues while I hung back, on the edge of the fountain, envious, angry, and brimming with things to say. I never said them. It seemed a simple matter of position; I was never in a position to declare, let alone effect, my love. No distinction cuts as deep as the one between the worshipped and the worshipping. I am condemned by nature to be dutiful and reverent.

I WAS first struck by the girl who was to become my wife when she was standing at the top of some stone museum steps that I was climbing. Though it was bitterly cold, with crusts of snow packed into the stone, she wore threadbare sneakers from which her little toes stuck out, and she was smoking. Awesome sheets of smoke and frozen vapor flew from her mouth and she seemed, posed against a fluted pilaster, a white-faced priestess immolating herself in the worship of tobacco. "Aren't your feet cold?" I asked her.

"A little. I don't mind it."

"A stoic."

"Maybe I'm a masochist."

"Who isn't?"

She seemed to think this a curious remark, and said nothing.

I lit a cigarette, though inhaling the raw air rasped my throat, and asked her, "Aren't you in Medieval Art? You sit near the front."

"Yes. Do you sit in the back?"

"I feel I should. I'm a history major."

"This is your first fine-arts course?"

"Yeah. It met at a good hour—late enough for a late breakfast and early enough for an early lunch. I'm trying to have a sophomore slump."

"Are you succeeding?"

"Not really. When the chips are down, I tend to grind."

"How do you like Medieval Art?"

"I love it. It's like going to a movie in the morning, which is my idea of sin."

"You have funny ideas."

"No. They're very conventional. It would never occur to me, for example, to stand outside in the snow in bare feet."

"They're not really bare."

Nevertheless, I yearned to touch them, to comfort them. There was in this girl, this pale creature of the college museum, a withdrawing that drew me forward. I felt in her an innocent sad blankness where I must stamp my name. I pursued her through the museum. It was, as museums go, rather intimate. Architecturally, it was radiantly hollow, being built around a skylight-roofed replica of a sixteenth-century Italian courtyard. At the four corners of the flagstone courtyard floor, four great gray terra-cotta statues of the seasons stood. Bigger than life, they were French, and reduced the four epic passages of the year to four charming aristocrats, two male and two female, who had chosen to attend a costume ball piquantly attired in grapes and ribbons. I remember that Spring wore a floppy hat and carried a basket of rigid flowers. The stairways and galleries that enabled the museum to communicate with itself around the courtyard were distinctly medieval in feeling, and the vagaries of benefaction had left the museum's medieval and Oriental collections disproportionately strong, though a worthy attempt had been made to piece together the history of art since the Renaissance with a painting or at least a drawing by each master. But the rooms that contained these later works—including some Cézannes and Renoirs that, because they were rarely reproduced in art books, had the secret sweetness of flowers in a forest—were off the route of the course we were both taking, so my courtship primarily led down stone corridors, past Romanesque capitals, through low stone archways giving on gilded altar panels.

I remember stalking her around a capital from Avignon; it illustrated Samson and his deeds. On one side he was bearing off the gates of Gaza, while around the corner his massive head was lying aswoon in Delilah's lap as she clumsily sawed his hair. The class had been assigned a paper on this capital, and as I rehearsed my interpretation, elaborately linear and accompanied by many agitated indications of my hands, the girl said thoughtfully, "You see awfully much in it, don't you?"

My hands froze and crept back, embarrassed; the terminology of fine-arts analysis was new to me, and in fact I did doubt that an illiterate carver of semi-barbaric Europe could have been as aesthetically ingenious as I was. "What do *you* see in it?" I asked in self-defense.

"Not very much," she said. "I wonder why they assigned it. It's not that lovely. I think the Cluny ones are much nicer."

It thrilled me to hear her speak with such careless authority. She was a fine-arts major, and there was a sense in which she contained the museum, had mastered all the priceless and timeless things that would become, in my possessing her, mine as well. She had first appeared to me as someone guarding the gates.

Once I accompanied her into Boston, to the museum there, to study, in connection with another course she was taking, an ancient Attic sphinx. This she liked, though it was just a headless winged body of white marble, very simple, sitting stiffly on its haunches, its broad breast glowing under the nicks of stylized feathers. She showed me the S-curve of its body, repeated in the tail and again, presumably, in the vanished head.

"It's a very proud little statue, isn't it?" I ventured, seeking to join her in her little careless heaven of appreciation. Again, I seemed to have said something curious.

"I love it" was all she replied, with a dent of stubbornness in her mouth and an inviting blankness in her eyes.

Outside, the weather was winter, the trees medieval presences arching gray through gray. We walked and walked, and for a time the only shelter we shared was the museum. My courtship progressed; we talked solemnly; the childhood I had spent in such angry silence and timid foreboding had left me with much to say. She could listen; she was like a room of vases one enters to find his sense of himself abruptly sharpened by a tranquil, vague expectancy in the air. I see her sitting on the broad cold balustrade that at second-story height ran around the courtyard. Beyond her head, tipped like that of a listening Virgin on a late Gothic porch, the flagstones shone as if wet and Printemps in her wide hat was baroquely foreshortened. An apprehension of height seized me; she seemed posed on the edge of a fall. I heard the volume of emptiness calling to her, calling her away from me, so full of talk. There was in her something mute and remote which spoke only once, once when, after our lying side by side an entire evening, she told me calmly, "You know I don't love you yet."

I took this as a challenge, though it may have been meant as a release. I carried the chase through exams (we both got A-minuses) and into another course, a spring-term course called, simply, Prints. My mother, surprisingly, wrote warning me that I mustn't spread myself too thin—she thought now that that had been *her* mistake at college. I was offended, for I thought that without my telling her anything she would know I was in the process of capturing the very gatekeeper of the temple of learning that must be the radiant place she had pointed me toward so long ago. The absence of her blessing seemed a tacit curse.

HERE I must quickly insert, like a thin keystone, an imaginary woman I found in a faraway museum. It was another university museum, ancient and sprawling and resolutely masculine, full of battered weapons of war and unearthed agricultural tools and dull maps of diggings. All its contents seemed to need a dusting and a tasteful rearrangement by a female hand. But upstairs, in an out-of-the-way chamber, under a case of brilliantly polished glass, I one day discovered a smooth statuette of a nude asleep on a mattress. She was a dainty white dream, an eighteenth-century fancy; only that century would have thought to render a mattress in marble. Not that every stitch and seam was given the dignity of stone; but the corners were rounded, the buttoned squares of plumpness shown, and the creases of "give" lovingly sculpted. In short, it was clear that the woman was comfortable, and not posed on an arbitrary slab, or slaughtered on an altar. She was asleep, not dead; the delicate aroma of her slumber seemed to rise through the glass. She was the size of the small straining figures that had fascinated my childhood, and, as with them, smallness intensified sensual content. As I stood gazing into the eternal privacy of her sleep—her one hand resting palm up beside her averted head, one knee lifted in a light suggestion of restlessness—I was disturbed by dread and a premonition of loss. Why? Was not my wife also fair, and finely formed, and mute? Perhaps it was the mattress that brought this ideal other woman so close; it was a raft on which she had floated out of that inaccessible past which secludes most nudes from our desire and brought her, small and intangible as a thought, ashore on the island of my bounded present. We seemed about to release each other from twin enchantments. Was not my huge face the oppressive dream that was making her stir? And was not I, out of all the thousands who had visited this museum, the first to find her here asleep? What we seek in museums is the opposite of what we seek in churches—the consoling sense of previous visitation. In museums, rather, we seek the untouched, the never-before-discovered; and it is their final unsearchability that leads us to hope, and return.

TWO more, two more of each, each nameless. None have names. Museums are in the end nameless and

THE WARS

How can I tell you of the terrible cries
Never sounded, of the nerves that fail
Not in jungle warfare or a southern jail
But in some botched affair where two people sit
Quite calmly under a blood-red lamp
In a Chinese restaurant, a ludicrous swamp
Of affection, fear drowning in the amber
Tea when no word comes to mind
To stand for the blood already spilled,
For rejection, denial, for all those years
Of damage done in the polite wars?

And what do I know of the terrible cries
That are really sounded on the real hill,
Where the soldiers sweat in the Asian night
And the Asians sweat where the soldiers flail
The murderous grass, and the peasants reel
Back in a rain of gasoline,
And the shells come home and the bombs come down
Quite calmly under a blood-red moon
Not far from China, and the young are killed,
Mere numerals in the casualties
Of this year's war, and the war of years?

He stands with a knife in the *Daily News*.
They are snaking their way into the hills.
She is walking up Broadway to hurt again.
They are fleeing under a hail of shells.
He is taking her neck into his hands.
A human seed squats in the dark.
She is scalding the baby in the bath.
He feels the bullet enter his skin.
She spits in the face of the riot squad.
They are sitting down, they are opening wounds.

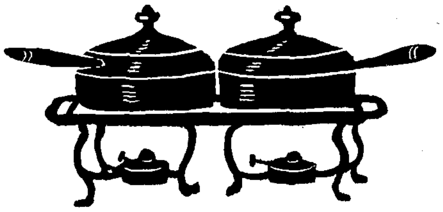
—HOWARD MOSS

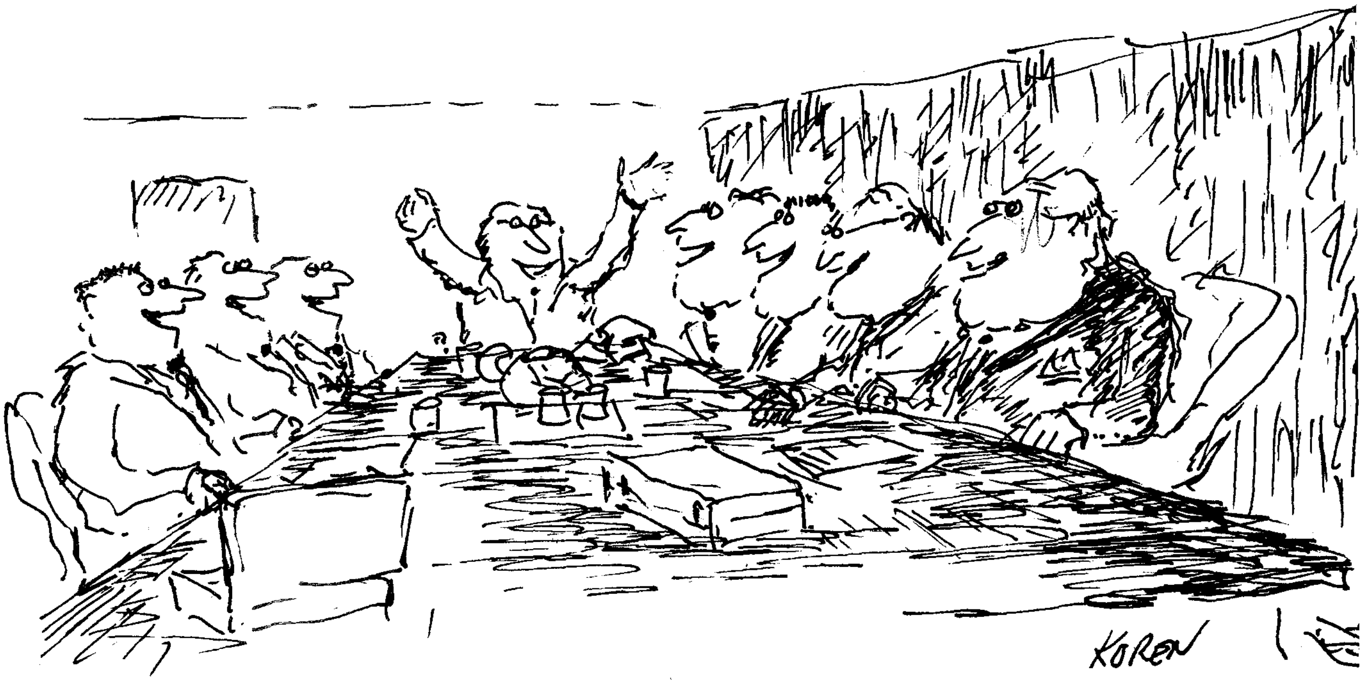
• •

continuous; we turn a corner in the Louvre and meet the head of a sphinx whose body is displayed in Boston. So, too, the women were broken arcs of one curve.

She was the friend of a friend, and she and I, having had lunch with the mutual friend, bade him goodbye and, both being loose in New York for the afternoon, went to a museum together. It was a new one, recently completed after the plan of a recently dead American wizard. It was shaped like a truncated top and its floor was a continuous spiral around an overweening core of empty vertical space. From the leaning, shining walls immense rectangles of torn and spattered canvas projected on thin arms of bent pipe. Menacing magnifications of textural accidents, they needed to be viewed at a distance greater than the architecture afforded. The floor width was limited by a rather slender and low concrete guard wall that more invited than discouraged a plunge into the cathedralic depths below. Too reverent to scoff and too dizzy to judge, my unexpected companion and I dutifully unwound our way down the exitless ramp, locked in a wizard's spell. Suddenly, as she lurched backward from one especially explosive painting, her high heels were tricked by the slope, and she fell against me and squeezed my arm. Ferocious gumbos splashed on one side of us; the siren chasm called on the other. She righted herself but did not let go of my arm. Pointing my eyes ahead, inhaling the presence of perfume, feeling like a cliff-climber whose companion has panicked on the sheerest part of the face, I accommodated my arm to her grip and, thus secured, we carefully descended the remainder of the museum. Not until our feet touched the safety of street level were we released. Our bodies separated and did not touch again. Yet the spell was imperfectly broken, like the door of a chamber which, once unsealed, can never be closed quite tight again.

Not far down the same avenue there is a museum which was once a mansion and still retains a homelike quality, if one can imagine people rich enough in self-esteem to inhabit walls so over-ripe with masterpieces, to dine from tureens by Cellini, and afterward to seat their bodies complacently on furniture invested with the blood of empires. There once were people so self-confident, and on the day of my visit I was one of them, for the woman I was with and I were perfectly in love. We had come from lovemaking, and were to return to it, and the museum, visited between the evaporation and the recondensation of desire, was like a bridge whose either end is dissolved in mist—its suspension miraculous, its purpose remembered only by the murmuring stream running in the invisible ravine below. Homeless, we had found a home worthy of us. We seemed hosts; surely we had walked these Persian rugs before, appraised this amphora with an eye to its purchase, debated the position of this marble-topped table whose veins foamed like gently surfing aquamarine. The woman's sensibility was more an interior decorator's than an art student's, and through her I felt furnishings unfold into a world of gilded scrolls, rubbed stuffs, cherished surfaces, painstakingly inlaid veneers, varnished cadenzas of line and curve lovingly carved by men whose hands were haunted by the memory of women. Rustling beside me, her body, which I had seen asleep on a mattress, seemed to wear clothes as a needless luxuriance, an ultra-extravagance heaped upon what was already, like the museum, both priceless and free. Room after room we entered and owned. A lingering look, a shared smile was enough to secure our claim. Once she said, of a chest whose panels were painted with pubescent cherubs after Boucher, that she didn't find it terribly "attractive." The one word, pronounced with a worried twist of her eyebrows, delighted me like the first polysyllable pronounced by an infant daughter. In this museum I was more the guide; it was I who could name the modes and deliver the appreciations. Her muteness was not a reserve but an expectancy; she and the museum were perfectly open and mutually transparent. As we passed a dark-red tapestry, her bare-shouldered summer dress, of a similar red, blended with it, isolating her head and shoulders like a bust. The stuffs of every laden





"There's no business like good business!"

• •

room conspired to flatter her, to elicit with tinted reflective shadows the shy structure of her face, to accent with sumptuous textures her demure skin. My knowledge of how she looked asleep gave a tender nap to the alert surface of her wakefulness now. My woman, fully searched, and my museum, fully possessed; for this translucent interval—like the instant of translucence that shows in a wave between its peaking and its curling under—I had come to the limits of unsearchability. From this beautiful boundary I could imagine no retreat.

THE last time I saw this woman was in another museum, where she had taken a job. I found her in a small room lined with pale books and journals, and her face as it looked up in surprise was also pale. She took me into the corridors and showed me the furniture it was her job to catalogue. When we had reached the last room of her special province, and her gay, rather matter-of-fact lecture had ended, she asked me, "Why have you come? To upset me?"

"I don't mean to upset you. I wanted to see if you're all right."

"I'm all right. Please, William. If anything's left of what you felt for me, let me alone. Don't come teasing me."

"I'm sorry. It doesn't feel like teasing to me."

Her chin reddened and the rims of her eyes went pink as tears seized her eyes. Our bodies ached to comfort each other, but at any moment someone—a professor, a nun—might wander into the room. "You know," she said, "we really had it." A sob bowed her head and rebounded off the polished surfaces around us.

"I know. I know we did."

She looked up at me, the anger of her eyes blurred. "Then why—?"

I shrugged. "Cowardice. I've always been timid. A sense of duty. I don't know."

With two careful swipes of her fingers, as if she were sculpting her own face, she wiped the tears from below her eyes. "It's my fault. It's my fault for falling in love with you. In a funny way, it was unfair to you."

"Let's walk," I said.

Blind to all beauty, we walked through halls of paintings and statues and urns. A fountain splashed unseen off to our left. Through a doorway I glimpsed, still proud, its broad chest still glowing, the headless sphinx.

"No, it's my fault," I said. "I was in no position to love you. I didn't know it, but I never have been." Her eyes went bold and her freckles leaped up childishly as she grinned, as if to console me.

Yet what she said was not consolatory. "Well just don't do it to anybody else."

"Lady, there is nobody else. You have no idea, how beautiful you are."

"You made me believe it at the time. I'm grateful for that."

"And for nothing else?"

"Oh, for lots of things, really. You got me into the museum. It's fun."

"You came here to please me?"

"Yes."

"God, it's terrible to love what you can't have. Maybe that's why you love it."

"No, I don't think so. I think that's the way you work. But not everybody works that way."

"Well, maybe one of those others will find you now."

"No. You were it. You saw something in me nobody else ever saw. I didn't know it was there myself. Now go away, unless you want to see me cry some more."

We parted and I descended marble stairs. Before pushing through the revolving doors, I looked back, and it came to me that nothing about museums is as splendid as their entrances—the sudden vault, the shapely cornices, the motionless uniformed guard like a wittily disguised archangel, the broad stairs leading upward into heaven knows what mansions of expectantly hushed treasure. And it appeared to me that now I was condemned, in my search for the radiance that had faded behind me, to enter more and more museums, and be a little less exalted by each new entrance, and a little more quickly disappointed in the familiar contents beyond. —JOHN UPDIKE

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The truck is fitted with carpets, desks, chairs and a cough, plus heat and air-conditioning as weather requires.—*The Post.*

Turn down the air-conditioning.

PHEASANTS

FOR the tenth time she went to the window in the front bedroom, lifted back the curtain, and looked down the street, a dirt street three blocks long. No sign of him, only moonlight on the deserted walks. The cold fall air radiated through the glass and cooled her face, which was flushed with the fever of anxiety and impatience. Then, two blocks down, a street lamp went on, lighting a patch of the white building beside it, and a prowling cat bolted for cover. Late with the lights again tonight. It was nearly nine o'clock, and her children were in bed.

She saw Maynard Labor leave the small building under the water tower, where he had thrown the switch for the lights, and start toward Main Street, passing through the light of the lamp, trailing vapors of spent breath, his head bowed, his hands in his pockets. On his way to the tavern for another drink. Well, now when Harold did come, she would be able to see him turn the corner and start up the street, and could have everything on the table and ready for him. She sighed, and her eyes fell to a card inserted in the crack between windowpane and sash. On the side facing her there was a picture of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph—the Infant standing on Mary's knee like a balanced statue—and on the reverse side, the side facing out, she knew that there were instructions for an act of perfect contrition, followed by a list of life-insurance policies and their yearly rates, and, at the bottom, in the blunt type of a hand stamp:

HOLY FAMILY LIFE INSURANCE
Harold Knutson
Your agent here in central North Dakota
"Honest as my policies"

Surely one of the children, not Harold, had put the card there, she thought, and blushed for her husband. Feeling exposed to the whole village, she quickly pulled the curtain back in place.

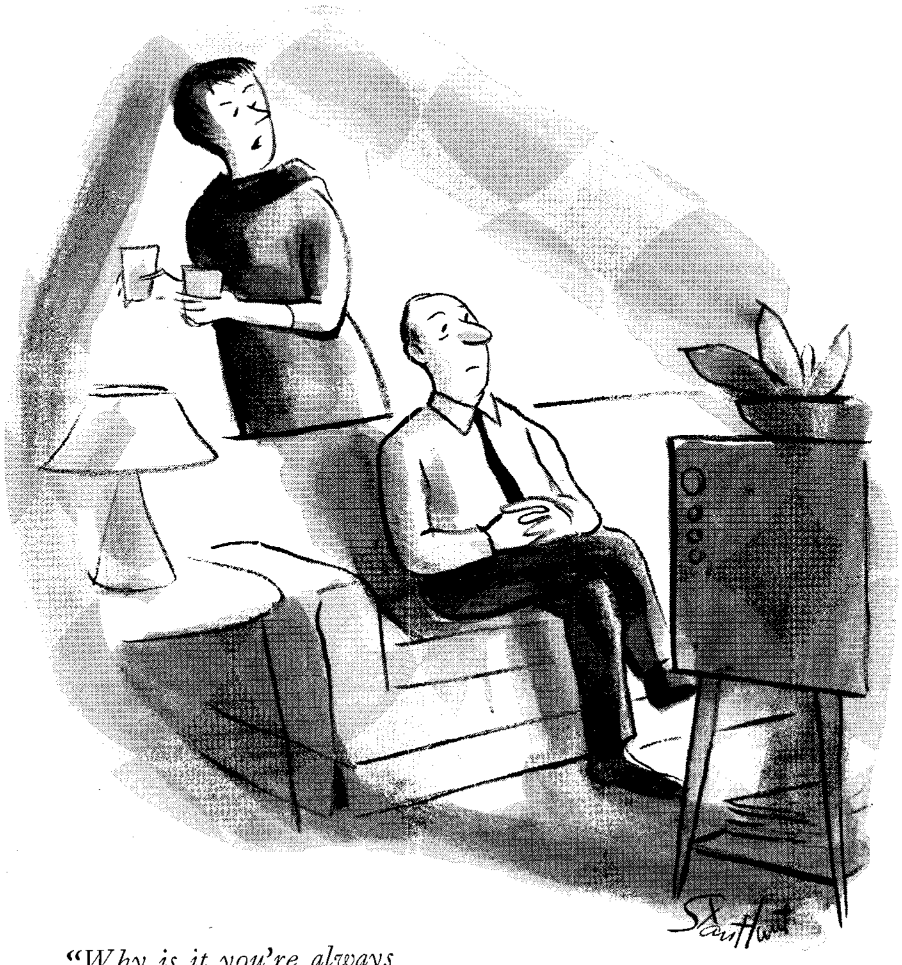
Then anger and indignation rose up in her, and she was ready to defend him against anybody who would belittle what he did or say an unjust word against him. She would tell them how the home office had been so pleased with his work they had offered him the area around Fargo-Moorhead, which he had refused, saying he was honored, but if it was agreeable with them he would rather his children grew up close to the country, as he had. She would tell them how, on a suggestion from someone at church, he would drive off thirty miles or more to where a new tenant was supposed to have moved in—a man just starting out in farming who might need a policy—and get there to find the place deserted, and drive all the way back with no complaints against anyone.

And in the first place, he didn't have to be selling insurance. He had a college education, and a degree, and could go back to teaching, his real profession, any time he wanted to. Again this fall, the president of the board came by the house and tried to persuade him to take back his job, but he wouldn't. She doubted that he ever would, and that distressed her. She was proud of his education. He was the only person in the village, other than the two high-school teachers, who had a college degree, and he had a gift for inspiring others. Nevertheless, at the end of the school term the year before, he came to her and said, "I'm never going to make a decent wage teaching school, and I want you and the boys to be living better. You deserve a better life—a happier one than this. I'm going to find a job that makes real money."

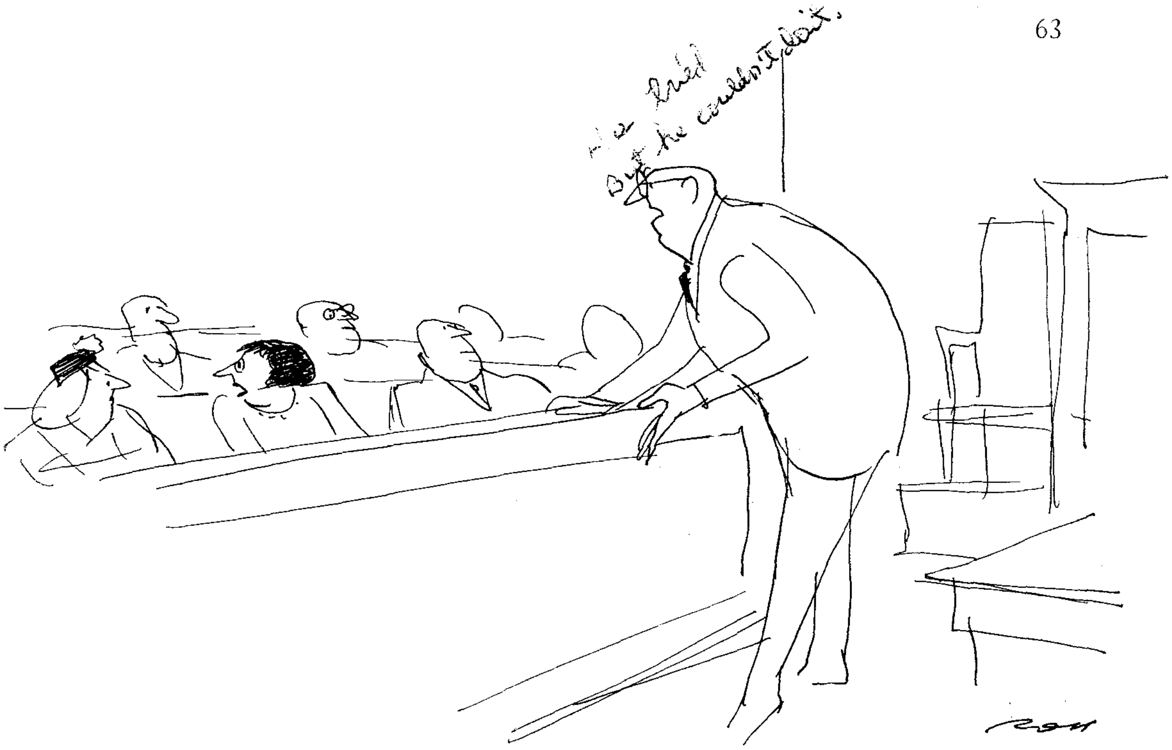
"No! No!" she wanted to cry out, but she held herself silent. She didn't believe in interfering with his decisions. She never had, and she never would. So, on the advice of Father Voeller, the parish priest and Harold's best friend, he started selling insurance.

She turned away from the window, walked out of the bedroom, through the small living room where the oil furnace cast an orange oval on the linoleum, and into the kitchen, and held her hand over the oven vent at the back of the stove. Satisfied that warmth was still rising from it, she went to the table and smoothed the plaid oilcloth, which was already smooth, and straightened the silverware beside her husband's plate, and then, as though these small actions had emptied her of her usual energy, she sank into his chair and propped her head in her hands.

For a long time she had been angry, bitterly angry, at Father Voeller and other of Harold's friends—Evan Savitsky, for instance—because she believed they were the ones responsible for causing him to quit his real profession. But the anger was unreasonable and unfair, she realized, and was turned in the wrong direction. *She* was to blame. Since their second child was born she had been unhappy in a way she had never been before; it was an unhappiness that had no limits, no bottom to touch or height to rise above, and it stayed with her all the time. She felt that they would never get ahead,



"Why is it you're always for Stan Laurel and against Oliver Hardy?"



"If there's one thing I can't stand, it's an appeal to my common sense."

that they could never afford to have another child, a girl, and she started thinking of people whose lives were better, and of how it would be to have new clothes, the bedroom suite she wanted, a bigger house—she had only thought these things, she had never said them, but she felt that somehow, maybe through her touch, her thoughts had been communicated to Harold. And why had she had such thoughts? Money and possessions would not free her from her unhappiness, she knew that, but the thoughts had come; bidden or unbidden, it made no difference, they had come. They were a part of her. What kind of a person was she?

In her mind she saw, stretching off to infinity, a flat plain with no sign of life on it, nothing visible but a small dark shape, far off in the distance, breaking the straight line of the horizon. This image had been returning to her all day, and she was disturbed by the thought of it. She knew it was the view from one of the houses where she had grown up, but she couldn't remember which house. Her family had moved so much when she was a child. She most likely wouldn't have remembered the scene at all if it hadn't been for the photograph. At the thought of the photograph, she put the image out of her mind.

Harold got on well with other people, and had the enthusiasm to be a good salesman, but he was too considerate. He made sure a farmer understood a policy completely, its strong points and its weak points, before he sold it to him. He would spend a whole afternoon explaining, clarifying, advising, and then in the end the man would decide that he wanted more time to think about it, or that he didn't need a policy at all. So Harold was making less money now than when he was teaching. For a while he even had to take part-time jobs to keep them in food, and since the beginning of the summer he had been working full time as a farmhand for Evan Savitsky. Mrs. Savitsky picked him up at six every morning and then Evan brought him into town at night and drove straight to Main Street and went into the tavern, and Harold, who didn't drink and wouldn't set foot in there, had to walk back home. Once she asked him if Evan couldn't practice some restraint, if he couldn't take the time to drop him off at home first, and Harold said, "A man should be thankful for what he gets and not expect to get one thing more."

The worst part, to her, was that he was working with his hands. Her father and grandfather had both been farmers, dirt farmers like everybody else in this part of the state, and both of them had died broken men, bitter and penniless, without even owning the land they had worked all their lives and died on. The country here was so bleak, so identical from mile to mile, that it was the same as the sky above it. It wasn't meant for men. When they worked it they became a part of it and were nothing. An education was the only way to rise free of it, she saw that, and for two years she went to college herself, working her way through, until she received her certificate to teach. But it ended there. She'd never really been able to try herself. She taught for one year in a country school—and all that time she was engaged to Harold and had that support—before she got married.

These thoughts led nowhere and grew worse every day. They trapped her with their smallness. Or else they kept her from thinking what she should think. She didn't know. She did know she was ashamed of them and afraid Harold would sense them. She was holding herself back from him more and more. Many days she even felt relieved when he left for work, but for some reason the children made her lonely and she couldn't wait for him to get back. She wanted him with her now. More than ever, she felt uneasy and desolate. It had started with the photograph.

She seldom looked on her past with pleasure, but that morning she had been thinking of her mother as her mother looked when she was a young woman—of her mother working at the cookstove, carrying water from the well, lighting the kerosene lamps, turning down the covers, and of how these small acts seemed dignified and filled with a special importance when her mother did them. And then she remembered her mother's favorite photograph of her; at the time it was taken she was five or six, and when she married Harold her mother had it enlarged and gave it to her as a gift. In the photograph she was standing on the prairie, knee-deep in buffalo grass, wearing a pair of baggy overalls and a straw hat that was too big for her—it was probably her father's—with the ties hanging loose. She was smiling right into the camera, and in her hands, which were clasped over her belly, there was a black-eyed Susan. The only other thing in the picture besides the plain and the sky was a small black shape just above her shoulder, which was probably part of a tree.

The more she thought about her mother, the clearer and more vivid the

THE ENIGMA

Mine will last though others fall to dust.
He began to row across the flaming lake.
Acrid fumes were sweet as the unexplained.
Tears ran down his face all day
As on those whirling came, as come they must.
In his gutted heart bell's memories would break.

Mine will stay though others live in hate.
The lake was vile with forms tormenting mind,
The fumes through tears were dear reality.
They came believing but they faded in the maze
As he rode on time's mystery of fate.
Change as they would, there was no other kind.

Mine will survive though others fall to dust.
He neared the dark escarpment and white pall,
Crying in a wilderness of forms,
His head fiery, his heart hearing ancient bells.
They came to judgment, as come all must,
He thought he felt the meaning of the fall.

It had to do with struggles in the night,
With breakless Adam and still breakless Eve,
The ever oncome, the will to row in fire,
Bells bringing memories of helps long gone.
Though he hailed them, hurled them out of sight,
His would survive, though never to him cleave.

—Richard Eberhart

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picture became in her mind, as if the sun were emerging from behind a cloud, and just when it seemed that everything was as real as it had been at the time the picture was snapped, she, the girl in the overalls, turned and walked out of sight. All that was left was the plain and the dark shape. It was a tree. It had to be a tree.

SENSING the nearness of her husband, she started up from the table, stood listening, then went toward the front of the house. She had just passed from the living room into the bedroom when there was a knock at the back door. Who? Harold, when he returned from work, came through the front door, into the entry, and left his work clothes there. She lifted the curtain and looked out. The street was empty. Again there was the knocking, harder this time. The back door, like the front, was unlocked. She assured herself it was only a neighbor, that there was nothing to fear, but as she walked into the kitchen the strength left her limbs. She opened the kitchen door a crack. It was Harold, standing below her, at the bottom of the steps, a broad grin on his dusty, sweat-streaked face. She opened the door wider.

"What on earth are you doing back *here?*" she asked, and was surprised at the fear in her voice.

"This," he said, and raised his arm. In his hand he held a brace of pheasants, their green heads and gold breast feathers glowing in the light.

"Where did you get those?"

"Hunting! Where do you think?"

"You've been hunting?"

"Evan took me. Aren't they beauties!" he said, his bass voice making a dense sound within the confines of the windowless, lean-to porch. He went to the edge of the swath of light that fell through the door, reached above his head, located a strand of wire dangling from the low roof, and wrapped the wire around the legs of the birds. They swung noiselessly from side to side, the tips of their outstretched wings slicing into the light. "For tonight, I'll leave them there. I'll clean them in the morning."

"You should do it now."

"They'll be all right. It's cold enough. Well, maybe I should bleed them. No, it's too late for that. Oh, they'll be all right the way they are. We'll have some for supper tomorrow, and I'll take the rest to the locker."

He came up the steps, and she started forward to embrace him, but he held up his hand. "Let me wash first," he said. "I'm filthy!" He went to the washstand at the side of the kitchen and tossed his cap down on the counter. "How are the boys?" he asked.

"Fine."

"Good!" He dipped water from the bucket into the washbasin, and she stood watching as his muscular back and broad shoulders swung from one vessel to the other. It worried her that he had been hunting. She wanted to tell him about the photograph. She tried to put into sensible order her feelings. But at that moment he looked at her over his shoulder and smiled. Then his face turned serious. "Are you all right?" he asked. "Is everything all right?"

"Yes."

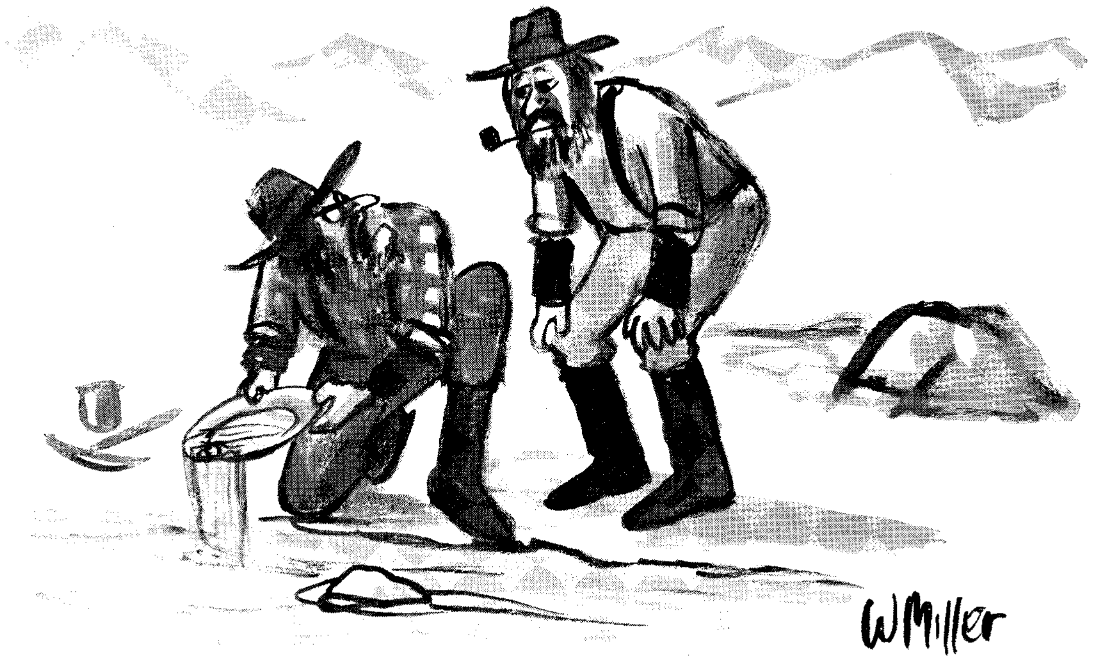
"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"What a day!" he said, and plunged his hands into the water and rubbed them vigorously over his face, making his skin squeak. She felt the immediacy go out of what she wanted to say. She went to the stove, took the food out of the oven, placed it on the table, and sat down in a chair facing his.

"Just after lunch, when Evan and I were out in the yard getting the tractors ready," he said, still washing his face, "Evan's neighbor—Frank Crimmins—drove up in his car. I figured something was up. Crimmins doesn't usually get out of bed until noon, and then he sits around the house all day while his wife does most of the work—he's only got a half section of land, and he hasn't even got his hay in yet! Well, he came up and said he heard the pheasants were thick as grass over by Pingree. He said all three of us deserved the day off—that was some way of putting it when you consider Evan has six sections to get ready before the freeze, and that I have no say in it at all—he said we deserved the day off and should *take* it off, by Lord, and go get some of those pheasants for ourselves before the sportsmen came up from all over and took them from us. Oh, he can talk a stream. Evan asked me if I'd like to go, which was very kind. I know he's afraid of falling behind this year, even with me helping. But there's a split in that man," he said, and turned his glistening face toward her. "As conscientious as he is about work, work means nothing to him if there's a chance for some sport. I saw that, and Crimmins saw it too, and started talking again as fast as he could. I told Evan I didn't have a license or a gun. He said I didn't need a license and he'd let me use his 20-gauge. I could see he was already convinced."

He picked up the towel and turned toward her, wiping his hands. "But



"It's nothing personal, pal. I never let anybody borrow my pan."

• •

he wouldn't just leave that easily either, not Evan. No. We were out by the gas tank, as I said, greasing up the tractors. He pointed out a chicken over by the garden, a good fifteen feet away, and said, 'See that? Watch. I'll check with the powers that be and see if my aim's on. If it's on, we go. If it's not, we stay.' He picked up a grease gun, held it at his side—didn't even aim, mind you—and gave a good hard pump on the handle, and the chicken took off running, squawking, flapping its wings, with a big spot of grease on it. It just goes to show you the luck that man has! So we got out the guns, took off in separate cars, and drove over to Pingree, and within an hour we had our limit, all three of us. And that's not all. I accomplished some work on my own, too," he said, and came to her and kissed her forehead along the hairline. "But you," he said. "What about you? How was your day?"

"Fine."

"You sure?" he said, and passed his hand over her hair. "You're sure everything's all right?"

"Yes," she said, and looked up and saw that he was staring past her at the clock on the wall.

"Is it that late?" He sat down and helped himself to the peas, the potatoes, and the roast. "I better get a move on," he said, his mouth already filled and working. "I'm going to be late the way it is."

"Late?" she said. "What for?"

His fork stopped halfway to his mouth, his large luminous eyes turned up, and his blond eyebrows rose. "What for? It's Friday night!"

"Oh," she said. "Oh, I forgot." On Friday nights he played pinochle with Evan, Maynard Labor, and some other parishioners, at Father Voeller's.

"As I said," he went on, "I got some work done on my own, too. On the way back from Pingree, Evan dropped me off at the Spragues' and the Hyerdahls'. I've told you about them," he said, and his voice grew more concerned and deliberate. "They're both still turning a policy over in their minds. I talked to each of them for a long time, and Evan waited the car for me. That's why I'm so late. I don't know about Sprague, but I'm positive Hyerdahl's going to buy. That'll be the third policy this month. Won't that be good?"

"Yes."

"Well," he said, pushing his plate aside, and stood up. "I better change clothes and get going."

He went into the bedroom. She cleared the table, went to the sink, dumped the oily, grayish water out of the dishpan, rinsed it clean, refilled it, and started washing the dishes. Hands, strong and warm, smelling of after-shave, gripped her shoulders. She swung around, startled and irritated, and as she stared at him, the fear left her but the irritation stayed, making her acutely aware of him—his chest, shoulders, face, lips—and of herself, of how, in spite of her anger and confusion, she could still respond to his closeness.

"Are you sure you're all right?" he asked.

"Yes. Fine. You just scared me."

"Well, I'll be going, then."

Their eyes met and held. He narrowed his. He leaned down and she turned her face, grazing his close stubble with her chin, and fitted her lips to the familiar shape of his. He drew away, holding her at arm's length, and studied her face. She lowered her eyes. He turned away and went to the door. "I'll be back soon after twelve," he said and snapped the lock. "Wait up if you want."

THE door closed behind him. She breathed out and eased her weight against the sink, and tears made a nimbus appear around the light bulb above the kitchen table. Then she drew up abruptly, wiped her cheek with the back of her hand, and straightened her dress. She would not be weak that way, like every other woman she knew, all of whom she hated. She went into the living room, switched on the floor lamp, sat down in the easy chair, and took a book off the small table beside it. She opened the book—"The Ordeal of Richard Feverel"—at the marker, a scrap of dress material, and picked up the story where she had left off. Adrian, the wise, fat, complacent philosopher, was giving a long-winded speech. She didn't like him. He annoyed and depressed her so much she couldn't even follow what he was saying.

There was a knock at the back door. Harold. He had decided against playing cards and was back home to be with her. She hurried into the kitchen, unlocked the door, and threw it open. A dark, lean, hook-nosed man with a shock of curly hair showing in front of the raised bill of his baseball cap stood on the top step, only inches away from her. It was the young man who had just moved next door with his new wife. She was so positive it would be Harold that her whole being had gone out to him.

He raised the bill of his cap in greeting. "Hi there," he said.

"Hello." She stepped back a step.

"Is your husband in?"

"No."

"Oh. Well, I was out hunting today and got my limit of pheasants. It's too many for just my wife and I, so we were wondering if you folks wouldn't like a couple."

"Yes, we would, usually—any other time—" Glancing up, she saw that his brown eyes, moist in the light, were studying her with interest. "You see—" She pointed over his shoulder and he turned. "Harold was out, too. He got his limit."

"Oh, good," he said, and faced her again, sliding his hands into his back pockets, turning his elbows out and swinging them slowly back and forth. "Good for him. You sure won't need any more from me, then, will you?"

"No. No, I don't think."

"My wife said I should come over and ask," he said, and shifted his weight and made an amused sound at the back of his throat. "So, here I am, asking."

"Thank you," she said.

"You're welcome."

He lingered on the step, studying her. She stared at the floor, trying to think of something to say, conscious of his eyes travelling over her hair, her face, the front of her dress.

"Maybe I'll go see the Eatons," he said. "They might want one or two."

"You could ask."

"I will ask."

"Well, thank you again," she said, and, as gracefully as she could, but with her eyes still cast down, she shut the door. Feeling dazed and vulnerable, she went back into the living room, her heart beating hard against her dress. She sat down in the easy chair, picked her sewing basket off the floor, and put it in her lap. She worked a light bulb down into the toe of the sock and threaded a needle with trembling fingers.

"Mom?"

The voice came from the boys' room; it was Donald, the younger one. She waited to make sure he was really awake.

"Mom?"

She set the basket down and went to the doorway. "Yes," she said. "What is it?"

"Is Dad back yet?"

"No. Now go back to sleep."

"I thought I heard him talking."

"You couldn't have. He's not here."

"Was somebody else here?"

It was simple enough to explain, but she heard herself saying, "No. Nobody. Sleep now!"

"Turn on the light. I want to see your face."

"I can't," she said. "It'll wake your brother."

"I'm awake!" another voice said. "Tell us a story, and maybe by the time you're done Dad'll be back."

She was relieved not to be alone. In the semi-darkness of the room she found the pin-up lamp on the wall and turned the switch. A half circle of light fell across the foot of their bed. "Now then," she said. "What is it?"

"Tell us a story!" Gilbert repeated.

"Where's Dad?" Donald asked.

"At Father Voeller's."

"What's wrong?" Donald asked.

"Nothing's wrong."

"Is something wrong with Dad?"

"No," she said. "There's nothing wrong with your father." She sat down on the edge of the bed. "Which story would you like to hear?"

"The one about Grandpa Knutson and the billy goat!" Gilbert said, and started laughing over the story, which he knew by heart.

"No!" Donald said, moving over next to his brother and raising himself up to see her better. "No, tell about yourself. Tell about the time you went to town on a horse. When it was snowing."

"Since you can't decide which you want to hear," she said, "I'll tell them both."

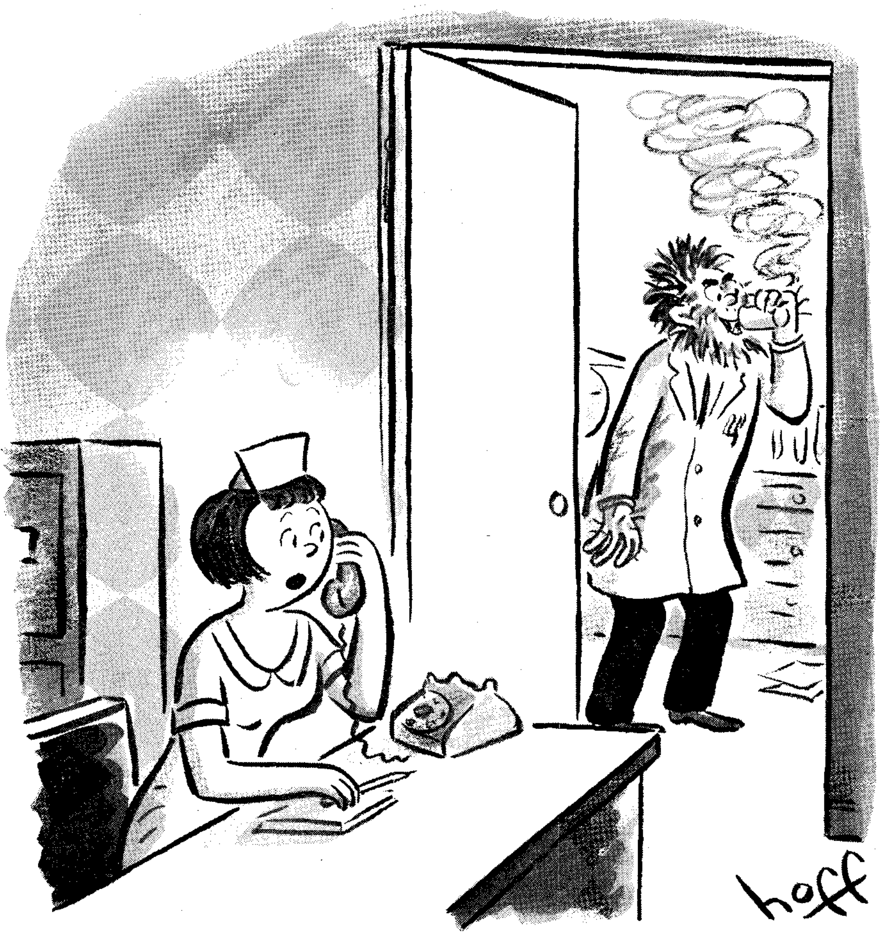
Hurriedly, in a noisy uproar of covers, they struggled around until they were sitting with their backs against the headboard. Using the masculine counterpart of one of her gestures, Gilbert brushed the hair off his forehead. Both of them needed a haircut, she saw. Their eyes, large and luminous like their father's, studied her face for the sign that meant she was about to begin. But a strong, unexpected emotion took possession of her and she leaned over and put an arm around each of them and drew them against her. "Oh!" she cried, and held them tighter. "Oh!"

"What is it, Mom?"

"Mom! What's the matter?"

In her mind she saw those birds, lovely, dignified, their gleaming bodies and their bright plumage catching the light from the kitchen as they swung from the wire, and for the first time in her life she felt dangerous, capable of doing permanent harm to her sons.

—L. Woiwode



"The Doctor isn't available right now. Would you like to speak to Mr. Hyde?"

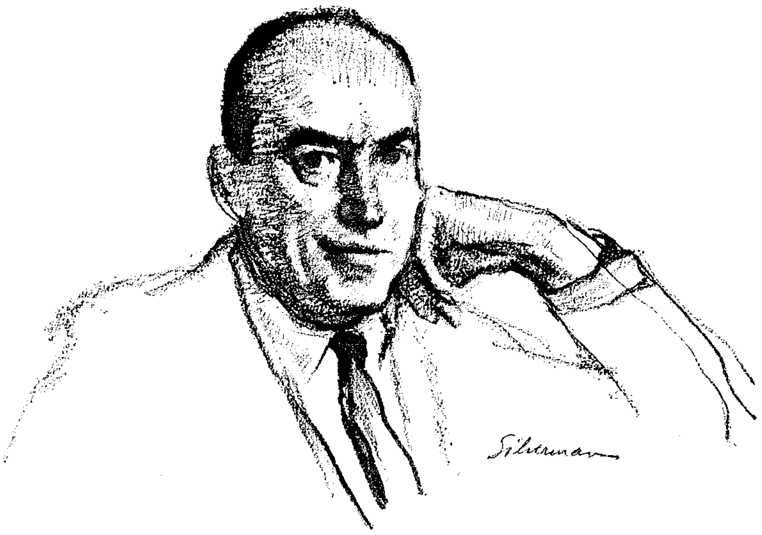
•

Convicts were persuaded to tell their story to youth after six months of effort by KLZ-tv, Denver, thanks to members of a Dale Carnegie Alumni Association group within the walls, said James Bennett.—*Editor & Publisher.*

We've often wondered what became of those fellows.

PROFILES

A CERTAIN ATTITUDE TOWARD CHANGE



Samuel B. Gould

THE top administrators of nearly all large universities in the United States seem to be having their full share of troubles these days, but in the opinion of many educators the most complex and difficult job in the whole field of higher education is the one held by Samuel B. Gould, the chancellor of the State University of New York. For one thing, he must frequently go to some lengths merely to convince people that any such institution exists. The State University of New York—or SUNY, as it is sometimes referred to—is the youngest state university in the nation. It was formally established in 1948, but, in a sense, it is even younger than that, because for nearly a decade after its birth it was not really a university at all but a loose federation of formerly independent teachers' colleges, vocational schools, and other state-supported institutions, which had been lumped more or less unwillingly together by legislative fiat. In those years, the State University's function was tacitly acknowledged to be the rather humble one of supplementing New York's numerous private colleges and universities—long-established institutions like Columbia, Cornell, New York University, Colgate, Syracuse, and Vassar—whose presence had been in large part responsible for the absence of any state university in New York before 1948. During the last few years, though—mainly as a result of changes in the political climate in Albany—SUNY has become the fastest-growing university of any kind in the country, and by some standards it is already the largest. Its total enrollment this year is a hundred and thirty-eight thousand full-time students, on fifty-nine campuses throughout the state. According to the university's master plan, the full-time enrollment by 1975 will have passed two hundred and ninety thousand and the number of campuses will be up to sixty-seven. To provide facilities for this phenomenal expansion, the state has authorized a $3,200,000,000 construction program, which currently has seventy architectural firms working on more than seven hundred projects. The State University's administrators disparage what they call "the numbers game" as an academic measurement, but they sometimes cannot resist pointing out that their institution is numerically larger than the hundred-year-old University of California (with only some ninety-five thousand students currently enrolled, on nine campuses), and they now tend to speak in terms of the private institutions' role in supplementing SUNY.

At the present moment, the State University, which has its administrative headquarters in Albany, consists of four university centers, at Albany, Buffalo, Binghamton, and Stony Brook, on Long Island; three medical schools; ten four-year colleges that are in the throes of being converted from teacher-training schools to liberal-arts institutions; seven specialized schools, five of them attached to private universities but financed by the state; six two-year agricultural and technical colleges; and thirty locally sponsored, two-year community colleges, which receive one-third of their operating support and half of their building costs from the state, and from which students can transfer, if they qualify academically, to the four-year colleges or the university centers. Six more community colleges have been approved by the State University's board of trustees and are at various stages of construction or planning. Two new four-year colleges are scheduled to open in the next few years—one in 1971, in Westchester County, which will place major emphasis on what educators call the creative and performing arts, and the other in 1968, in Nassau County, which will offer a flexible and highly experimental curriculum of formal classes, independent research, and public service through programs like the Peace Corps. An experimental senior college (the last two years plus a postgraduate program for the Master's degree) is being planned for the Utica-Rome-Herkimer area. In addition, the university operates an educational-television network, a school for forest rangers, a meteorological station at the top of Mount Whiteface, a Center for International Studies and World Affairs near Oyster Bay, and four urban centers for disadvantaged youths. There have been rumors from time to time that the State University might eventually absorb the much older City University of New York, whose four major units (Hunter College, City College, Queens College, and Brooklyn College) receive as much support from the state as from the city. For the time being, though, the State University is concentrating on expanding its own facilities. According to Chancellor Gould, SUNY is to be transformed during this period of growth into one of the country's outstanding centers of higher learning—a simultaneous drive for quantity and quality that has few precedents in American education.

GOULD, who is fifty-seven, has held his present job for three years now. He took it after approximately forty other candidates had turned it down, and he took it in full knowledge of the serious flaws in the administrative structure that had led most of the other candidates to assume that the State University's problems were insoluble. Gould serves as the chief executive officer of the State University's board of trustees, who are appointed by the governor of the state, but he is also responsible to the state board of regents, an all-powerful supervisory body that is appointed by the state legislature,

"Gee, have a heart! Things don't really start swinging till after midnight."

• •

and whose formal title, confusingly, is The University of the State of New York. Gould regularly suggests to the regents that they drop this venerable and meaningless designation, arguing that it adds needlessly to the State University's severe identity problem, but so far his arguments have not had much effect.

Conflicts between the regents and the trustees helped embroil the State University in political controversy from the beginning. Political pressures of one kind or another are believed to have been largely responsible for the resignations of two of the three State University presidents who preceded Gould, and political uncertainties unquestionably had a part in keeping the office of president vacant for nearly two years before Gould took over, in September, 1964. (The title of his office was recently changed from President to Chancellor.) A great deal has happened since 1964, and it is generally agreed that one of the most important new factors in the university's development has been the quality of Gould's leadership. "Sam has vision, which is the main thing in this job," Alvin C. Eurich, the State University's first president, said last year. "He's building for the next hundred years, remember. He has a sense of quality in education, of the need for building in excellence as you expand, and he has attracted a lot of absolutely first-rate people to work for him. He has a philosophy of education that fits in beautifully with the concept of the State University—the idea that you take the university to the people, rather than vice versa. He gets along with nearly everybody, he's remarkably flexible, he's a terrifically hard worker, and he's an extremely effective speaker."

Addressing an audience, as he does several times a week, Gould invariably lives up to his reputation as an effective speaker. A trim, rather handsome man of medium height, with a receding hairline and prominent, very dark eyes, he speaks in a quiet, undramatic tone that strikes most people as conveying deep conviction about the State University's future greatness. When Gould is off the speaker's platform, though, many people have said that they have been puzzled to find his manner quite different. "Sam comes across to a group as a warm, sincere, dedicated human being," a member of his staff said last summer. "He really projects. And yet in private he seems remote. He has the strange ability to make you feel close and yet keep you at a distance." Gould once told me that he was surprised to find that he gives this impression; he said he has no wish to appear aloof, but his natural reserve apparently makes it difficult for him to hit a note of informality.

While few people would claim that they really know Gould, there is almost unanimous admiration in educational circles for what he has been doing as chancellor of the State University, and, with this in mind, I went up to

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Albany one day in August to meet him and learn what I could about his views on higher education. Gould had suggested that I come in August, because he planned to be on vacation then. Instead of going away, he and his wife had decided to stay at home and catch up on a few things, which in Gould's case meant writing a series of four major policy statements on basic university matters. He writes all his own speeches, in longhand, and he spends a lot of time on them. When I arrived at his house, about noon, he had been at work in his study for four hours, but he looked relaxed and suntanned, and he said he had never felt better.

One of the controversial issues in the days when the State University was being established was whether or not the educational facilities at Albany (or at some other branch) should be recognized as the main campus. The proponents of decentralization won out, and as a result the chancellor and his administrative staff do not have their headquarters on the new campus that Edward Durell Stone has designed for the university center at Albany. Gould's offices are in a gloomy Victorian-style mansion that was once the residence of the Roman Catholic Bishop of the Albany Diocese, and the university has provided him with a comfortable but by no means imposing house in a quiet neighborhood about ten minutes from the center of town. There is a small garden and a swimming pool in back, and Gould suggested that we sit out there to talk before lunch. Almost immediately, his wife came out to summon him to take a telephone call from the Governor's office, and during his absence Mrs. Gould confided to me that the vacation-at-home idea was not working out very well. All the university's affairs, she said, were being referred to him at home, where he had to handle them without the aid of his staff or his three secretaries. (During the last week in August, I later learned, Gould gave up and went back to the office.) Mrs. Gould, an attractive and notably cheerful woman who was born in Finland, is an accomplished painter; she does semi-abstract oils, and these provide the main decorative note in the house. Gould was called to the telephone twice more within the next half hour, and I saw what his wife meant about the vacation.

On the whole, Gould said, he was pleased with the way things had been going. "I'm surrounded by these cluckings of sympathy from people who say

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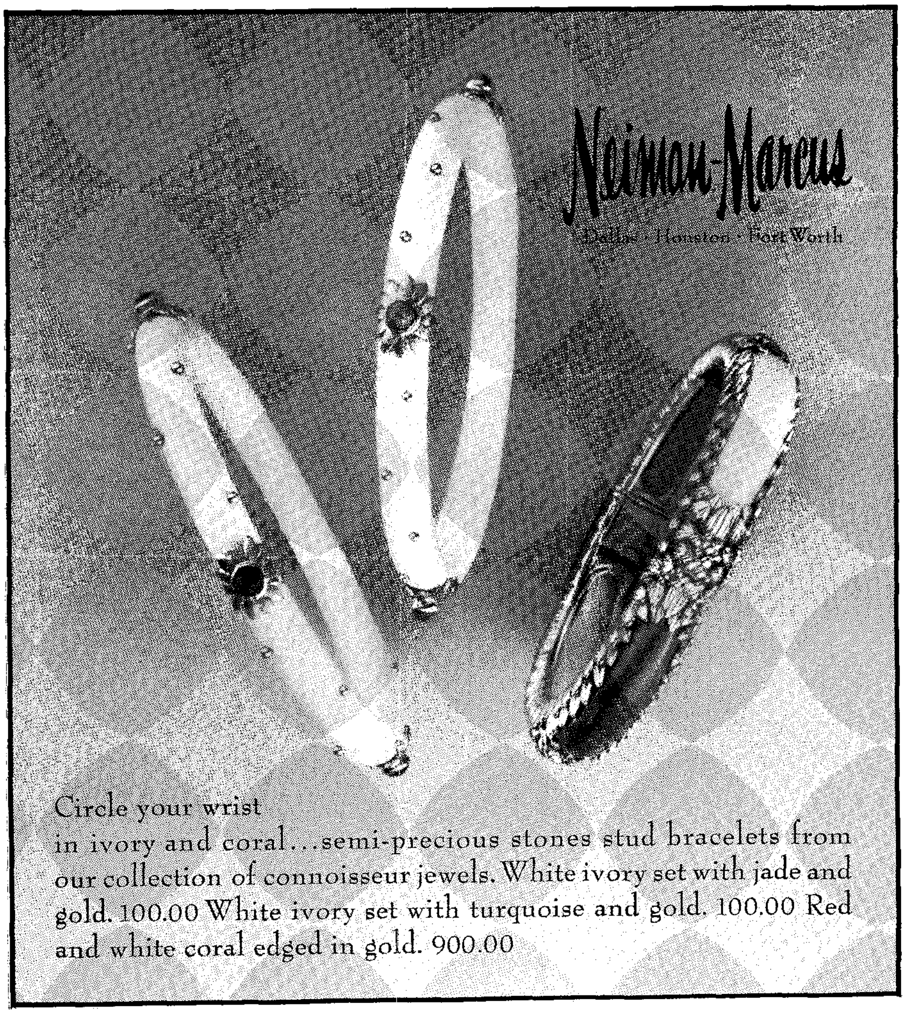

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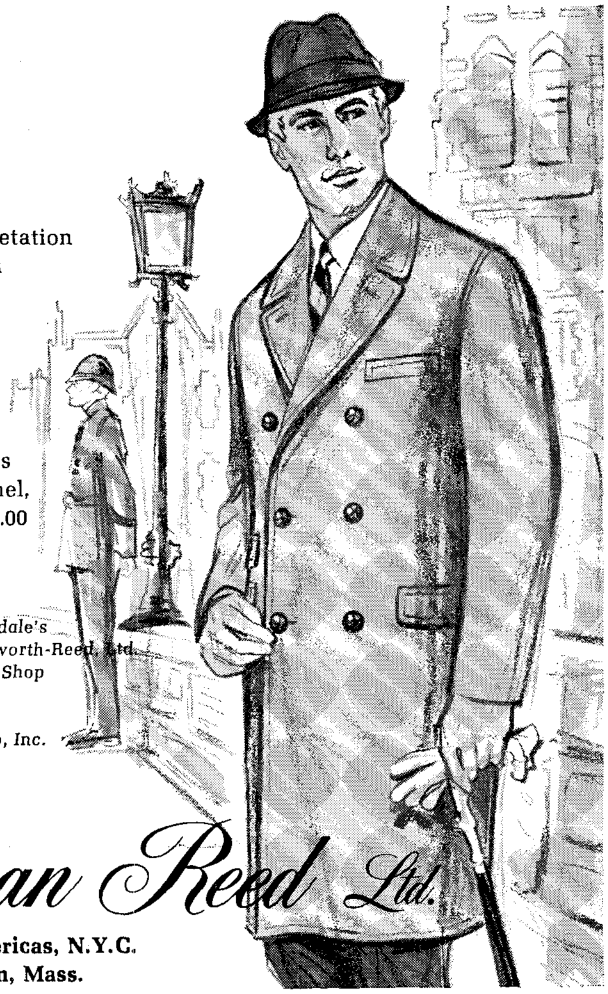

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it must be terrible to have this kind of schedule, but the fact is I enjoy it," he said at one point. "I have the authority I need, and I'm doing what I want to do. Oh, I don't get everything I ask for, but the legislature has been very generous. The politicians are absolutely practical; if you can persuade them that supporting the State University is good politics, they're behind you. Assuming they stay with us—and they will—I don't think there's any question that this will become one of the great universities in the country." He was confident, he said, that the foundations for the sort of university he envisioned could be laid in the years before he reached the compulsory retirement age of sixty-five. "And it's strange, but I sometimes feel as though everything I did before coming here was a sort of unconscious preparation for this job," he added. "There's been a most unusual falling together of the parts, but I can't claim any credit for it, because I didn't plan it that way."

Gould's unconscious preparation, as he told me later that day and at subsequent meetings, really began when he was an undergraduate at Bates College, in Maine. Although he was only sixteen in 1926, when he entered Bates—thanks to an accelerated program in the public high school near his family's home, in Shelton, Connecticut—he supported himself throughout his four years there by working at a variety of jobs, including more or less regular service as a sort of office boy and general assistant to the college president. The experience gave him considerable insight into the problems and satisfactions of academic administration, but the idea of a career in education did not occur to him for some time afterward. There had never been any educators in his family. His father ran a wholesale grocery business, and his own youthful ambitions tended toward the theatre. At Bates, his extracurricular interests were the track team, the debating team, and the college theatre group. "I guess it was a temptation for me to think about being in the theatre after college, and maybe I had it in me to be a director," he said. "But I wasn't enough of a gambler for that. The Depression gave me a great feeling for security, as it did a lot of people in my generation, and the theatre, after all, is a pretty precarious life."

Gould did very well at Bates and graduated in 1930, when he was nineteen. He then went to England to study dramatic literature at Oxford. His money ran out within a few months, though, so he came home and

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took a job with the New England Telephone & Telegraph Co. He found the work interesting, and feels that it gave him a permanent interest in the development of mass communications, but after a year of it he knew that that wasn't what he wanted to do. "About the time I was deciding this, the dean at Bates called me," he said. "It seems that he had always believed I would be in education, though he had never mentioned it to me while I was there. Anyway, he called to say that there was a teaching job open in the senior high school in West Hartford, and that he thought I should apply for it. I did apply, and I got the job."

Gould taught English and speech at West Hartford from 1932 to 1938. He was considered an effective and stimulating teacher, and also something of an innovator. Surveys made at that time had shown that the average child spent five hours a day listening to the radio, and Gould felt that the schools ought not to ignore the educational implications of this powerful new instrument. Accordingly, he took a part-time job in the local Hartford radio station, learned everything he could about the medium, and began encouraging his students to think critically and imaginatively about the device to which they devoted so much time. Eventually, he had his students going on local radio shows, and even developing their own programs. Gould made another trip to England, in 1934, this time to take literature courses at Cambridge, and on the boat going over he met a girl named Laura Johanna Ohman, who was returning home to Finland after a visit to the United States. They corresponded regularly while Gould was in England, and the following year both were in the United States, he back at his teaching and she studying painting at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. In 1936, they were married. (A son, Richard, was born in 1939.) In 1938, Gould took another high-school teaching job, in Brookline, Massachusetts. While he was teaching in Brookline, he also did work toward a Ph.D. in education at Harvard.

Gould had received a Master's degree in English from New York University in 1936, but he never did get his Ph.D.—a fact he often regrets now, although he has since acquired several honorary doctorates. He was within a few months of finishing the course work for it when the war intervened, and he enlisted in the Navy. Gould served as a training officer in Hawaii and later became aide and flag lieutenant to Admiral Arthur W. Rad-

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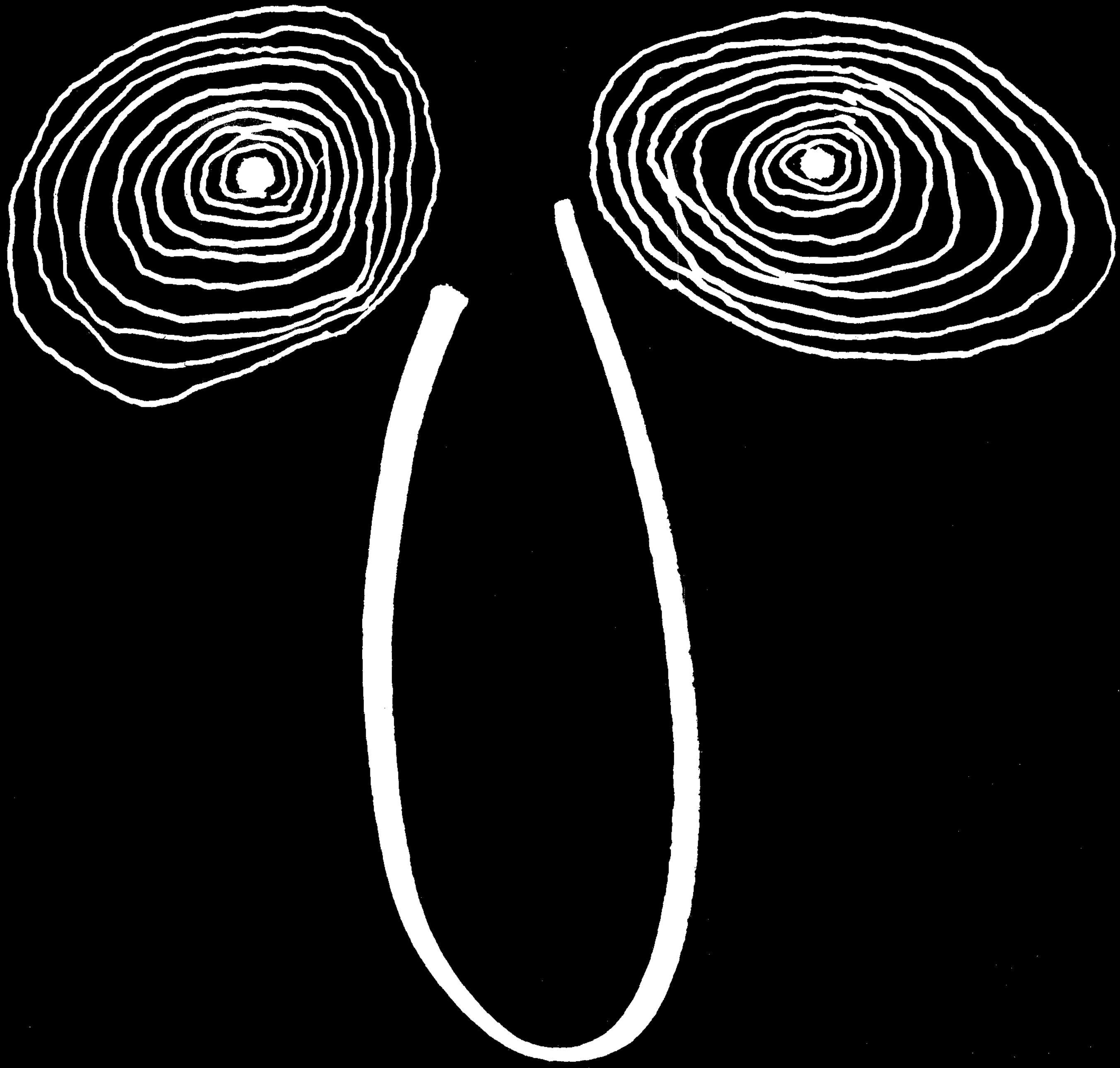
ford aboard the U.S.S. Yorktown. He saw a fair amount of combat, and was in Tokyo Bay for the surrender. Discharged in 1945, he returned to his old teaching job in the Brookline high school, but he soon moved to Boston University, where he was given the task of setting up a school of communications. The B.U. communications school, one of the first in the country, offered courses in speech, theatre, film, radio, and television, and under Gould's supervision the students operated a TV studio and an FM radio station of their own. "I carried an enormous teaching load in those days—twenty-one to twenty-five hours a week—in addition to the time I spent running the school of communications," Gould told me. "I loved teaching and hated to give it up. In 1951, though, Daniel Marsh retired as president of B.U., and his successor, Harold Case, asked me to become his assistant. I had to make a choice, and, all things considered, I thought I could accomplish more in administration."

For the next two years, Gould was involved with almost every aspect of operating a large, not very well-endowed private urban university. By 1953, he had begun to feel that there was a certain danger in being a No. 2 or No. 3 man—the danger that "you can become one permanently if you're not careful"—and just at this point he was approached by the New York management-consultant firm of Cresap, McCormick & Paget, many of whose clients are educational institutions. Gould resigned from B.U. and joined the firm, with the specific assignment of making a national survey for the Fund for Adult Education on the effectiveness of grants made to adult-education programs. In the course of the survey, he travelled extensively and met a great many educational leaders around the country, many of whom he apparently impressed as a clear thinker who also had an exceptional ability to express ideas imaginatively—qualities that are often of particular interest to college boards of trustees. As a result, when the presidency of Antioch College, in Yellow Springs, Ohio, fell vacant, the trustees asked Gould to come out for an interview. In 1954, Gould became the president of Antioch.

The problems he encountered at Antioch were entirely different from those he had known at Boston University. A small liberal-arts college that was founded in 1853 by Horace Mann, Antioch draws its students from all over the country and provides them with a form of "coöperative education"



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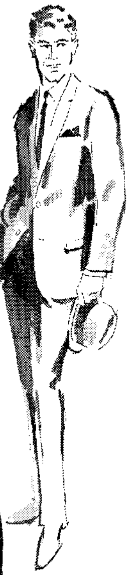

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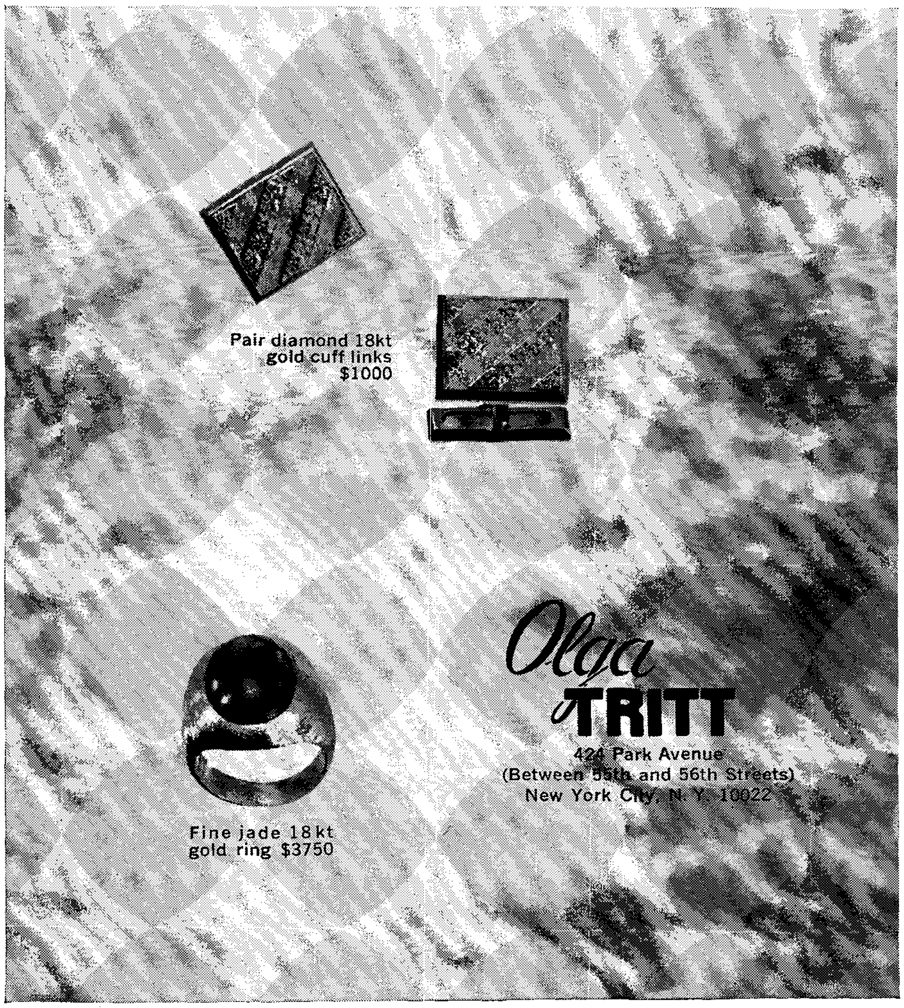

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that is experimental and intensely progressive. Since the college is in a region of rural Ohio that is not notably sympathetic to progressive ideas, it has occasionally been a center of controversy, and Gould's arrival there—during the height of the McCarthy era—happened to coincide with one such occasion. He took over as president on July 1, 1954, and on July 2nd he was notified that the House Committee on Un-American Activities planned to investigate the campus in September, and that a representative of the committee would be arriving shortly to gather evidence. "He came about a week later," Gould recalled. "He was a very nice chap, and during that summer he became wildly enthusiastic about the college. We were in the midst of putting on a summer Shakespeare festival that eventually performed every play Shakespeare wrote. Several actors who are now with the Shakespeare company in Stratford, Connecticut, were in that group at Antioch, and Ellis Rabb, who runs the A.P.A. Repertory Company, was there and appeared in every play. Anyway, the fellow from the Un-American Activities Committee kept coming to me and saying how much he was enjoying the Shakespeare festival, and how excited he was about the college in general." Despite his enthusiasm, the committee did investigate the campus that fall, and managed to produce a victim—a man in the Art Department who had attended a single meeting of a Marxist discussion group years before. The teacher said he hadn't liked it and had never gone back, but because he refused to give the names of the others in the discussion group the committee cited him for contempt. "It took us five years and a lot of money to get him off," Gould told me, "but we finally succeeded."

The period Gould spent at Antioch is one that he looks back on as a particularly valuable part of his unconscious preparation for the job he now holds. He introduced a number of new programs in the college, he had the full backing of an enthusiastic board of trustees, and his relations with both the faculty and the students remained excellent. Then, in 1959, a larger opportunity presented itself. Clark Kerr had recently taken over as president of the University of California, and one of Kerr's first projects was to find new chancellors for several of the university's seven campuses (there are now nine). Gould found himself under consideration for either the one at Los Angeles or the one at Santa Barbara. Kerr and the California board of regents ap-

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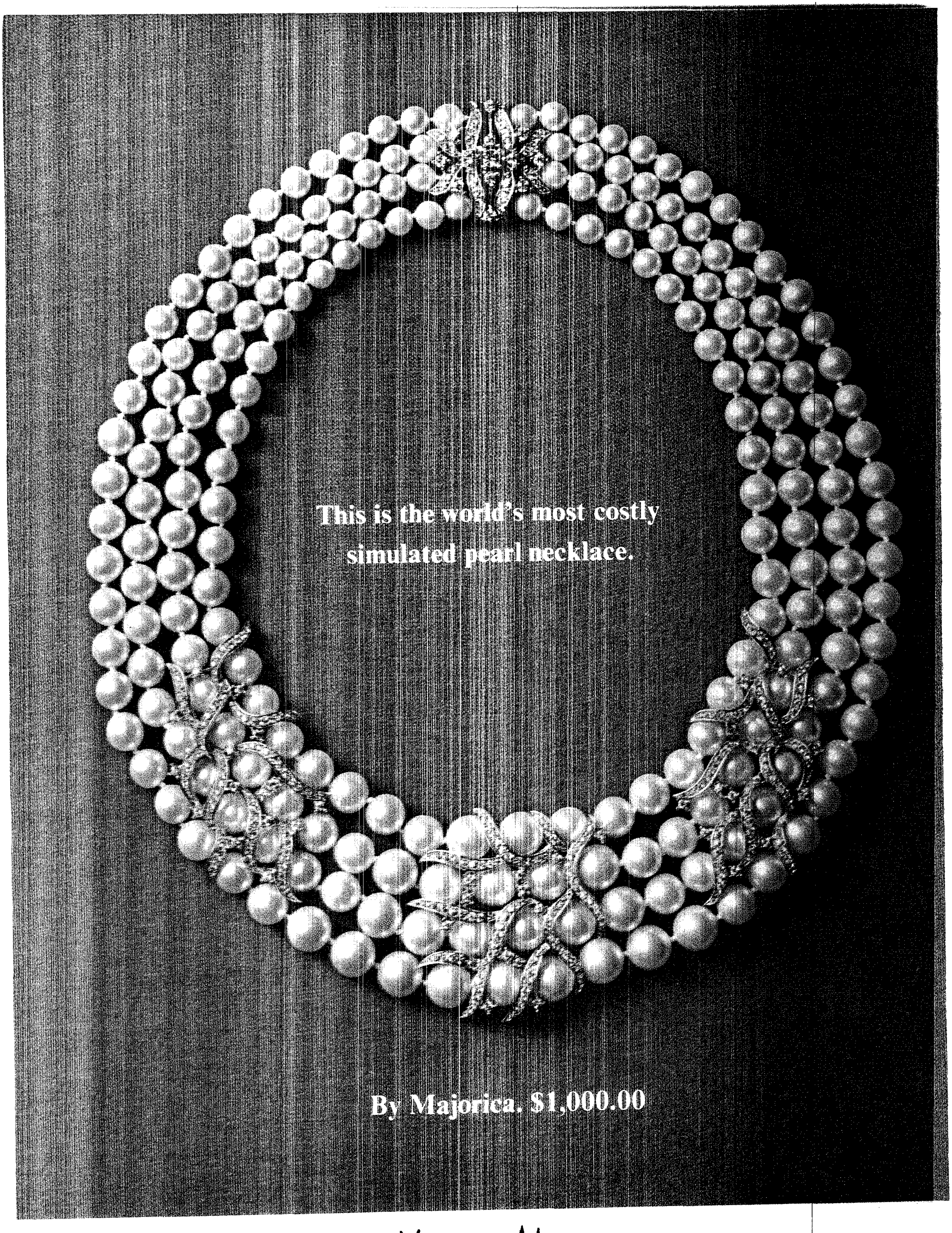
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parently decided that the U.C.L.A. campus was too big for a man who had been president of a small liberal-arts college; on the other hand, the relatively new Santa Barbara campus, which had just been given authority to expand into a full-scale university, might be just right for him. Gould was offered the job, and he accepted it.

Santa Barbara, which had been a teachers' college before the University of California absorbed it, in 1954, had what its administrators called an "image problem." Situated in one of the most attractive areas of the state, with a campus bordering the ocean, it had acquired the reputation of being a country club and a surfers' paradise, and its academic status had not been helped by the resignation of the previous chancellor following his arrest on a morals charge. Gould threw himself energetically into the task of raising the intellectual tone of the place, while at the same time laying the groundwork for a major expansion. He recruited some outstanding faculty members, and brought such distinguished writers and scholars as Aldous Huxley and George Gamow to the campus as visiting lecturers. He set up a program for study abroad similar to one he had developed at Antioch, and the University of California's Education Abroad program now has ten study centers throughout Europe, with Santa Barbara handling the student-exchange activities for the entire University of California. According to several of his associates in California, Gould was concerned almost from the moment he arrived on the scene that there might be trouble with the students on huge campuses like the one at Berkeley, where undergraduate education was becoming increasingly impersonal. At Santa Barbara, he spent a lot of time with the students, listening to their ideas and complaints, and he encouraged them to participate in certain phases of academic decision-making. He also made strenuous efforts to involve the local community in the affairs of the university, and this, as it turned out, was highly fortunate.

As a wealthy community, Santa Barbara has always had a certain number of citizens who look upon any college campus as a potential breeding ground for strange and hostile activities. It may be taken as a measure of Gould's powers of persuasion that he was able to enroll a thousand well-to-do Santa Barbarans as dues-paying members of an organization called the Affiliates of the University, whose function was to help the university expand into a major center of learning. In March, 1961, a

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few hours before Gould was to address the annual dinner of the Affiliates, he got a telephone call from Paul Veblen, the executive editor of the Santa Barbara *News-Press*. Veblen informed him that a professional "coördinator" for the John Birch Society had appeared on the campus, collected a small group of students, and instructed them to report to him anything they heard, either in class or out, that sounded as if it might be subversive. This struck Gould as a strange and hostile activity indeed, and he wasted no time in saying so. That evening, before an audience of six hundred Affiliates, he spoke angrily about this "new type of student organization [that] has developed on our campus, controlled and directed from the outside, keeping its real origin secret, and claiming to promote Americanism while it uses thoroughly un-American methods." It was, he said, "a shocking set of circumstances, and strikes at the very heart of the university." After that, Gould became the prime target of Birch Society activities in Santa Barbara. He and his wife were subjected to a good many 3 A.M. telephone calls offering standard right-wing invective or, for variety, wordless heavy breathing. The community as a whole supported his stand, though, and Thomas M. Storke, then the editor and publisher of the *News-Press*, who had originally thought that Gould might be overestimating the threat, printed a series of articles about what the Birchers were doing and editorials condemning it that won him the Pulitzer Prize. Thanks to the *News-Press* and to the firm base that Gould had established for himself and the university within the local community, the Birch Society's influence in Santa Barbara virtually collapsed. For Gould, the experience of winning and retaining the confidence of conservative businessmen was another piece of valuable unconscious training for his job at the State University of New York. "Sam's no razzle-dazzle liberal," a Santa Barbara banker said of him not long ago. "He was looked upon here as a sort of Robert Maynard Hutchins with his feet on the ground."

When Gould tendered his resignation after only three years at Santa Barbara, it came as a great shock to the community. His reasons for leaving were rather complicated, and had nothing to do with the Birch incident. According to those who were closest to the situation, a certain amount of conflict had existed from the beginning between Gould and Clark Kerr. The University of California was a more

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centralized institution then than it is now, and the influence of Berkeley, where Kerr maintained his own office, hung rather heavy over the other branches. Gould had begun to chafe under what he considered restraints on his authority, imposed not only by the central administration but by faculty committees—immensely powerful bodies that, like the administration, operated under the domination of the people at Berkeley. ("If you ever want to win something—in politics or foreign affairs or anything else—just give it to the Berkeley faculty," Gould said after one such committee had blocked a pet project of his. "I've never seen anything like their ability to dig in and keep pressing until they wear down all opposition.") Kerr, for his part, was said to have been irritated by Gould's tendency to go around the state making speeches in praise of Santa Barbara's new intellectual standing. "Sam has an ego that has to be supplied," a friend of both men explained recently. "Kerr felt that the image business was his job, and that Gould should be spending more time attending to the administrative problems on his own campus."

Gould readily acknowledges that he found the nature of the California system restrictive, and it is more than likely that if he had stayed at Santa Barbara he would have had trouble with the same elements in California politics that drove Kerr from office last January. What bothered Gould most at the time, however, was a sense of being in an educational backwater. "Some people wonder why I've changed jobs so many times," he told me. "I have changed quite often, and each time, I think, it has been because I wanted to get more into the mainstream. Maybe I would have felt different if I'd been at Berkeley, but at Santa Barbara I just felt that the world was passing me by. I used to fly back to New York at least once every two weeks, to sit on various boards and generally keep up with things, but it wasn't enough."

Shortly before Gould's resignation from Santa Barbara, the Ford Foundation sounded him out on whether he would be interested in heading an educational-television station that it was helping to finance in New York. The idea appealed to him in many ways. Educational television was just starting to attract public attention, and high hopes attended the creation of WNDT/Channel 13, New York's first educational-television station. A three-million-dollar operating budget and a potential audience of fifteen million people in three states made it by

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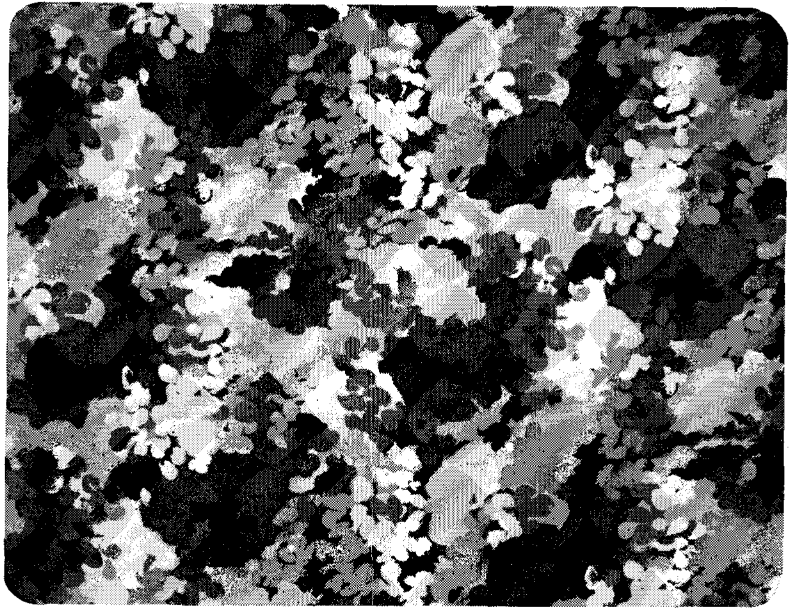

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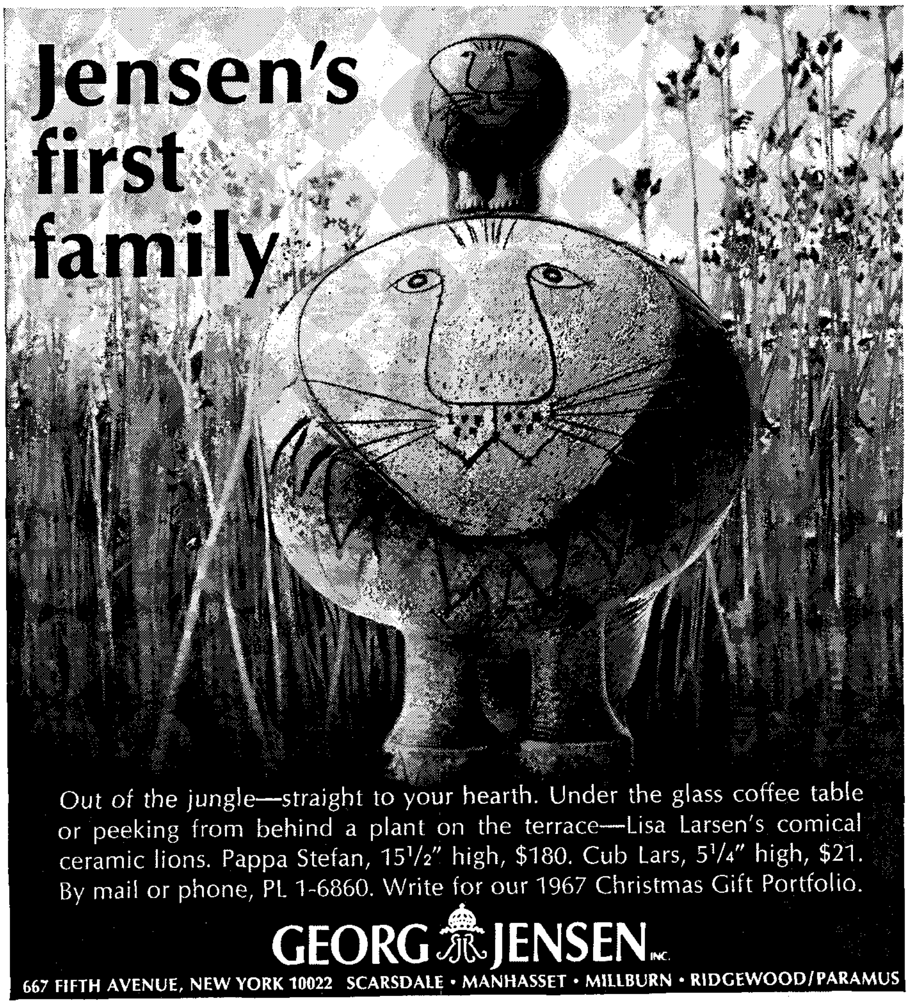

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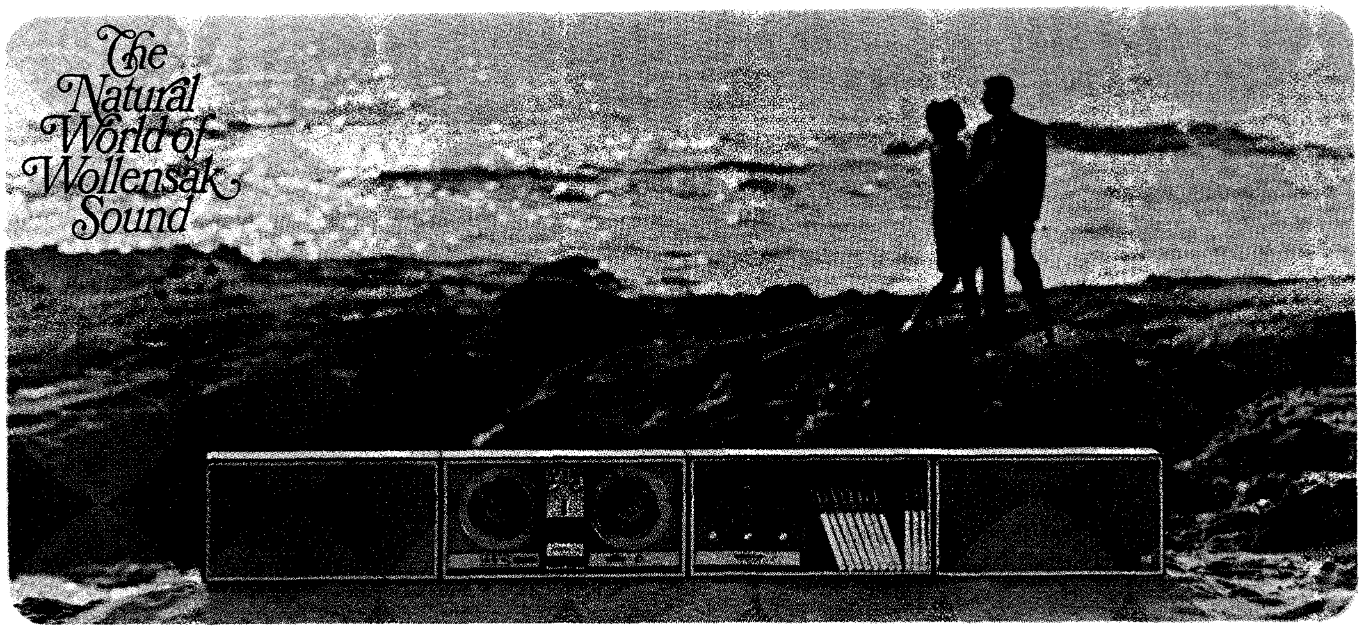

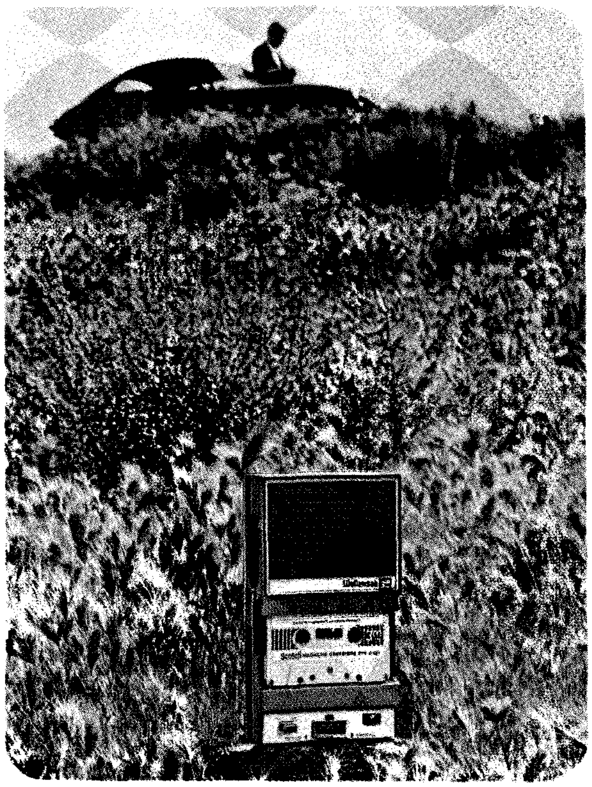

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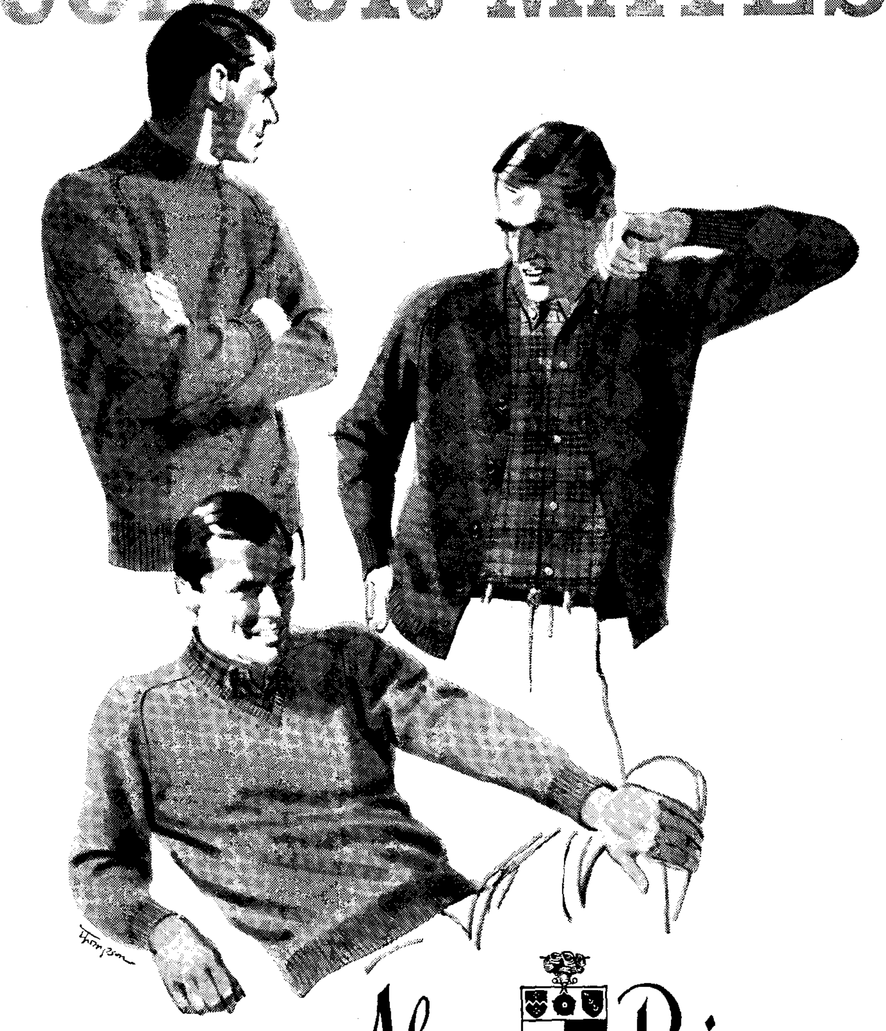
far the most ambitious effort yet undertaken along these lines, and, if successful, it could lead to the development of a nationwide "fourth network" for educational and serious cultural programming. Gould found the opportunity to put some of the ideas he had long held about mass communications into practice very appealing, and the job would certainly get him back into the mainstream—more so, as it turned out, than he could have anticipated. He accepted, and returned East in July, 1962, to become the first president of Station WNDT.

Within a very short time, the move began to seem a ghastly mistake. Gould had been led to believe that the financing of the station was more or less assured. He soon discovered that this was far from the case. In fact, the initial fund-raising drive had fallen considerably short of expectations, and by the spring of 1963 WNDT still owed nearly two million dollars for acquisition of WNTA, the commercial station that had been operating on Channel 13 in the New York metropolitan area. Even more distressing, Gould found himself involved from the outset in a personal power struggle with WNDT's vice-president and general manager, Richard D. Heffner. Heffner had played a key role in setting up the station and charting its educational policies and programming, and he had no intention of relinquishing his authority; he made it very clear, in fact, that he expected Gould to raise the money and leave the direction of the station to him. It seemed to Gould—and even to a number of employees of the station who admired Heffner's talents—that under these circumstances the president of the station had no alternative but to fire the vice-president, and finally, in April, 1963, Gould did fire Heffner. At the time, Gould was widely criticized as the villain of the piece. In protest against Heffner's dismissal, a number of distinguished intellectuals and educators who had been appearing on WNDT programs announced that they would do so no more, and the *Times'* television critic, Jack Gould, called the incident "educational television's first cause célèbre." Since the WNDT board of trustees had instructed Samuel Gould to issue no public statements on the inflamed situation, he was put in the unpleasant position of being savagely attacked from all sides without being able to defend himself.

Gould stayed on as president of Channel 13 for another year after the



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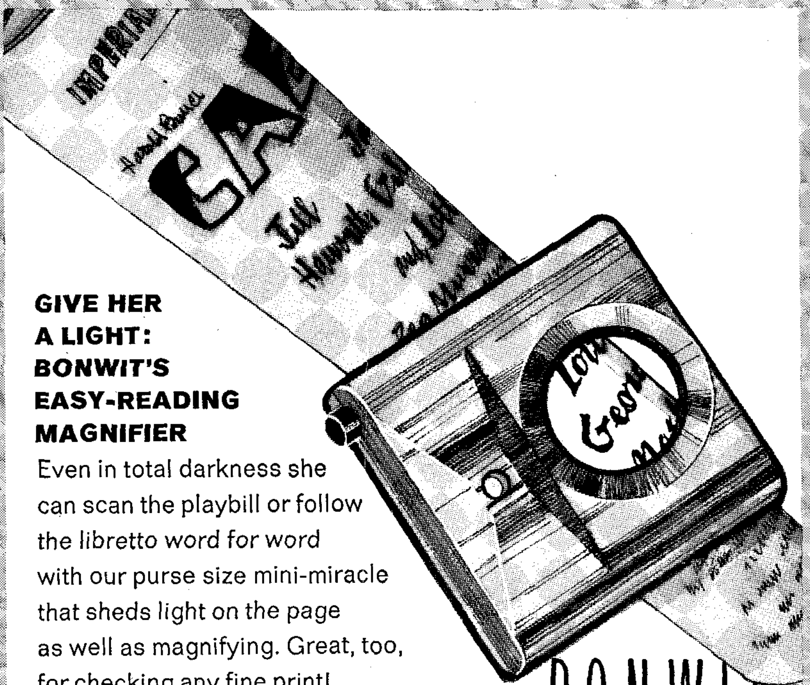

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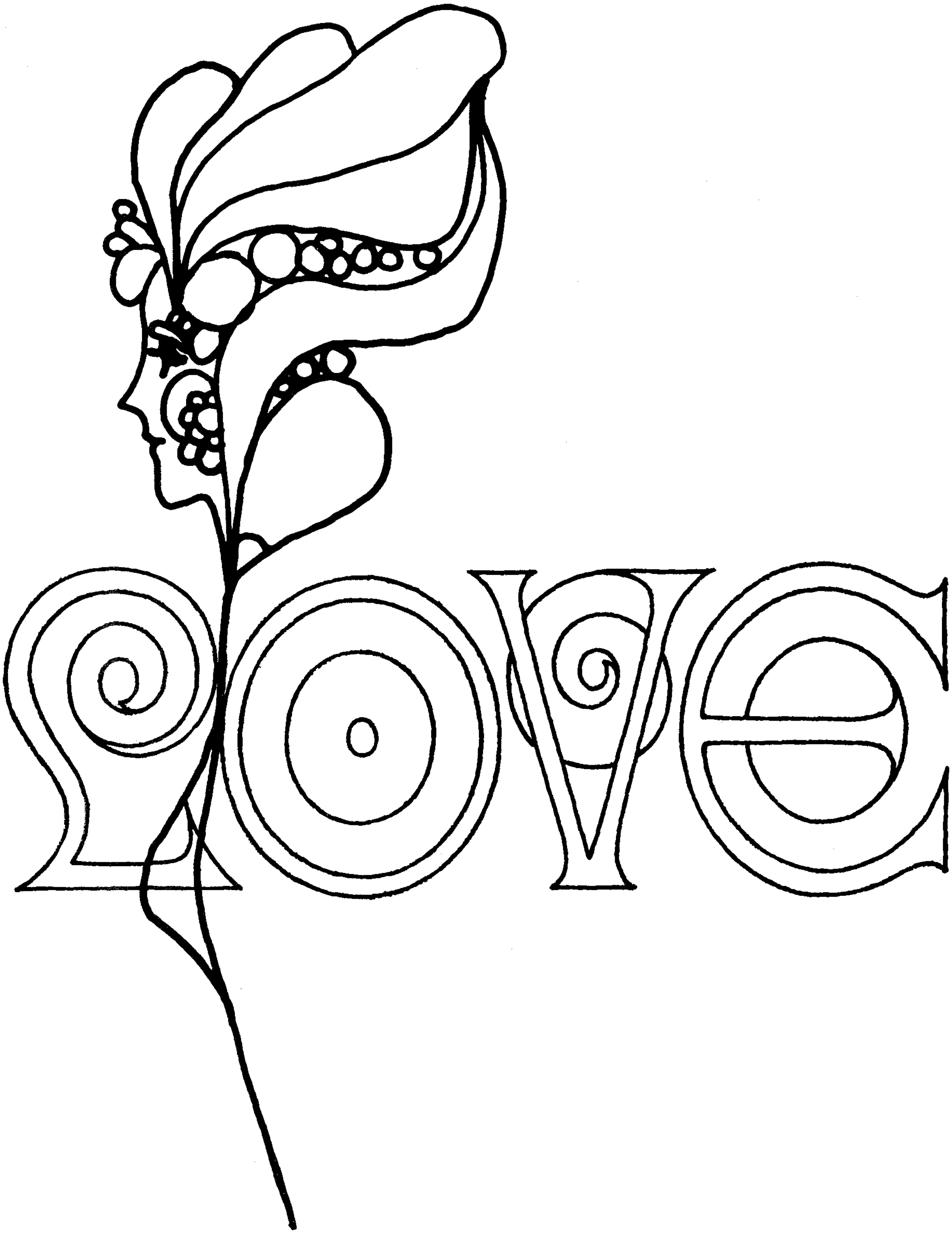
Heffner incident. The problem of funds continued to occupy most of his attention, leaving him little chance to work on the long-range projects and programs that were his main interest. Although the station did not drop its cultural programming and substitute taped lectures and extension courses, as Jack Gould and other critics had direly predicted, its operating budget declined substantially, many excellent series of programs were abandoned, and a general sense of discouragement prevailed—traceable in part, some people felt, to Gould's personal remoteness from the staff. Even his warmest supporters agree that Gould is not a brilliant administrator, and much of the time, as one of the station's employees told me, people simply did not know what Gould was thinking. Gould himself never did manage to feel comfortable in the Byzantine atmosphere of broadcasting. He had turned down an informal offer in 1962 to become chancellor of the City University of New York, but by 1964 he was disposed to listen—"more attentively than I might have otherwise," he once put it—to an overture made to him early that year by Frank C. Moore, a former lieutenant governor of New York, who was then chairman of the board of trustees of the State University. It was a perfect case, Moore said later, of finding the right man at the right time.

When the trustees announced Gould's appointment as president of the State University of New York, on May 22, 1964, the *Times* guardedly wished him well. "While the Legislature has vaguely promised greater autonomy for the university," the *Times* said the following day in an editorial, "only the initiative of a strong executive can lead toward true academic independence. . . . Dr. Gould will have to make it clear that he is in charge now." Gould said at the time that the main need, as he saw it, was "to bring about some sense of unity to make the different units into a single university." He made no attempt to minimize the difficulties confronting him. It was not until that summer, though, when he had wound up his affairs at Channel 13 and started to dig into the details of the State University's history, that he realized the extent to which it had been, from its earliest beginnings, a creature of New York State politics. The effect, he has said, was a little like looking into the eyes of a snake.

THE political controversy that surrounded and for so long delayed the establishment of the State Univer-

peter max



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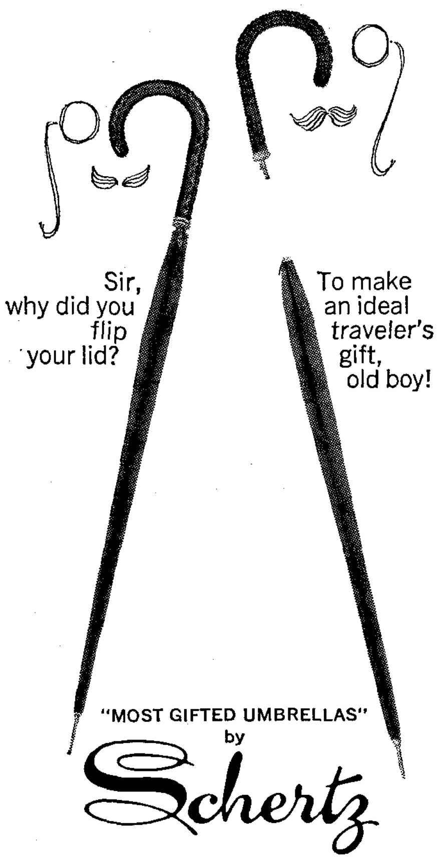

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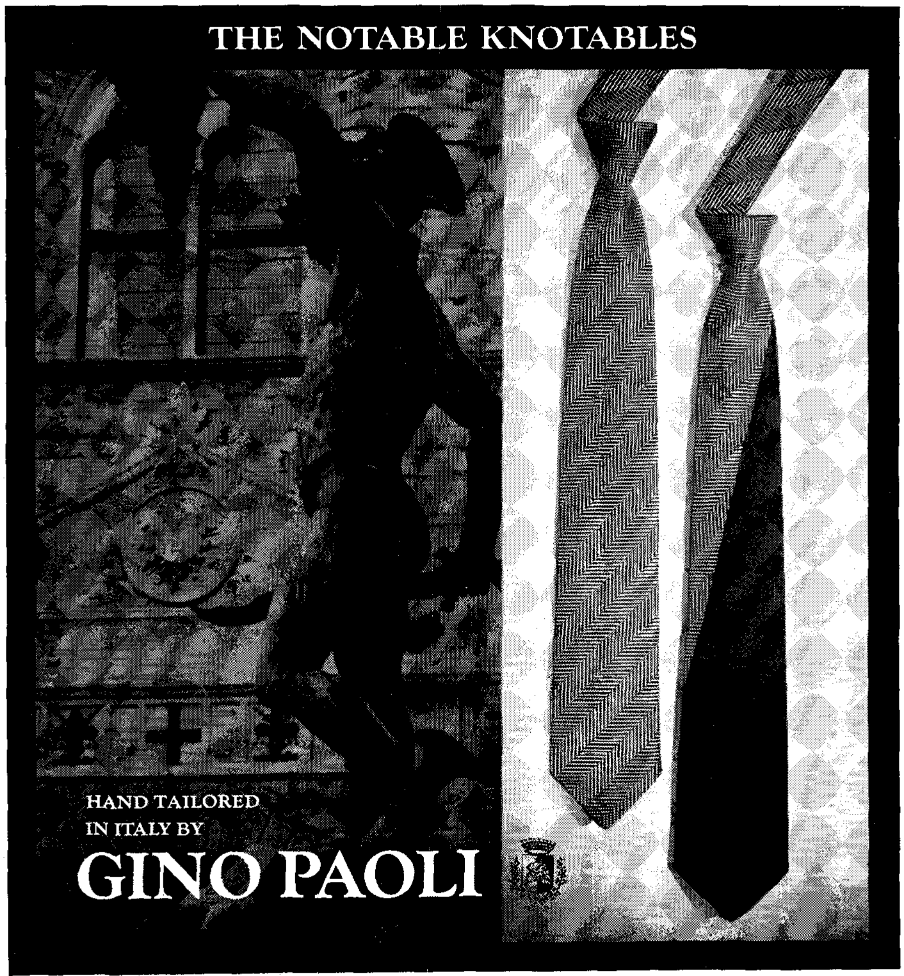

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sity of New York nearly all grew out of one basic issue—public versus private control of higher education. As the recent debate over the proposed new state constitution showed, the role of *government in education is still a highly* controversial issue, and it is somewhat surprising to recall that in Colonial times there was no clear division between what was public and what was private as far as higher education was concerned. In his book "The American College and University," Frederick Rudolph points out, "On over one hundred occasions before 1789 the General Court of Massachusetts appropriated funds for Harvard College, which clearly was not capable of taking care of itself. Indeed, Harvard, Yale, and Columbia could not have survived the colonial period without support of the state." Gradually, however, the early denominational colleges of New England built up private endowments and asserted their independence. An event that did much to hasten this trend was the case of Dartmouth College v. Woodward, in which the Supreme Court heeded Daniel Webster's plea ("It is, sir, as I have said, a small college, and yet there are those that love it . . .") and ruled, in 1819, that Dartmouth, which had been taken over by the state government in a dispute with the trustees, had rights as a private institution that the state could not take away, even though the college operated under a charter that the state had issued. The decision helped to encourage a mania of college-founding in America. "The American people went into the American Revolution with nine colleges," Rudolph observes. "They went into the Civil War with approximately two hundred and fifty, of which one hundred eighty-two still survive." Most of these were private institutions. State-supported colleges, a few of which had been established in the South during the period just after the American Revolution, did not really proliferate until after the Civil War, when federal funds were made available to them in substantial amounts under the Morrill Federal Land Grant Act of 1862. From then on, state-supported colleges proliferated mightily, and today, although two-thirds of the country's colleges and universities—numbering more than twenty-two hundred—are private, about sixty-five per cent of all American college and university students are in public institutions.

In New York, the development of higher education followed a unique course. The New York State legisla-

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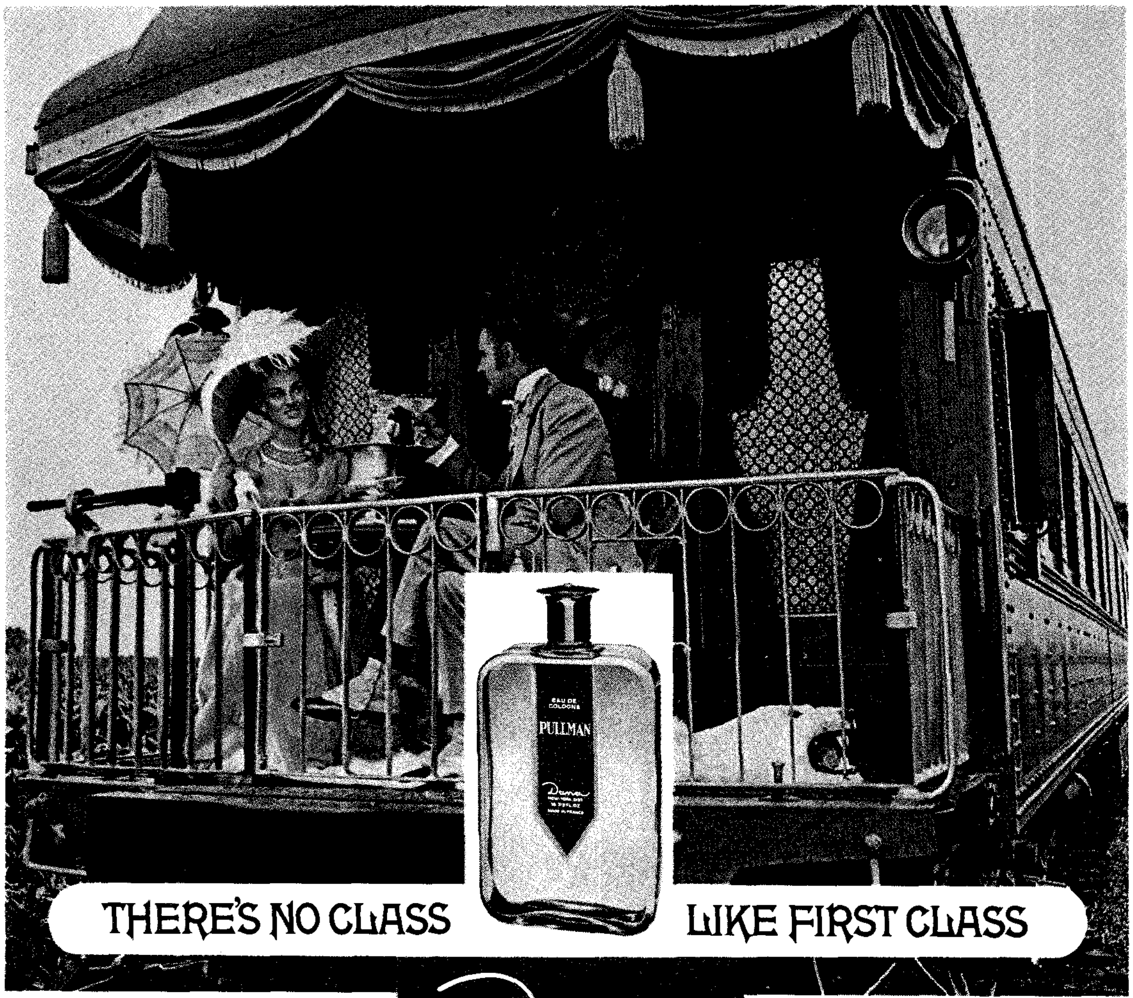
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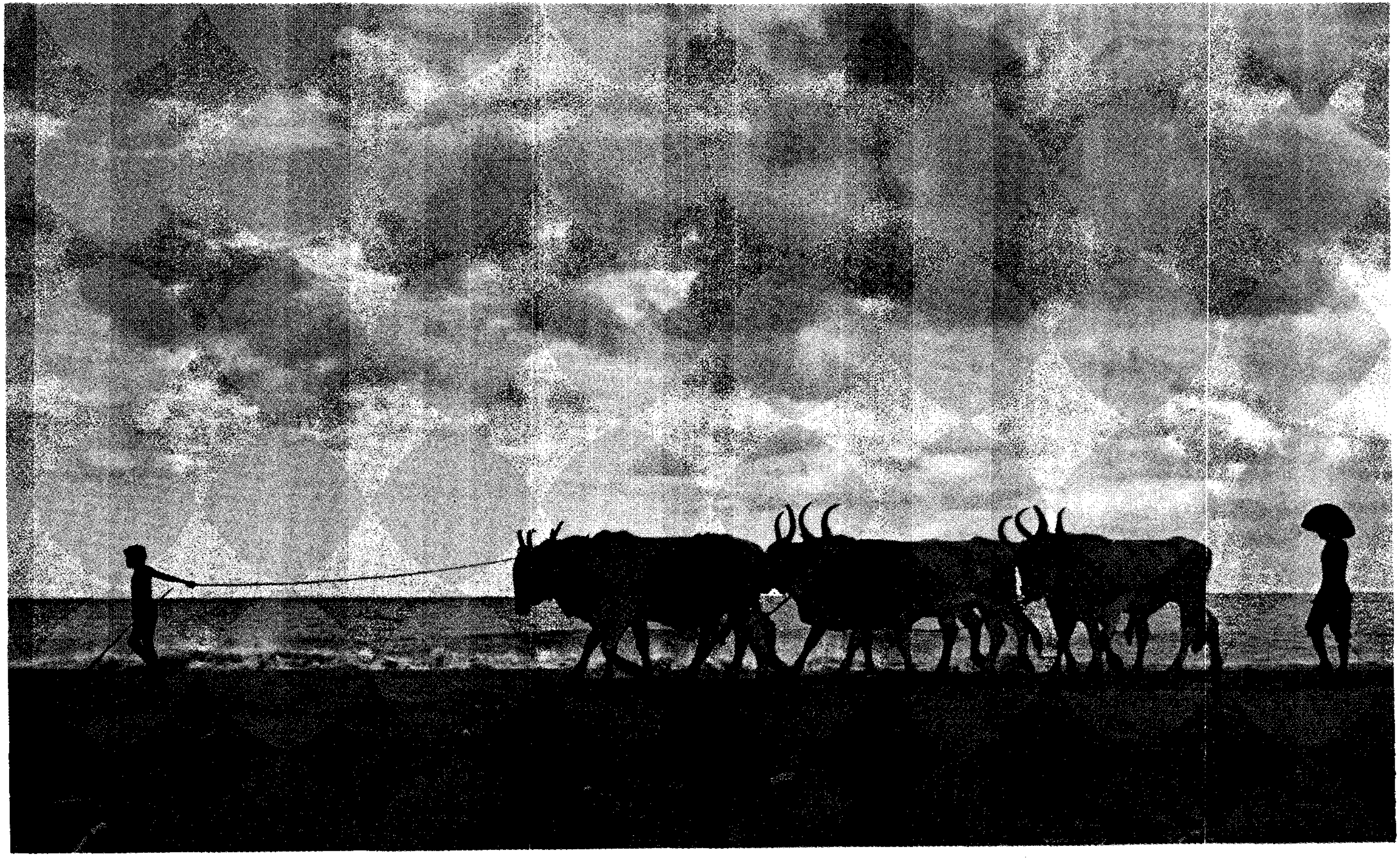
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ture, in 1784, passed a bill establishing a "university" on the French model—that is, a strong central authority that would employ no teachers and grant no degrees but would oversee education in the state at all levels. To administer this bureaucratic university, the legislature appointed twenty-four distinguished private citizens, whom it designated, along with eight elected state officials, "Regents of the University of the State of New York." Although the original goal of a unified, statewide system of education was never achieved, the board of regents has retained to this day its nominal supervisory authority over all education in New York, public and private. The regents are appointed by the legislature, and they, in turn, appoint the state commissioner of education. They control the vast apparatus of the State Education Department, whose jurisdiction extends to every school and college in the state, and this gives them a political influence far exceeding that of regents elsewhere. (In California, for example, the regents are responsible only for the university system run by the state, and have no authority over private or secondary education.) Until quite recently, the New York board of regents consistently used its considerable power to strengthen and protect private education and to discourage the creation of state-supported institutions.

One of the great revolutions in American education, which took place soon after the Civil War, was the extension of free public instruction from the eighth-grade level up to the twelfth-grade level. Secondary education had formerly been the province of private academies, but now public high schools sprang up everywhere. In the Middle Western and Far Western states, a new concept of public education developed, with the state university as its dominant feature; the universities of Michigan, Minnesota, California, and other states took the lead in stimulating the growth of public high schools and training teachers to staff them. In New York, the regents tried at first to oppose the concept of free public high schools, without success. They were ultimately forced to increase facilities for the training of public-school teachers, but until 1948 the only state institution that was authorized to train regular high-school teachers was the teachers' college at Albany, established in 1844. Ten other teachers' colleges, scattered around the state, trained elementary-school teachers. With the exception of the Albany college, these institutions more or less epitomized the

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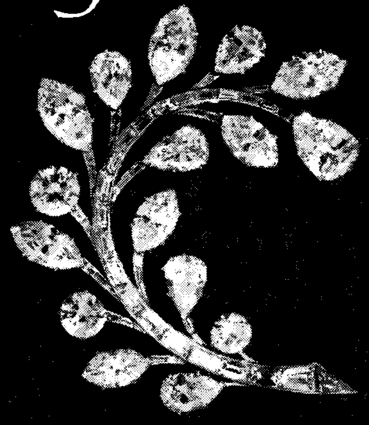

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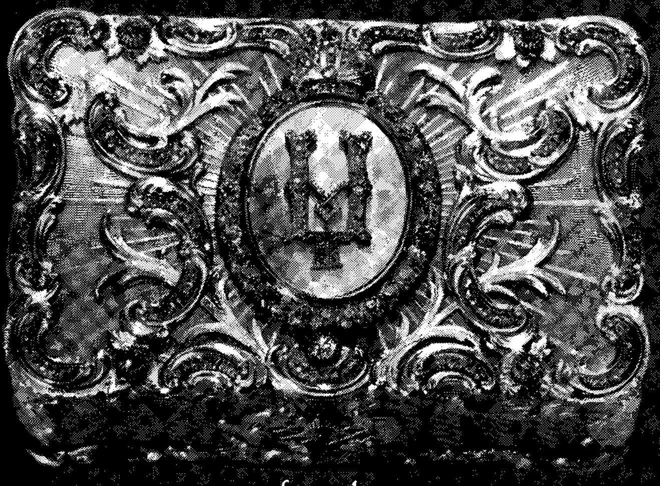

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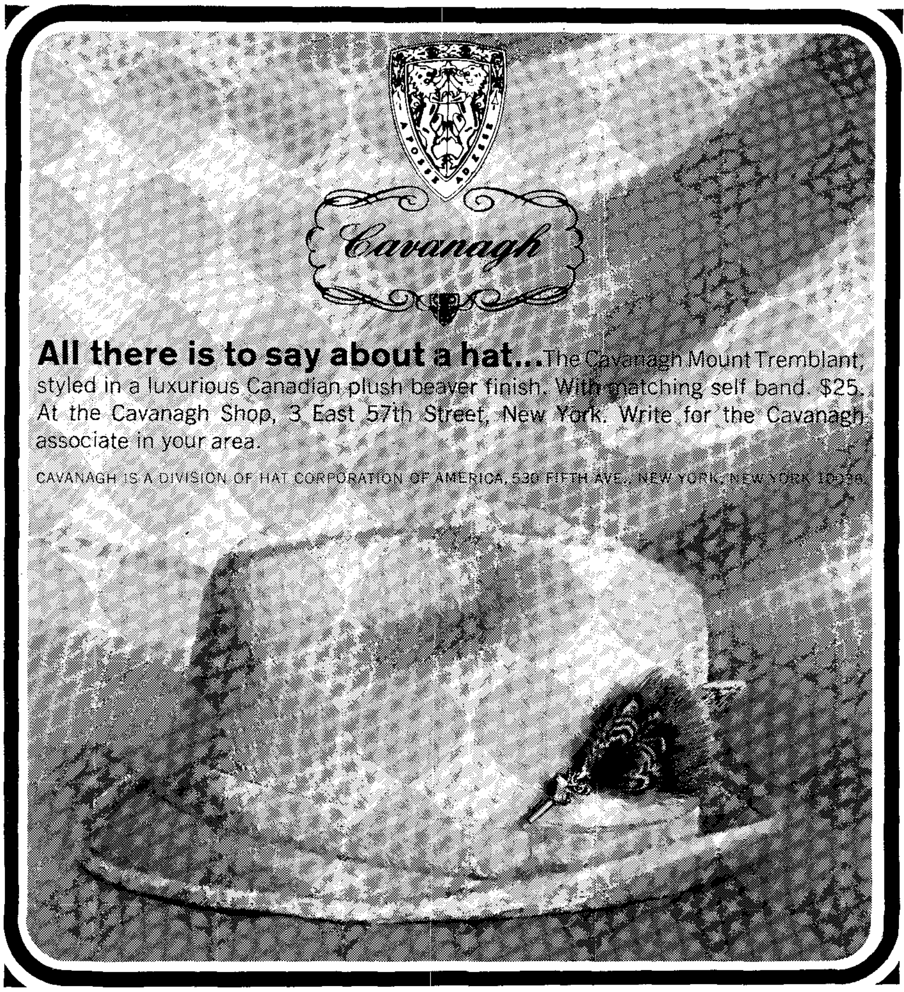
intellectual mediocrity of teachers' colleges everywhere, but they were the only non-vocational state-supported institutions of higher learning in New York.

The regents persistently argued that New York's private colleges could meet all demands for higher education in the state. In 1947, New York had more private colleges than any other state—ninety-four degree-granting institutions, plus fourteen junior colleges. For those who could not afford to pay the tuition fees at private colleges, the regents had sponsored a system of state scholarships that was by far the most extensive program of its kind in the country. Whenever the need for a state university was brought up, as happened from time to time, the regents denied that any such need existed, and urged continued reliance, as the official report of a 1937 Regents Inquiry phrased it, "on the New York State scholarship system, not on the western public-university system, for the realization of greater educational opportunity at the college or university level." Even as late as 1944, when it had become obvious to most educators that there would be an enormous increase in college enrollment after the war, the regents' "Postwar Plan for Education in the State of New York" reasserted their confidence in the private colleges' ability to meet all demands, and proposed a modest increase in state scholarship funds to provide college training for ten per cent of the more gifted graduates of public high schools.

Two years later, with the enrollment crisis threatening to engulf the private colleges, higher education suddenly became a central political issue in the state. Early in 1946, two downstate Democrats in the legislature announced that they planned to hold public hearings on the need for a state university, as demonstrated by recent disclosures of racial discrimination in the admission policies of New York's private colleges and universities. A state institution, the legislators said, would have to accept students belonging to minority groups without prejudice. Largely as a result of the clamor over discrimination, Governor Dewey asked the legislature to create a special commission "to the end that we will have a sound evaluation of our system of higher education." The Temporary Commission on the Need for a State University, as it was officially designated, came into being in July, 1946, and consisted of thirty members representing all shades of opinion on the question. The chairman, Owen D. Young, a Democrat who had also been a mem-



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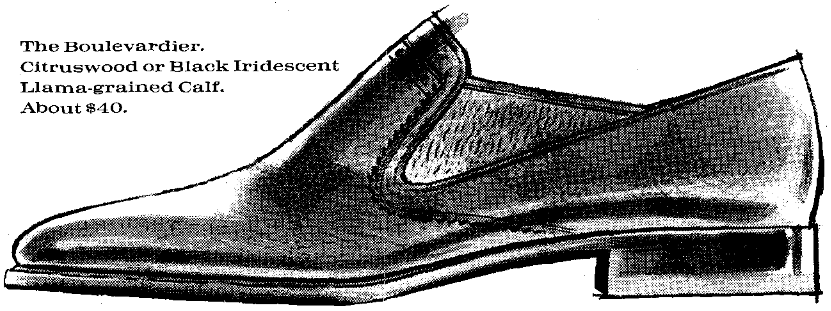

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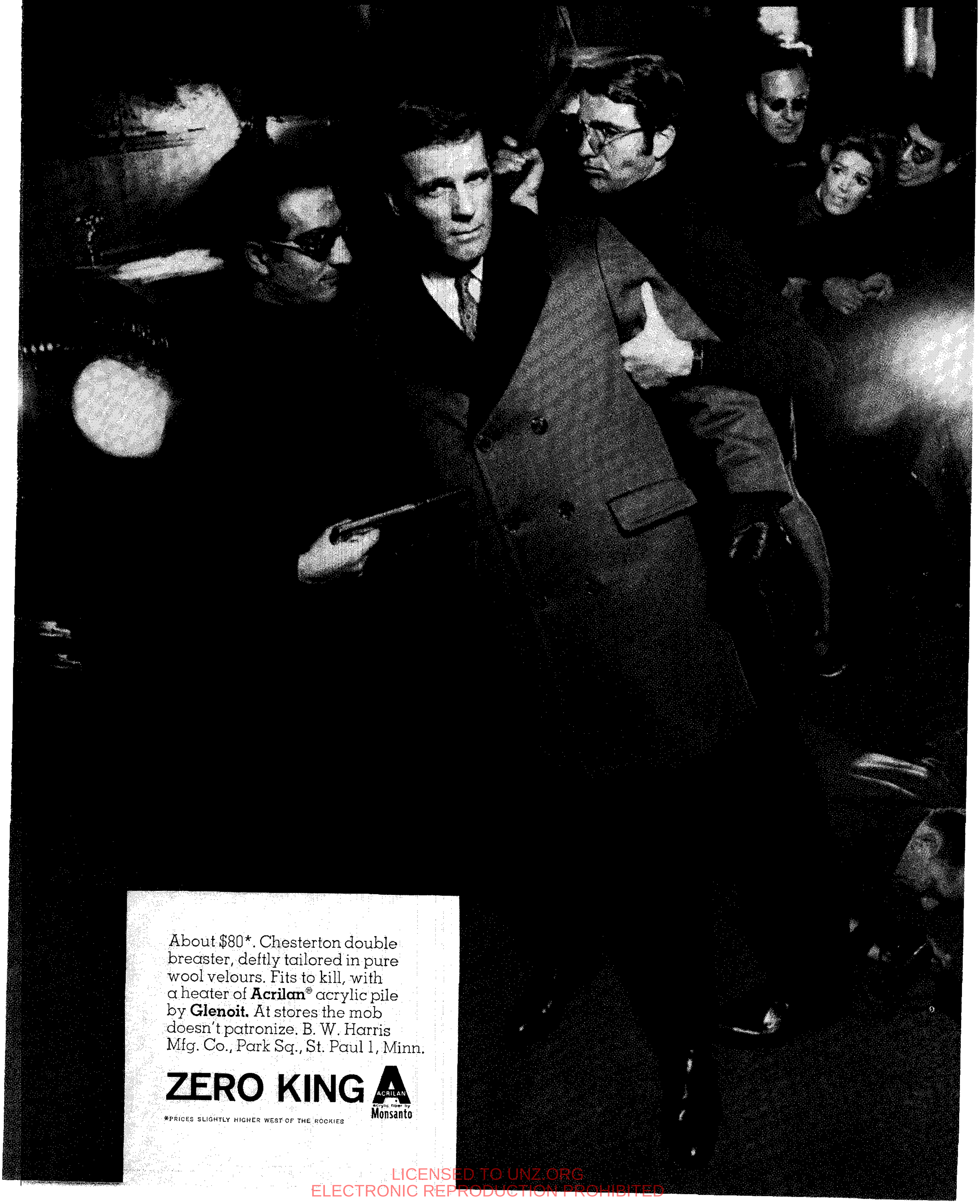

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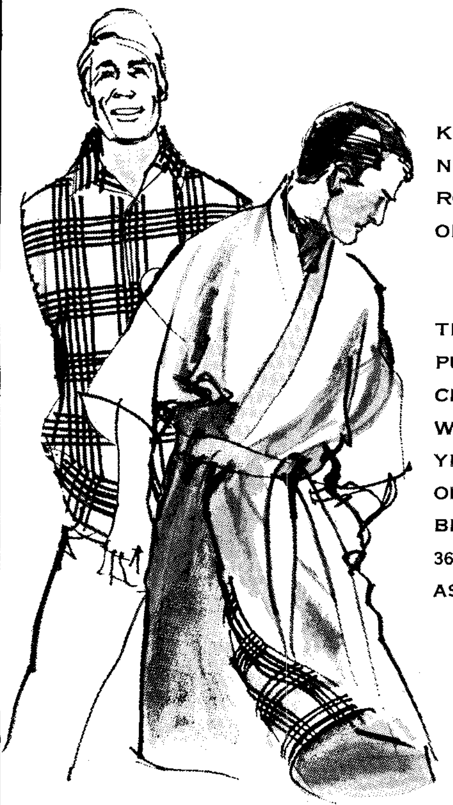
ber of the board of regents, announced at the outset that there would be no politics in the commission. In that, he was much mistaken.

During the year and a half that the Young Commission wrestled with the problem, its members were subjected to intense political pressure from all sides. The regents, the State Education Department, and the representatives of New York's private colleges and universities were solidly opposed to any expansion of state-supported higher education except in technical or vocational schools. Downstate Democrats and representatives of minority groups ardently championed the state-university concept, and upstate Republicans—reflecting the traditional division in New York State politics—tended to support the regents. There were bitter disagreements over almost every item on the commission's agenda, and it became common practice for some of its members to release to the press selected excerpts from the minutes of their supposedly confidential sessions as a means of exerting pressure on their opponents. Political conflicts brought the commission's work to a virtual halt in 1947, and it took a sort of *deus ex machina* to resolve the deadlock. Governor Dewey, who was reported to be lukewarm to the state-university idea, was preparing to run against Harry Truman for the Presidency in 1948. When a President's Commission on Higher Education appointed by Truman in 1946 came out very strongly a year and a half later for expanded state and federal aid to higher education, there was an almost immediate change in the attitude of several key Republicans on the Young Commission—including, most notably, Dewey's personal representative on the commission, State Budget Director John E. Burton, who in the past had opposed all large state expenditures for education. In February, 1948, after a great deal of intricate negotiation over details, the commission presented a unanimous final report to Dewey. The report recommended the establishment of a state university, under the general supervision of the regents but with its own board of trustees, appointed by the governor—a signal victory for those who had been critical of the regents' influence on higher education in the state over the years. The university would take over the eleven existing state teachers' colleges, together with a number of other educational facilities then being administered by the regents, and it would construct or otherwise acquire new facilities, including two med-



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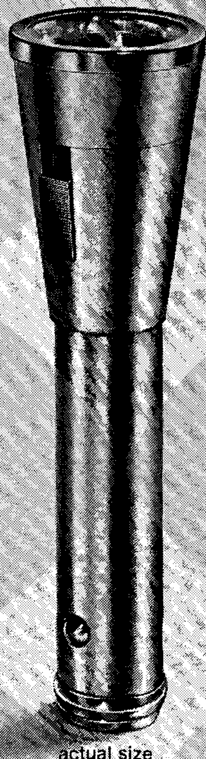

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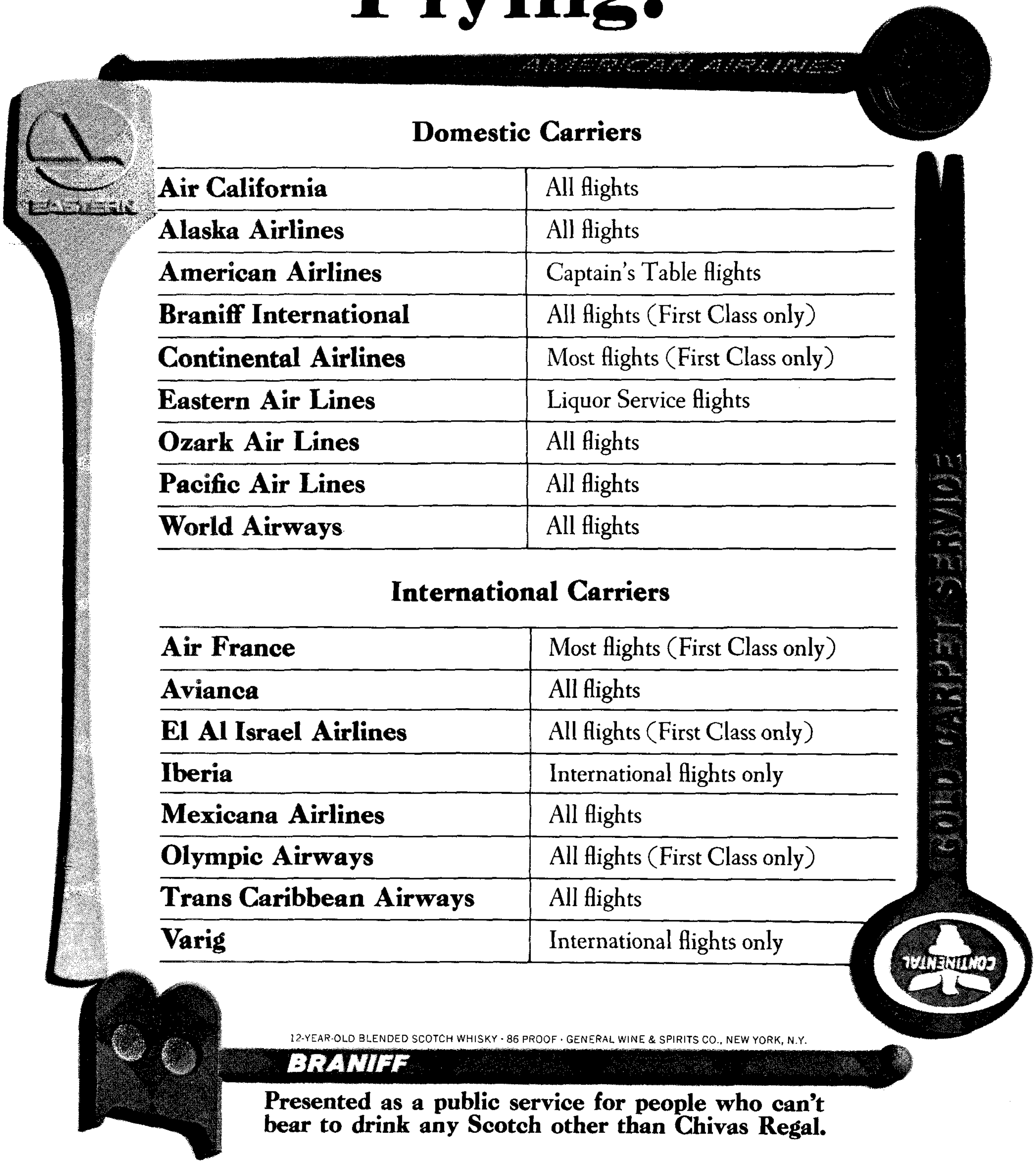

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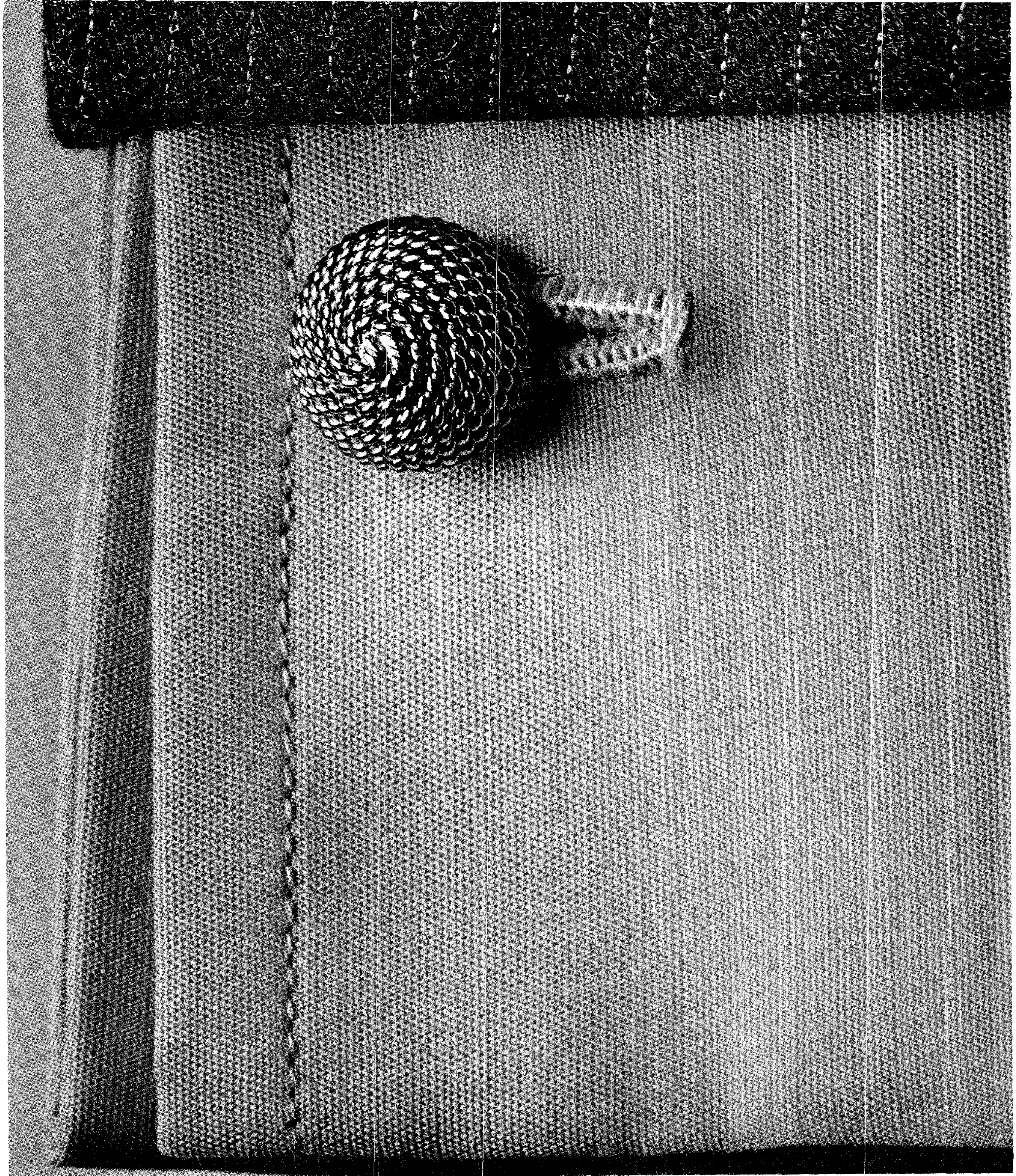

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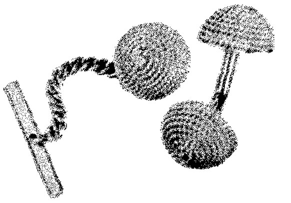

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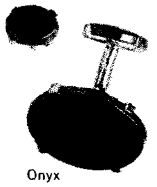

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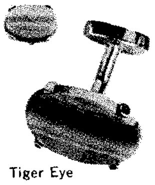

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ical schools and several four-year colleges. It would also establish and administer in all parts of the state a system of two-year community colleges, which were to be locally sponsored institutions receiving one-third of their income from the state, one-third from the local community, and one-third from student tuition. For the first time in its history, New York State accepted the responsibility of providing inexpensive higher education at the undergraduate, graduate, and professional levels.

But the political struggle was by no means over. It now centered on the issue of control. Moving quickly, Dewey had three bills drafted that incorporated most of the commission's proposals but rephrased them in such a way that the power of the regents was further reduced; in fact, all powers of administration for the new university were to reside with a fifteen-member board of trustees to be appointed by the governor. The regents introduced alternative legislation designed to assure ultimate control for themselves. Dewey's program, which had bipartisan sponsorship, was passed into law on March 11, 1948, and the regents immediately set out to fight for legislative revision at the next session. They mounted a campaign throughout the state in support of what eventually became the Condon-Barrett Bill, which reasserted the supreme authority of the regents. The "battle of the boards," as it was called, lasted until March 23, 1949, when the Condon-Barrett Bill was defeated in the state assembly by a vote of 94 to 49. A tentative working agreement between the two boards was then arranged, under which the trustees would have complete administrative control over the State University but would be subject to general supervision by the regents of such matters as curricula, standards of instruction, and admission policies. On April 1, 1949, the trustees Dewey had appointed officially took over the management of the existing units of the system, which then numbered twenty-nine, and the State University of New York, with Alvin C. Eurich as its first president, came into being. Its motto, tremulous but brave, was "Let Each Become All He Is Capable of Being."

A good deal was accomplished during the next few years. Eurich had the full support of the board of trustees, and the regents, who had accepted their defeat with reasonably good grace, approved his budget, his building program, and his first academic master plan. The university acquired two

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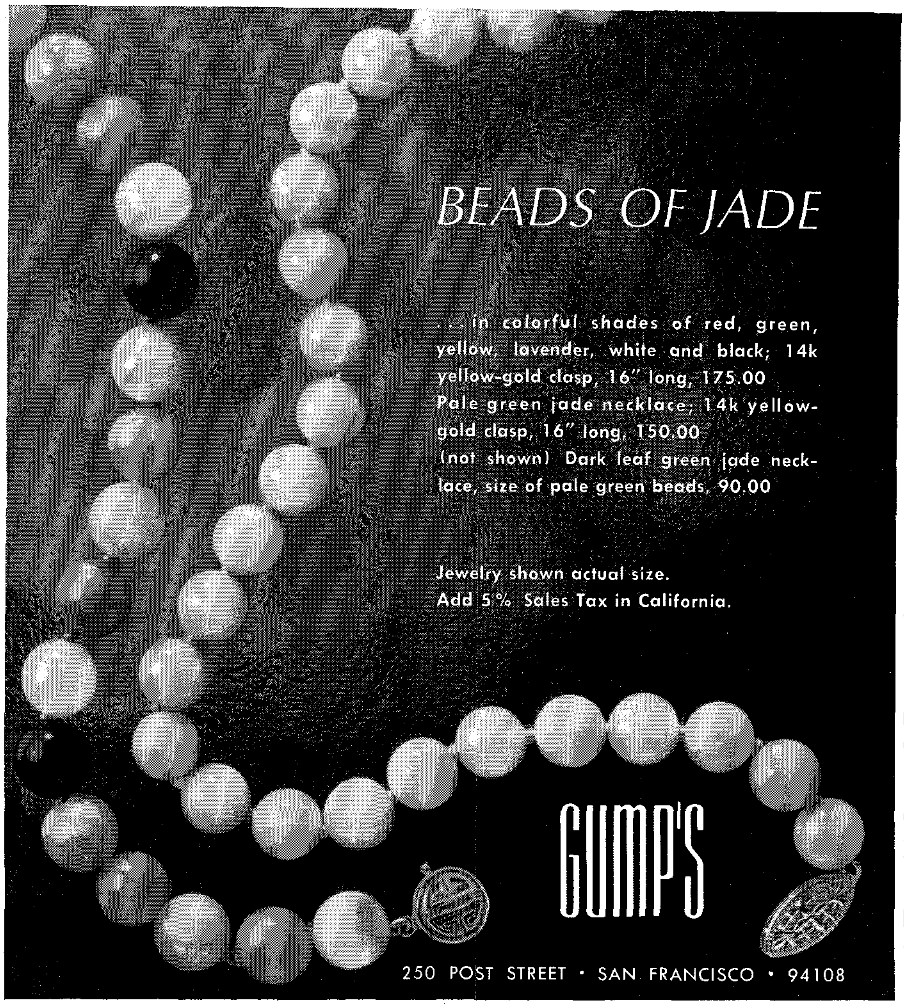
medical centers in 1950 by taking over two private institutions—Long Island College of Medicine, in Brooklyn, and the Syracuse University College of Medicine, which became known as the Downstate Medical Center and the Upstate Medical Center, respectively. In the same year, it took over an existing institution that it named Harpur College, near Binghamton; this was the system's first liberal-arts college, and it eventually became the nucleus of the university center at Binghamton. The obstacles that Eurich encountered were enormous, however. At every one of the teachers' colleges—including Albany, which was scheduled to become a university center in the system—members of the faculty had signed a petition against being incorporated into the state system, and several of these venerable institutions fought tooth and nail against all suggested changes. The specialized colleges—which included the Colleges of Agriculture, Home Economics, Industrial and Labor Relations, and Veterinary Medicine at Cornell, the College of Forestry at Syracuse, and the College of Ceramics at Alfred University—also showed little inclination to consider themselves part of the State University. Many of the state's private colleges and universities—including Cornell, Syracuse, and Alfred—were still openly hostile to the growth of the State University, and it was almost certainly as a result of pressure from their supporters that the board of trustees, in 1950, made a formal agreement that for the next ten years liberal-arts courses would be offered at only one college (Harpur) throughout the state system.

When Eurich resigned in 1951, to accept a job with the Ford Foundation, a new time of troubles began. The university's second president, William S. Carlson, who had been president of the University of Vermont before coming to New York, clashed with the board of trustees when he proposed that a main campus for the entire university be established in Albany. He resigned in 1958—the year after New York's voters approved a two-hundred-and-fifty-million-dollar bond issue for the State University. ("If we'd had a central campus at Albany, we would never have won that vote," Frank Moore said recently.) The bond issue averted an impending financial crisis, but neither Governor Harriman, who had succeeded Dewey in 1955, nor Thomas H. Hamilton, who had held a high administrative post at Michigan State University before he became Carlson's successor as president of the



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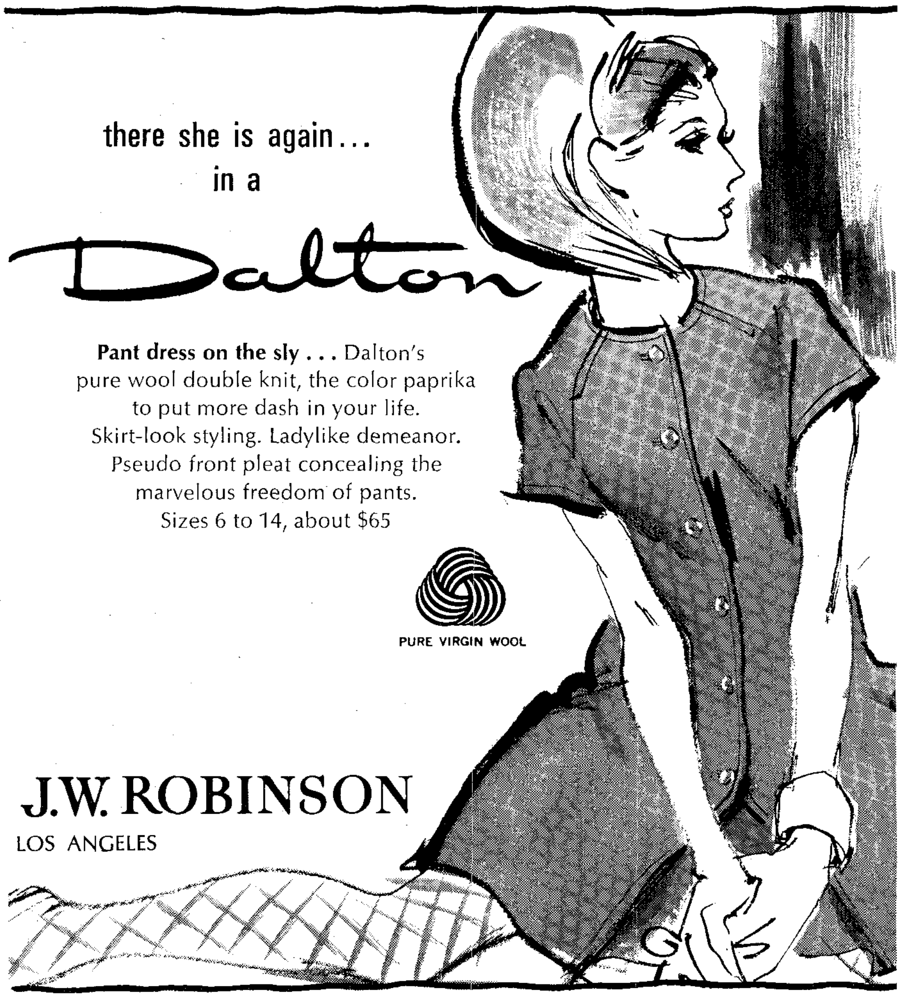

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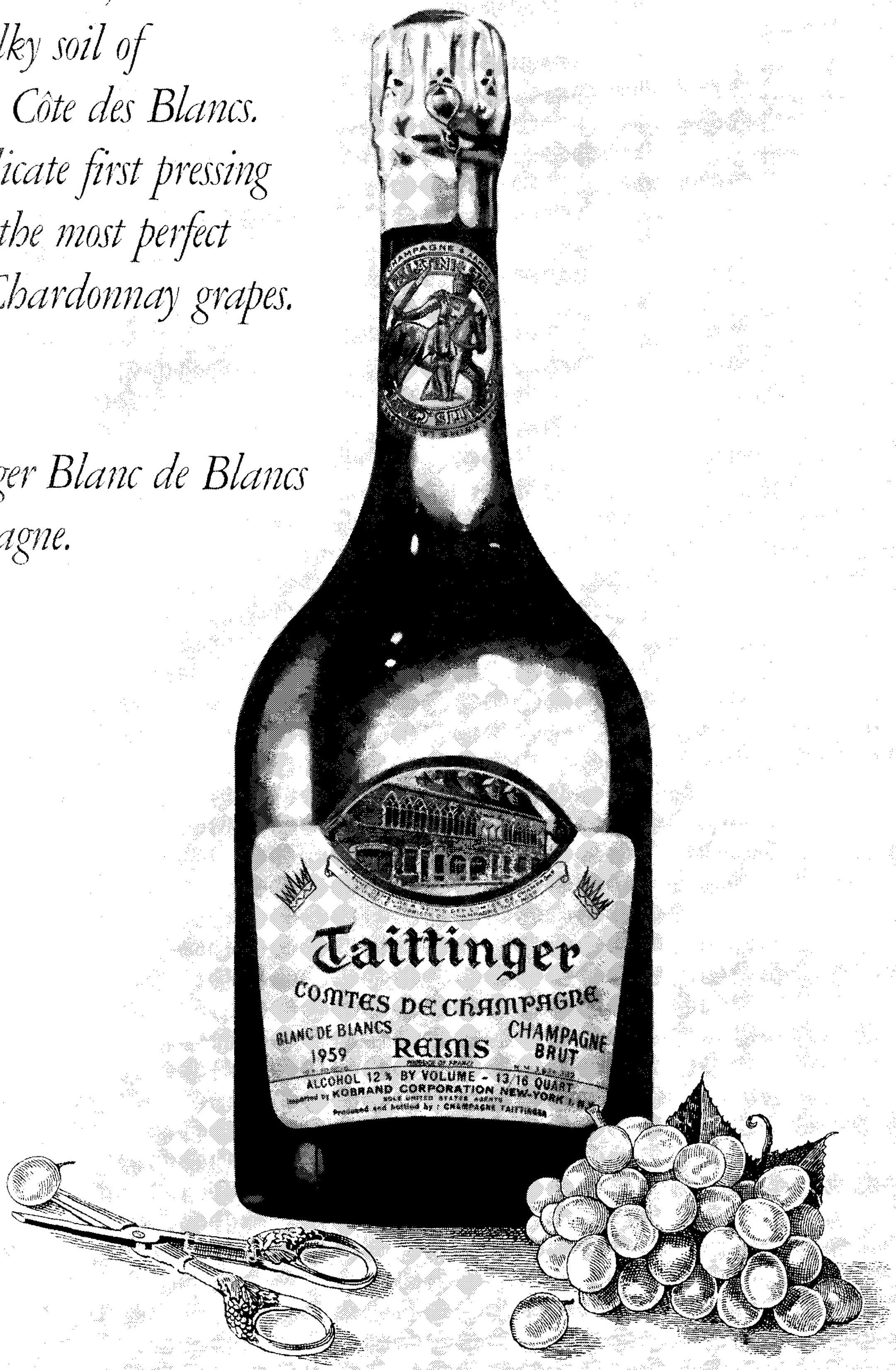
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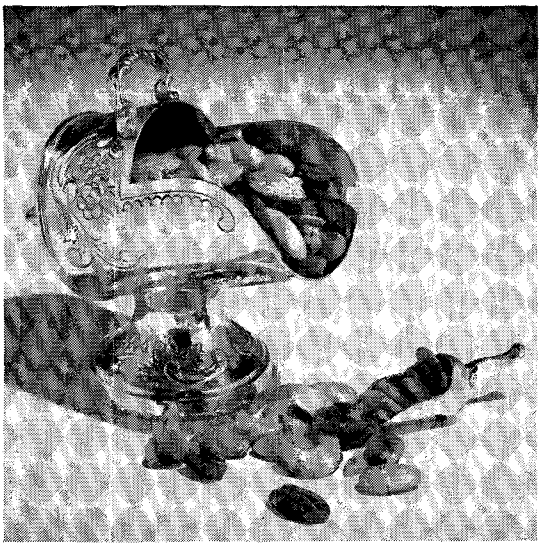

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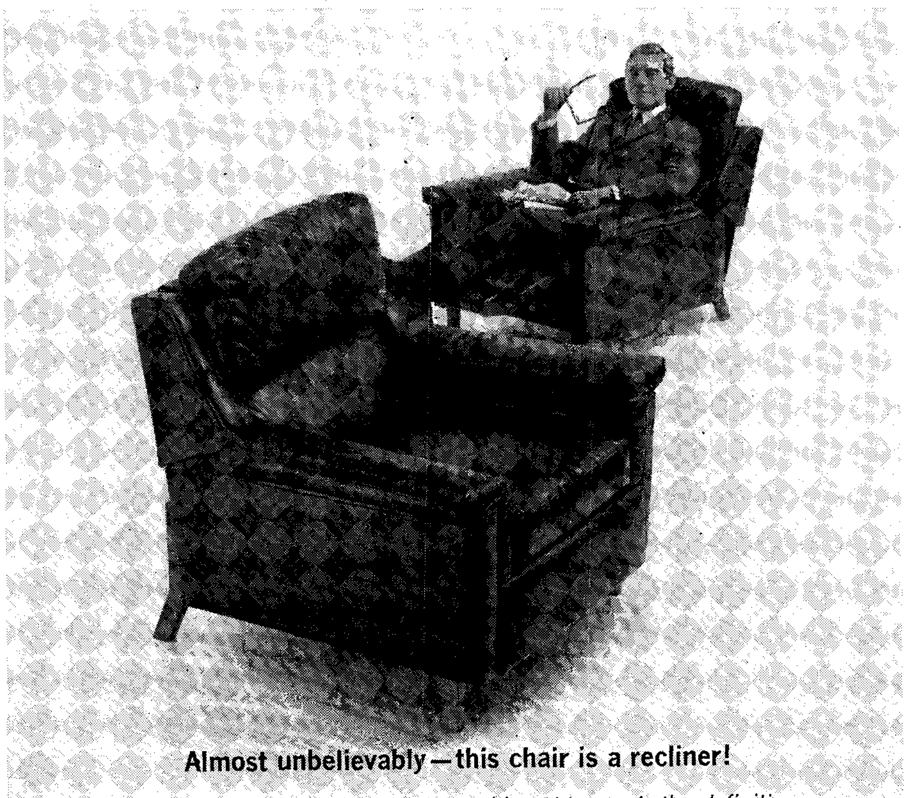

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State University in 1959, seemed really anxious to put the money to use. The State University, in fact, had sunk into a condition of psychological inertia in the late nineteen-fifties. "The whole attitude then, inside the university and out, was apparently to accept the idea of being second-rate," Gould told me. "Can you imagine calling yourself a university and at the same time agreeing to allow liberal arts at only one college?"

Then the situation began to change. Governor Rockefeller, who was elected in 1958, appointed a new commission, late in 1959, to look into the state's higher-education needs. It was a distinguished commission, headed by Henry T. Heald, the president of the Ford Foundation, and its report, issued toward the end of 1960, called for a great increase in the public commitment to higher education. The Heald Commission predicted that the enrollment in New York colleges and universities would double by 1970 and triple by 1985—projections that were far in excess of current estimates but have since come to seem far too low. (Until very recently, most of the thinking along these lines did not take sufficient account of the technological pressures that are steadily reducing the number of unskilled jobs available to young people, and thus making advanced training of some sort after high school an economic necessity.) The Heald Commission recommended that in order to cope with this increase in enrollment the State University should immediately begin converting its teachers' colleges into genuine liberal-arts colleges, that graduate work should be offered at two university centers, and that the system of two-year community colleges should be greatly expanded. Rather than content itself with supplementing the private colleges, the State University, in the commission's view, should become "a top-quality system with a character of its own."

Among those who were impressed by the Heald Commission's recommendations was Rockefeller, who announced at the start of his second term, in 1962, that higher education was at the top of his list of major objectives. The amount of state aid to higher education has increased enormously since then—only California now spends more—and a large share of it has gone to the State University. Also in 1962, on Rockefeller's initiative, a State University Construction Fund was set up as a separately financed agency, charged with carrying out a long-range program of new construction amounting to $3,200,000,000

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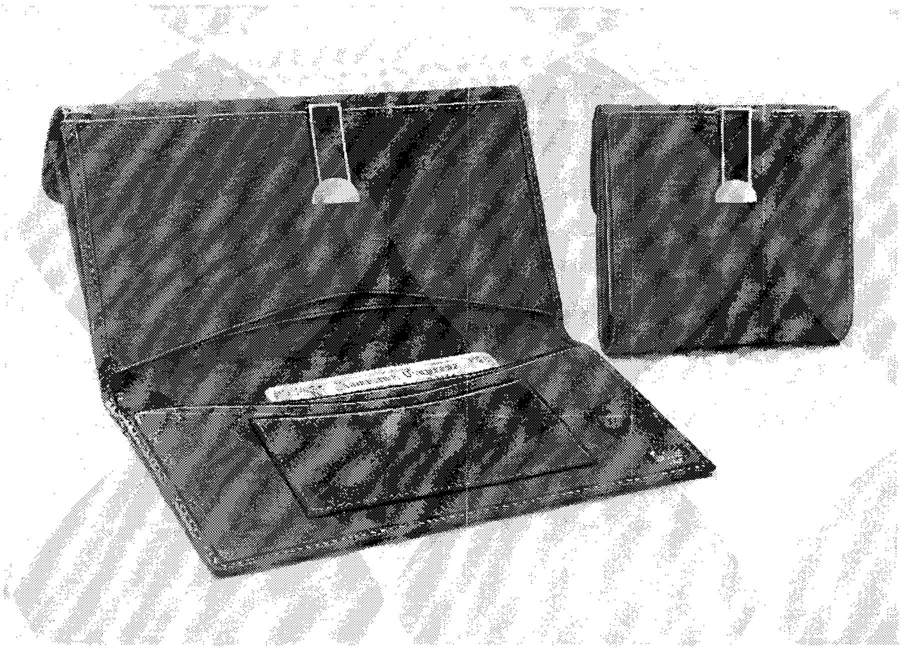

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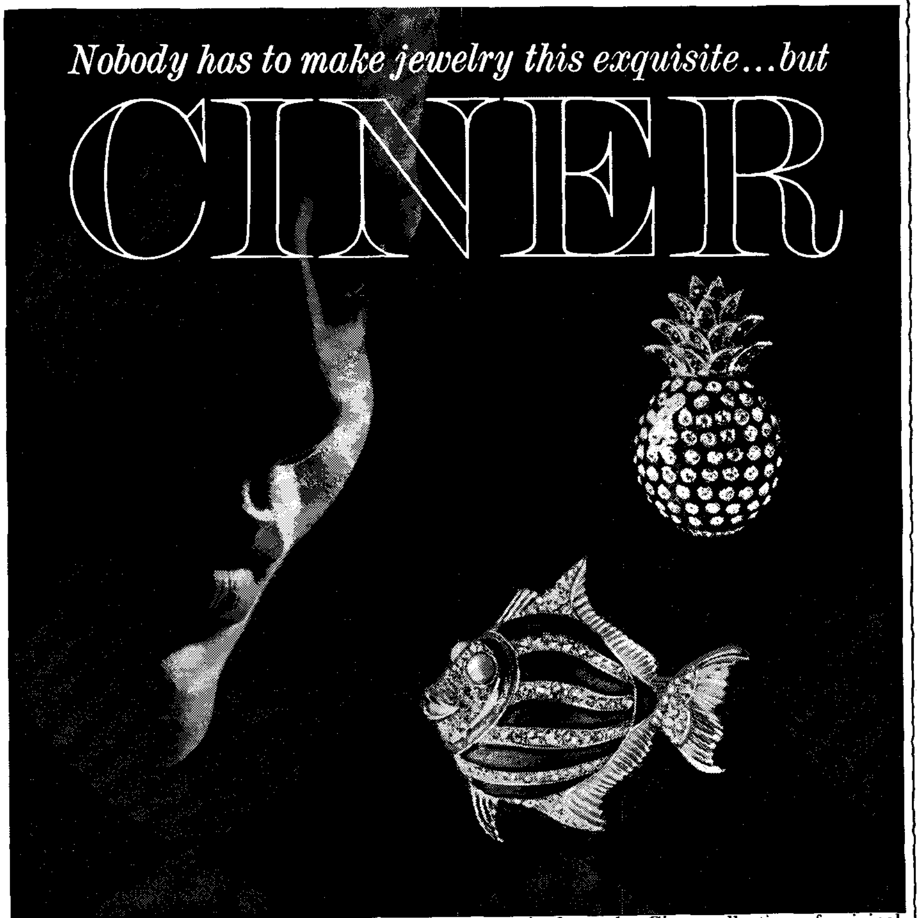

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and financed out of student tuition. There have been complaints from some campus administrations that they have scarcely been consulted by the Construction Fund, which has gone ahead and chosen architects and approved plans on its own. There have also been persistent demands from some quarters for the abolishment of student tuition, which currently ranges from four hundred to eight hundred dollars a year—although, as Gould often points out, very few students pay full tuition and, in any event, the charges are substantially the same as the total amount most students pay in various incidental fees at a number of nominally tuition-free institutions. Rockefeller's device of separating construction costs from the university's operating budget has been criticized by conservatives as fiscal sleight of hand, and on that score there is no doubt that the separation does make the university's budgetary requests somewhat more palatable to the state legislature than they would otherwise seem.

In accordance with the Heald Commission's recommendation that two new graduate schools be established, the small State University college temporarily situated in Oyster Bay moved out to Stony Brook, on the North Shore of Long Island, and began a whirlwind expansion, and the old private University of Buffalo became—much to the anguish of certain alumni—a State University center. (Buffalo's Health Sciences Center gave the State University its third medical school.) Just at this point, Thomas Hamilton, after serving a little more than three years as the third president of the State University, informed the board of trustees that he was resigning as of January 1, 1963, to become president of the University of Hawaii.

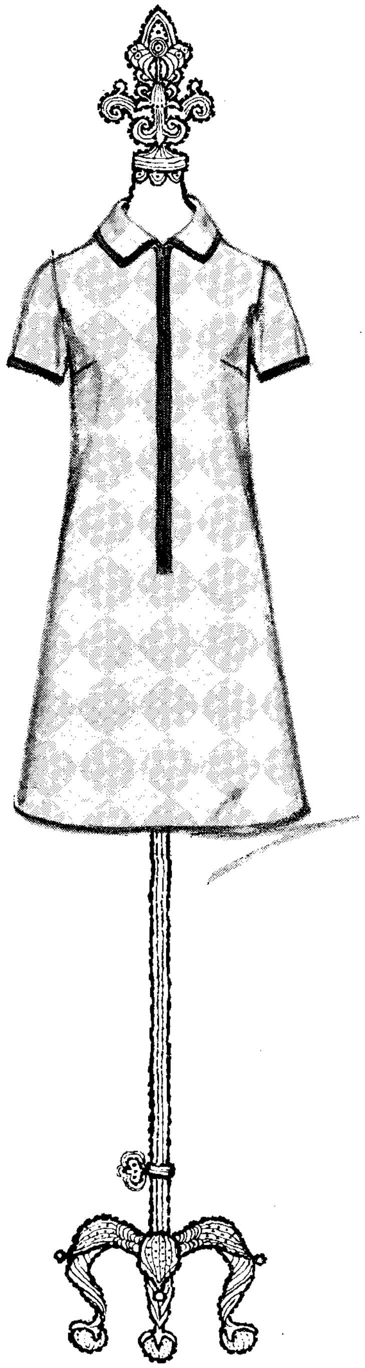
THE board of trustees considered approximately a hundred and fifty possible candidates for the job of president during the next year and a half, but it seemed that nobody wanted it. Salary was a major stumbling block; the State University budget then allowed $28,875 a year for the president. (The figure was raised to $40,000 just before Gould was appointed.) Most of the candidates were also deterred by the administrative labyrinth in Albany—the red tape, the civil-service restraints on hiring and firing, the need to account to the legislature for every item of the university budget, and above all the diffusion of authority among the trustees, the State Education Department, the board of regents, and the president. Although the working agreement between the regents and the trustees had been maintained, there continued to be a lot of tension and uncertainty in the air. The Heald Commission's report in 1960 had said that only "good will on all sides" had prevented a complete breakdown of the state's entire system of higher education. A new study of the State University, which was carried out in 1964 by a committee under the chairmanship of Herman B. Wells, the chancellor of Indiana University, strongly recommended giving the State University "substantially increased powers of self-determination," but there was no assurance that any such change was going to take place. This was how matters stood in the spring of 1964, when Frank Moore, who had done more than anyone else to hold the university together during those troubled years, arranged a meeting with the somewhat discouraged president of Channel 13.

"I was enthusiastic about Gould from the start," Moore has said. "Most of the other candidates had wanted to know first off about salary, about the sort of house they'd get, about a car and driver—things like that. Gould didn't ask one of those questions. He asked about the red tape and the other problems, and he asked what the opportunities were."

As for Gould, he remembers primarily that "the board of trustees said that they wanted a great university, and that they were ready to support the new president to the fullest extent." Looking back on the experience, Gould said not long ago, "It appeared to me that here was an institution that had enormous problems but that had only one way to go—up. Also, I felt that here was the greatest educational laboratory in the world. If there was any place where you could try new approaches and wouldn't be hemmed in by tradition, this was it."

Gould's first action upon taking office that September was to throw out a four-year academic master plan that had been drawn up by the university's staff and was due for submission to the legislature in thirty days. "We got an extension for two months, and we rewrote the whole thing," he told me. "I just felt that it had to be a much stronger plan—one that indicated our future pattern better. As clearly as possible, I tried to indicate that all our efforts would go toward what I considered the university's three main goals—unity, identity, and excellence."

The formal inauguration of the new president was an elaborate and rather



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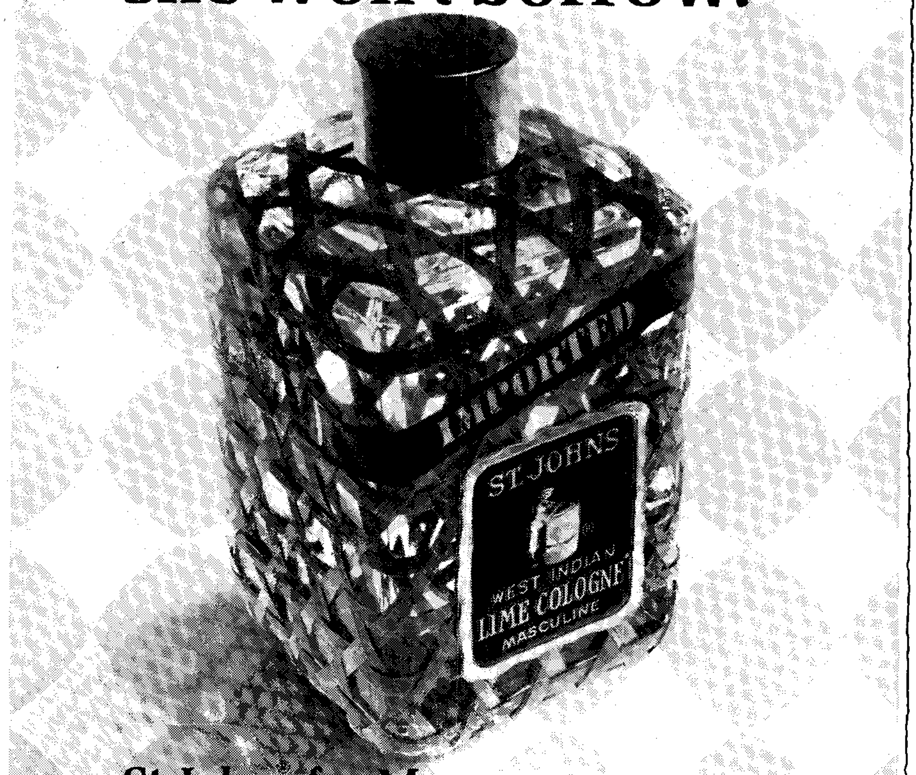

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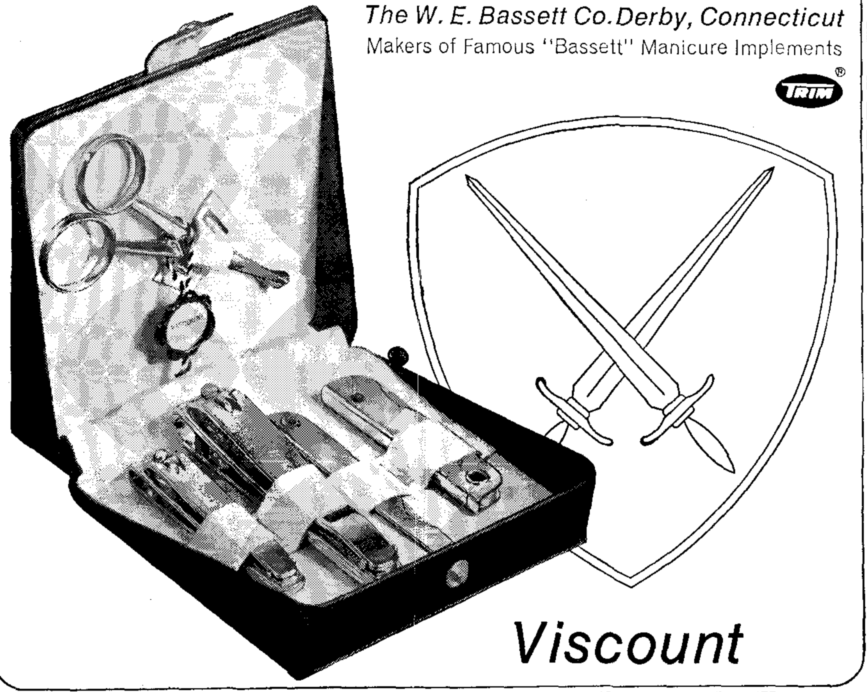
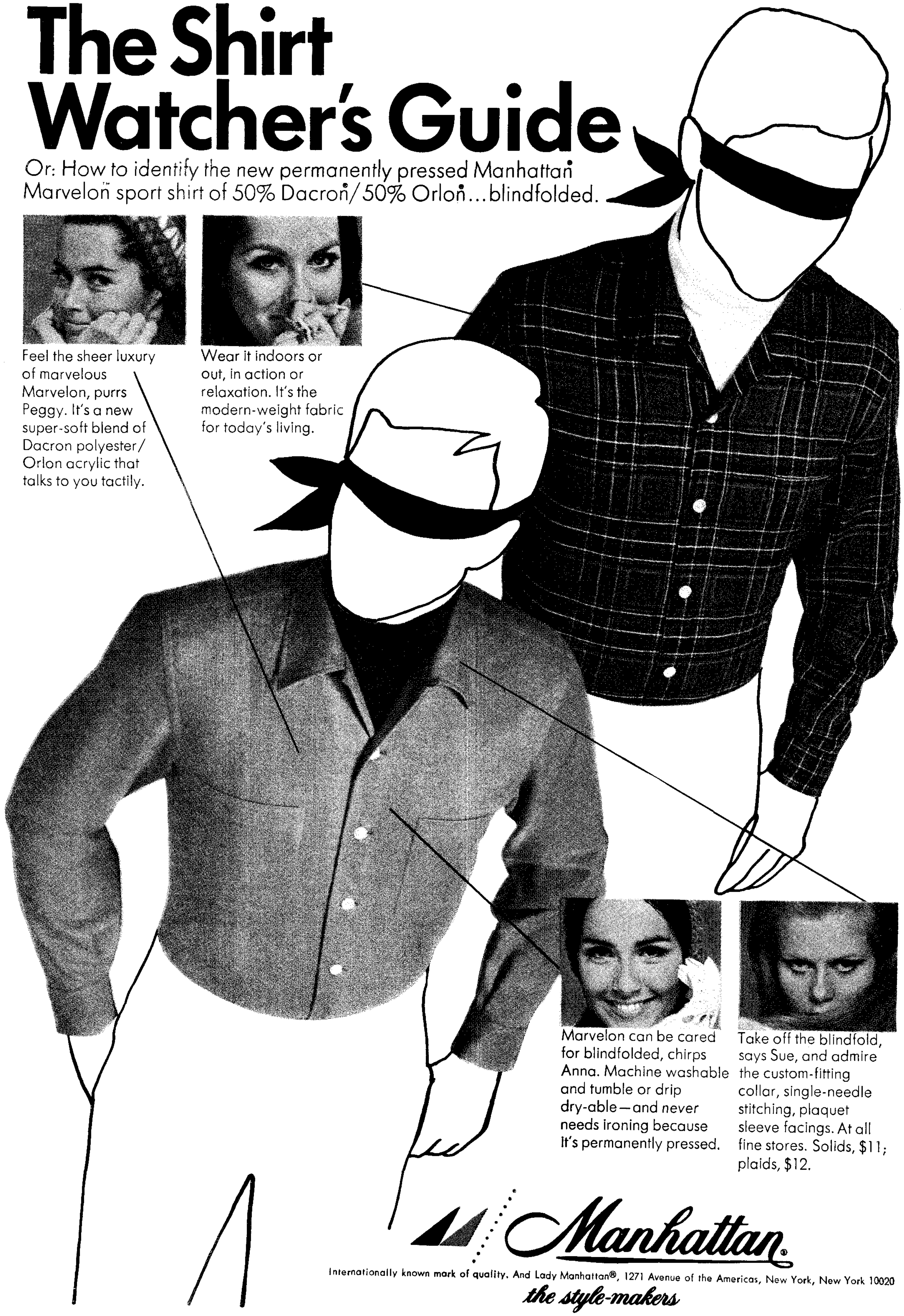


grandiose ceremony at Lincoln Center, and was denounced by State Assemblyman Edwyn E. Mason as "an extravagant misuse of public funds." It was designed, as Gould has explained, "to let the people of the state see that they had a university of size and consequence," and he has since been at pains to spread that idea throughout the State University as well. One of his projects has been a highly ambitious intercampus program in the arts—this year, for example, the groups scheduled to appear have included the Buffalo Philharmonic, the Dorian Quintet, and the Merce Cunningham dance group—and he intends eventually to have regular State University repertory companies performing at all the campuses in the system. This sort of thing, he feels, not only helps to tie all branches of the university together by demonstrating the advantages of a statewide system but also tends to break down the parochialism that still infects some of the upstate branches. Another effort in this direction is the Center for International Studies and World Affairs near Oyster Bay. Run by Glenn A. Olds, who resigned as president of Springfield College, in Massachusetts, to take the job, it is by far the most extensive international-exchange program ever contemplated; according to current plans, it will eventually involve some sixteen thousand students a year—seven thousand from foreign countries, scattered throughout the State University, and nine thousand students from New York studying abroad.

Probably the most widely admired of Gould's achievements so far has been his success in attracting outstanding educators like Olds to the State University. In 1965, Gould persuaded the highly respected scientist John S. Toll, who had built one of the nation's strongest physics departments at the University of Maryland, to become president of the university center at Stony Brook. Toll, in turn, has recruited for his faculty, among others, the biologist H. Bentley Glass, from Johns Hopkins; the literary critic Alfred Kazin; the poet Louis A. M. Simpson; the economist Robert Lekachman, from Barnard; and—his prize catch—C. N. Yang, a Nobel laureate in physics, from the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, who now occupies the hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year Albert Einstein Chair at Stony Brook. Yang's presence on the campus, along with its proximity to the Brookhaven National Laboratory (only fifteen miles away), has made Stony Brook nationally prominent as a



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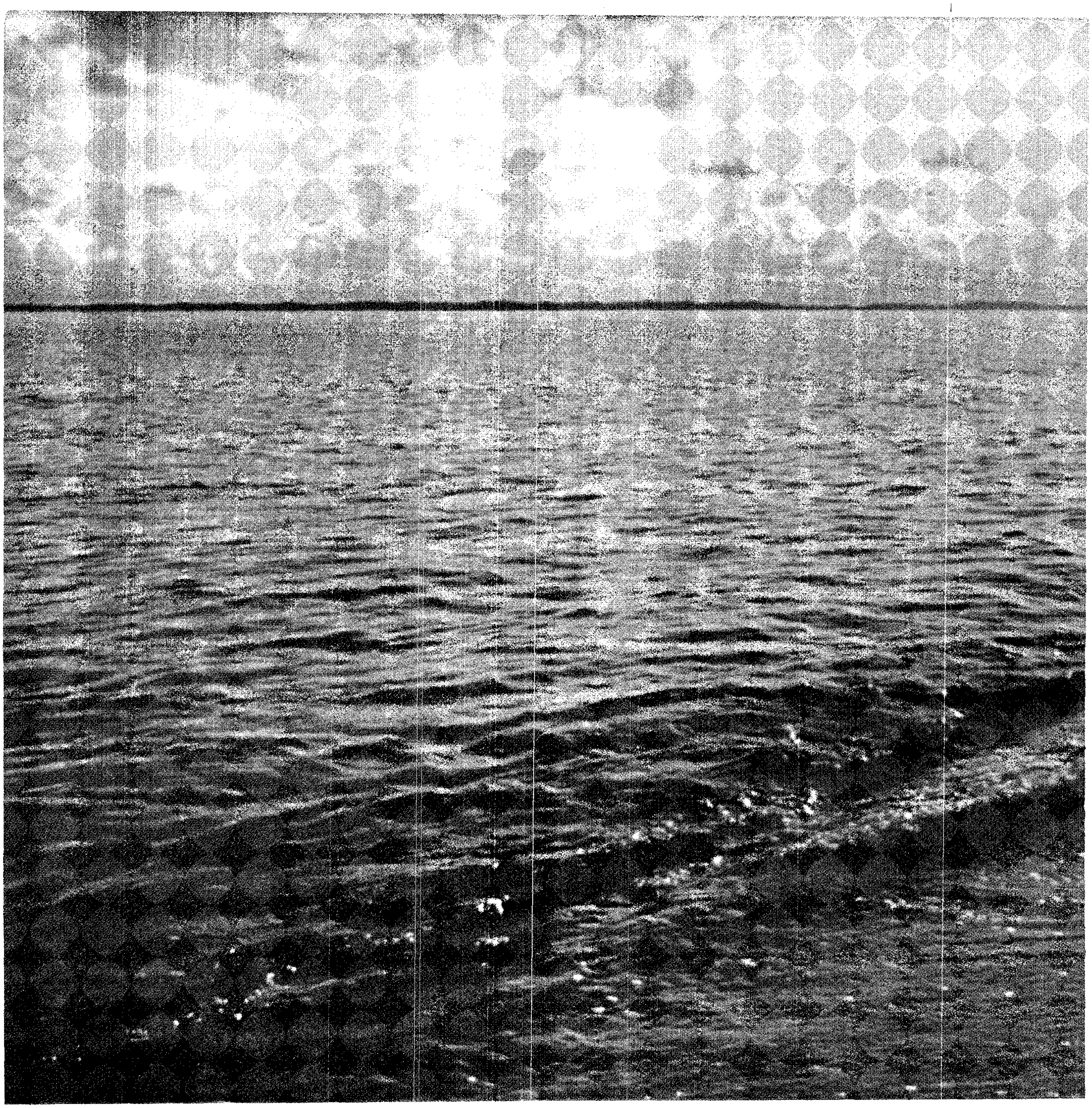

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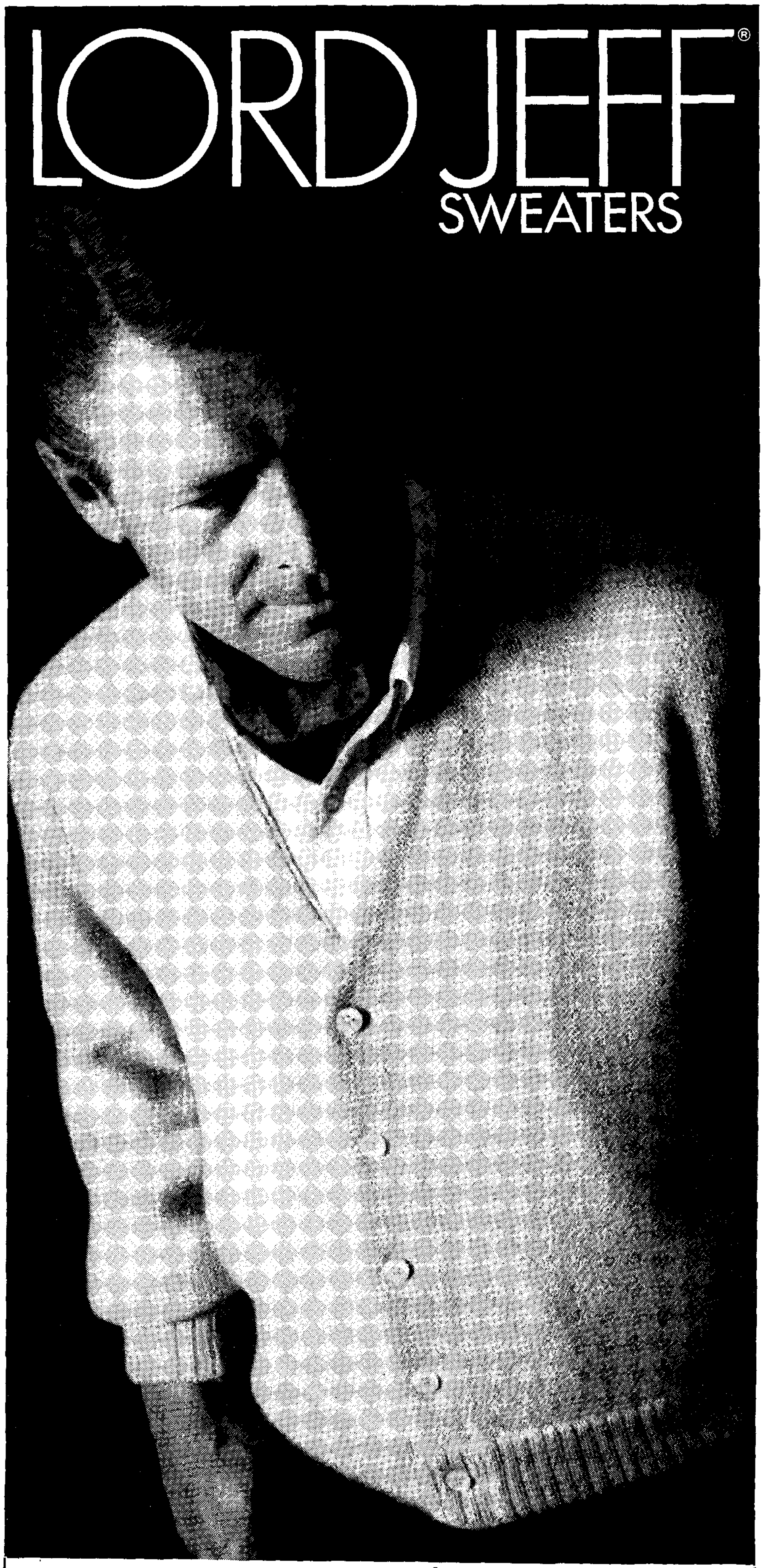
center for physics research—it has been called an "instant Berkeley"—and Toll is now hard at work trying to bring the humanities faculty up to a position of equal strength. Gould has recently recruited Abbott Kaplan, the associate dean of the College of Fine Arts at U.C.L.A., to head the new art-centered college in Westchester and Harris L. Wofford, Jr., a former associate director of the Peace Corps, to head the new college in Nassau County.

At Buffalo, Gould did not encourage President Clifford Furnas to stay on past retirement age. Furnas had run the old private University of Buffalo effectively but dictatorially for eight years and the State University's center at Buffalo for its first four years, and he was not disposed to listen to any advice from Albany. Gould's recommendation to succeed him was Martin Meyerson, the dean of the College of Environmental Design at Berkeley. (As acting chancellor at Berkeley in 1965 during the free-speech demonstrations, Meyerson managed to keep the confidence of students and faculty members alike, and has been widely credited with having preserved whatever order there was during that period.) Although Buffalo had had a few first-rate academic departments—notably in music and English—it had never been a distinguished private university, and its personnel problems were immense. (They were not helped last spring, when the well-known novelist and literary critic Leslie Fiedler, a professor of English at Buffalo, was arrested after the police, in a raid, claimed they found some marijuana in his house. Fiedler has received the full and unqualified support of President Meyerson and the faculty, and he will probably return to Buffalo after a year's leave of absence abroad.) Faculty recruitment at Buffalo is now proceeding apace, aided by large infusions of money from Albany to raise salary levels.

So far, Gould has invested twenty-six new presidents and filled a total of fifty-odd major positions within the system, and the general feeling is that he has made few mistakes. At the moment, of course, the whole question of academic leadership is a highly charged one. The three main bodies within any university—the administration, the faculty, and the students—have been coming up with conflicting notions of how the great "multiversities" should be run now that most of the ancient barriers between the campus and the outside world are crumbling. And what with rapidly rising costs, huge



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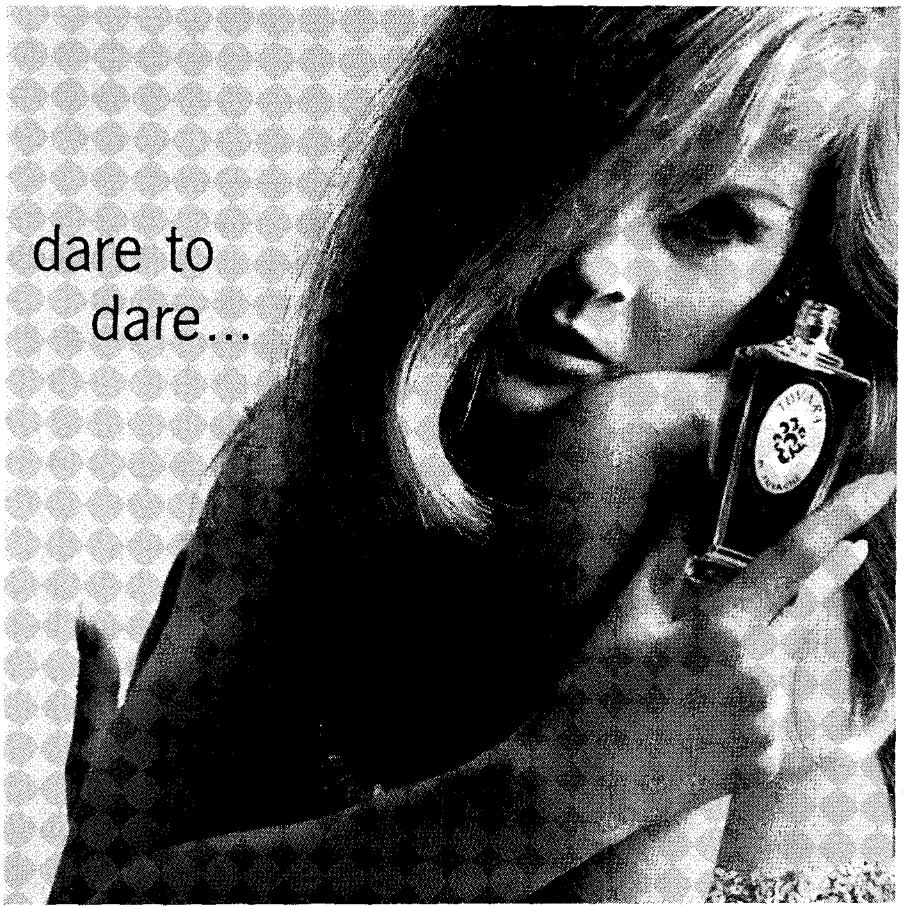

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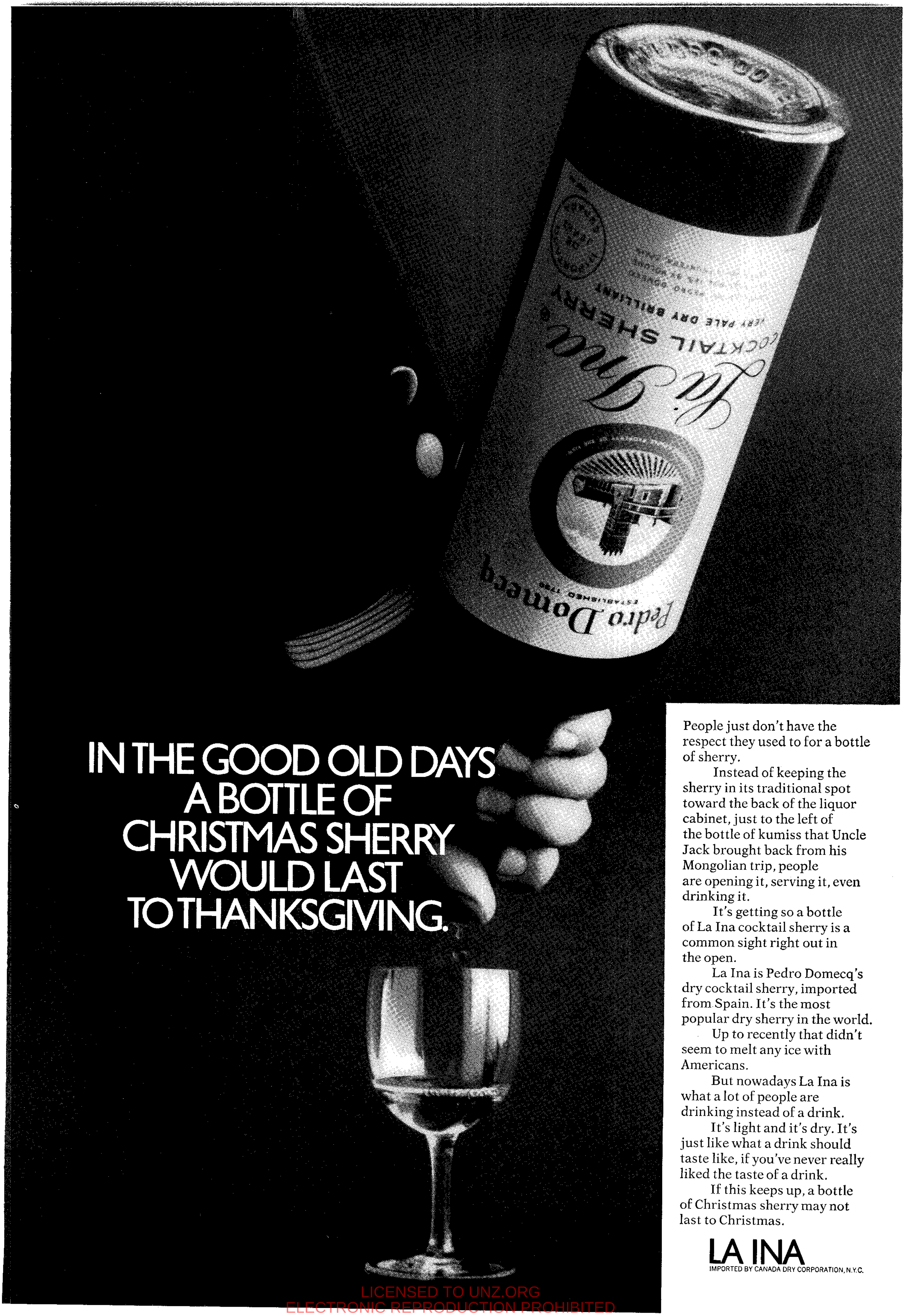
government research grants, and fierce competition for faculty "stars," there is scarcely an aspect of academic life that is not subject to uncertainty and new strains. Gould is alert to these conflicts, having seen the beginnings of most of them while he was at Santa Barbara. Remembering his frustrations there, he has encouraged the various presidents within the State University system to make their own decisions, without constantly looking to Albany for approval, and one of his main considerations in appointing new administrators has been whether or not a prospect is capable of making his own decisions. Also, in spite of his bitter experiences with faculty committees at the University of California, he has worked hard to build up a strong faculty organization within the State University. Soon after taking office, he called a meeting of the faculty senate—a university-wide body that had been moribund for several years. "The senate's rejuvenation dates from that meeting," one of its leading members told me recently. "Gould said, 'It's up to you—if you don't get together and do something, we're going to have to make all the decisions in Albany.' That was when things started moving." Some faculty representatives apparently misinterpreted Gould's encouragement as an invitation to take over from their local administrators, and in no time he was getting complaints from outraged presidents. The whole issue came to a head, in proper academic style, in a dispute over a single phrase. Gould had asked the faculty senate to revise the section of the "Policies of the Board of Trustees" having to do with personnel matters. In the old version, the paragraph defining the faculty's functions had stated that the faculty of each unit would "participate in" the development of the educational program. The senate's revised version amended this to read that the faculty would "be responsible for" the educational program. Several of the presidents objected violently to the new wording. When Gould supported their demand that it be changed back to "participate," the more militant faculty members felt betrayed. Since then, Gould has made a point of being quite specific about what he means by academic leadership. "The faculty power is the power to recommend," he has said. "The president has to be the one who decides. What some faculty people forget is the factor of accountability. The faculty isn't really accountable to anyone; if a faculty committee draws up an academic program and it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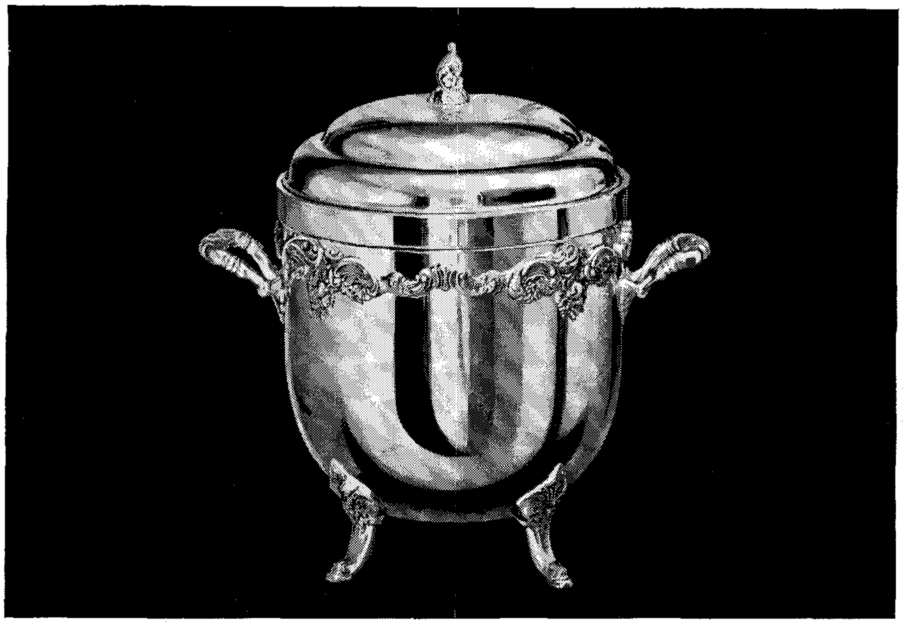
doesn't turn out so well, it's nobody's fault. The president *is* accountable, though, and when his programs don't work out—if it happens consistently, that is—then we do something about it."

So far, faculty power has been less of a problem for Gould than faculty inertia. Teachers are as conservative a group as can be found today—far more conservative, by and large, than administrators, whom academic radicals like Paul Goodman tend to see as the most reactionary element on American campuses. And teachers'-college faculties may well be the most conservative of all—particularly the ones at old normal schools like Geneseo. Their influence, however, is declining. "Our great advantage is that we're growing so fast," Gould has said. "We expect to recruit fifteen thousand new faculty members by 1975. The old guard is being rapidly outnumbered. They have tenure, so you have to work around them, and you can't afford to make enemies of them—the pecking order in education is terrifically strong—but they can't help becoming less and less influential every year."

Student activism has recently become something of a problem for President Meyerson at Buffalo, and Gould has no doubt that it will become one soon enough at other campuses. He received first-hand reports on the student rebellion at Berkeley from his son, Richard, who had gone there, after Harvard and a year at the University of Chicago, to get a Ph.D. in anthropology. (He recently joined the staff of the Museum of Natural History in New York, and when I visited the Goulds at their home in Albany he was off in the Australian bush doing field work.) Many of the sources of student dissatisfaction at Berkeley and other big state institutions can be avoided at the State University of New York, Gould believes, because of its decentralized and flexible structure. At Stony Brook, for example, Toll has initiated a residential-college plan similar to that at Oxford and Cambridge, which encourages faculty-student contacts outside class. The rapidly expanding university center at Binghamton is following the same course. Nothing is going to prevent students from wanting to have a stronger voice in the future operation of their universities, though, and Gould goes somewhat further than most of his colleagues in arguing that the new student voice must be listened to and encouraged. "We're getting a different type of student, and this is the kind we'll be dealing with from now on," he told me. "I think students today are react-



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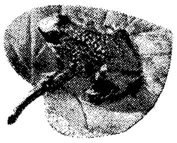

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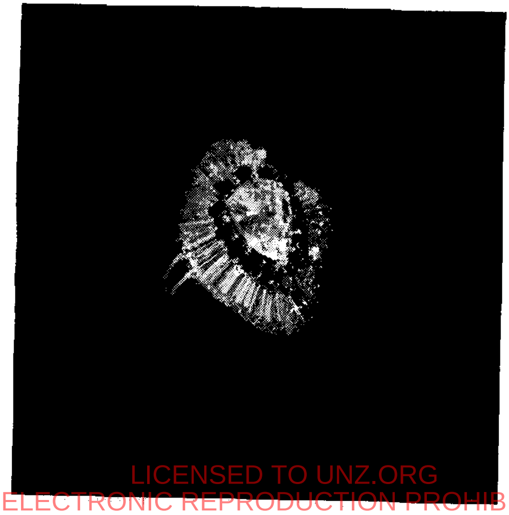

ing mainly against the kind of curriculum they are being offered, which is usually inadequate and often quite irrelevant to what they see happening in the world. At our new college in Old Westbury, Harris Wofford's program will be geared specifically to meet this challenge; the students are going to get out and put their idealism to work in the community, and they'll have a lot to say about the curriculum. After all, the students are the ones we're doing it all for, and they *should* have a voice. Not a power of decision, but they should be consulted." Gould said he had been following with considerable interest the "free university" idea that has developed at New York University and, even more strongly, at San Francisco State College, with students setting up their own courses outside the regular curriculum and, in effect, bypassing the administration. The great flaw in this system of learning, as Gould sees it, is likely to be a lack of intellectual discipline. "It's not enough to get together and discuss ideas and be stimulated," he said. "There has to be some form of discipline in all education." Nevertheless, he feels that the movement will probably spread and that it may influence curriculum reforms in many colleges and universities. The students' bias against established authority does not surprise Gould at all. "Students are always against things," he said. "They rarely have any constructive solutions to offer, but our job should be to try to channel that energy *into* constructive solutions—not just to ignore it. The university today should try very hard not to get itself identified with the Establishment in society. Even if the students reject the values we ourselves happen to hold most dear, our role is not to suppress this rejection but to look into it, to remain open at all times to new ideas."

Openness to new ideas has been characteristic of Gould's entire career, but never before has he been able to put so many of them into practice. For one thing, the State University is considerably in advance of any other university in its use of television for educational purposes. Robert E. Thomas, whom Gould brought along from Channel 13 to assume the title of Vice-Chancellor for Educational Communications, has developed a TV microwave network, with five educational-television stations, that connects all SUNY liberal-arts colleges and university centers. Educational programs are already being produced in New York under Thomas's auspices, both for classrooms and for the general public, that use the

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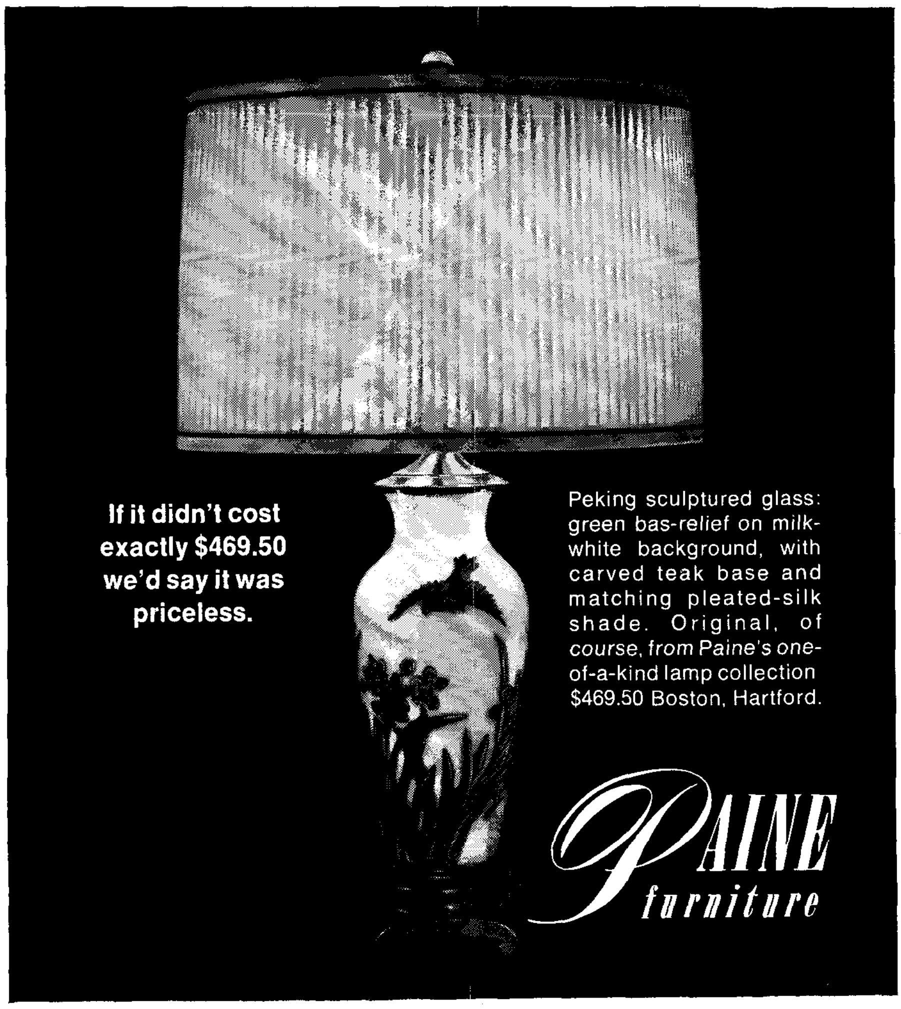

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intellectual resources of the whole university. The State University's four-year colleges have plans for communications centers that will serve in each case as the core of a larger building containing lecture halls and classrooms of all sizes, in any of which it will be possible for a lecturer to "plug in to" the central core for tapes—of, say, Alfred Kazin lecturing on Henry James. Faculty resistance to classroom television has, predictably, been strong. By this time, Thomas says, most teachers have stopped being afraid they will lose their jobs to the vacuum tube, but they still dislike the thought that in the future most lectures will be video-taped by "master teachers" in each field, and they are not entirely won over by the argument that the time saved from the drudgery of delivering the same lecture over and over to large classes—classes that will be even larger in the future—could be profitably devoted to working with students individually or in small groups. Far from dehumanizing education, the new technology could make it a much more personal and individual process than it has been for a long time, Thomas maintains—a process in which the student will be able to learn at his own pace and the teacher will have more time for his students, not to mention his own research. Thomas concedes that the fully computerized central university library—some system whereby a student at any branch can simply send in a message and instantly receive whatever information he needs—is at least fifteen years away, though there is no question that this will be the eventual solution for all multi-campus universities. At the moment, it would cost far too much to establish, even if the present generation of computers were equal to the task, and they are not. In the meanwhile, Thomas is thinking of using helicopters to fly books back and forth between branches.

In working toward the stated goals of unity, identity, and excellence, Gould has obviously not been reluctant to recommend sizable expenditures. So far, the state legislature has given him a good deal of what he has asked for (three hundred and twenty-five million dollars this year), and, despite Gould's prediction of a billion-dollar-a-year budget by 1974, it seems unlikely that there will be any drastic efforts in the near future to cut back on funds for the State University. This is partly a result of Gould's excellent relations with Governor Rockefeller—the two men get along splendidly and are in close contact at all times—and partly a re-

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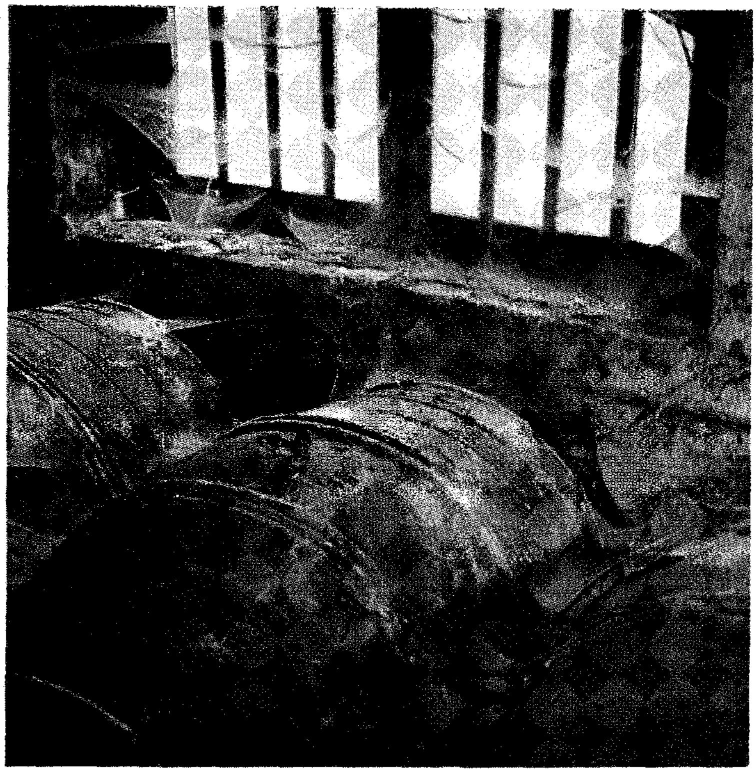

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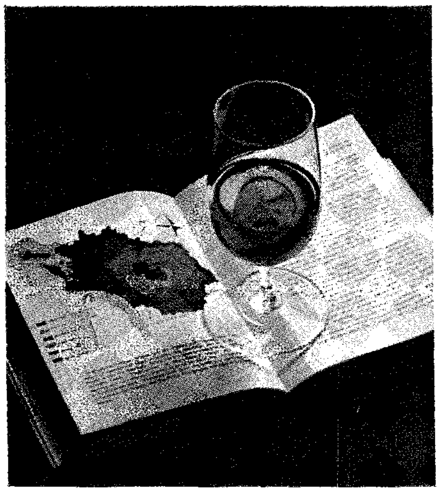

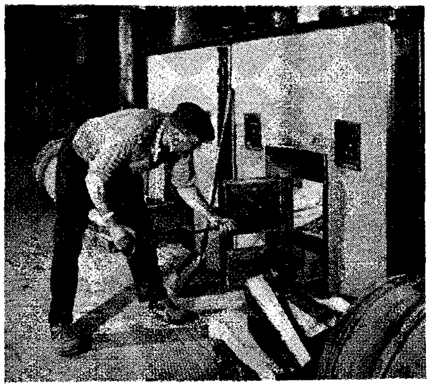

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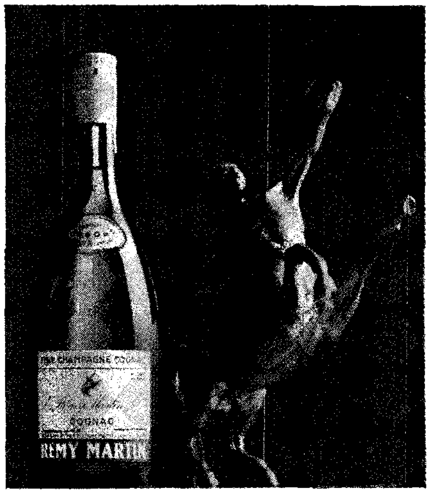

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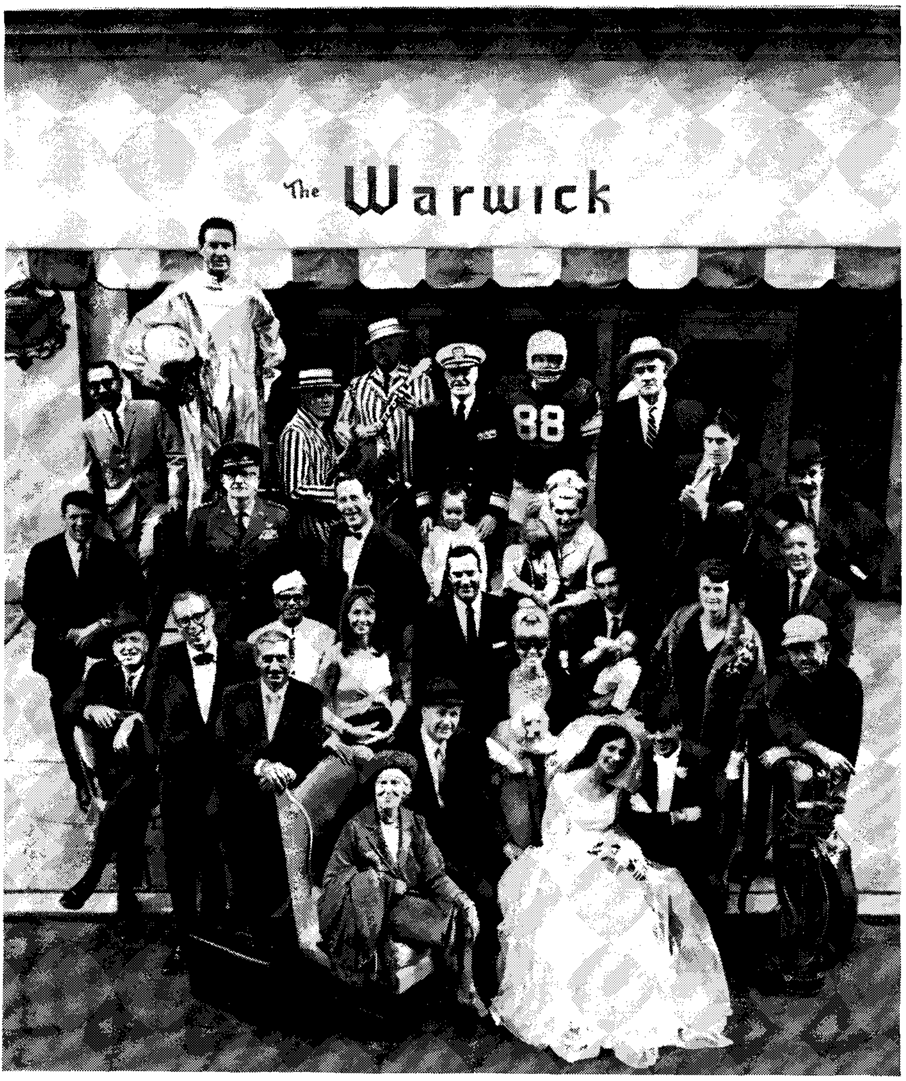
flection of the fact that higher education has become, in political circles, a sacred cow. Soon after taking office as president, Gould found that the legislators were planning to lop seven million dollars from the State University budget. Sizing up the situation, Gould, who can be both cool and tough under pressure, told the legislators that the budget had already been cut to the bone in prior sessions with the state budget director, and that if they insisted on making further cuts he would simply reduce the number of students accepted next year by a proportionate number. He then had his staff spend the next hour on the telephone, calling the various branches and organizing a protest campaign against the budget cut. Within a week, the chairman of the Finance Committee of the State Senate had received thousands of letters from prospective students and their parents. The legislature restored every cent of the seven million. "I wouldn't want to do that very often," Gould told me. "It's something you do once and hope you won't have to do again. But it's nice to know you have that power in reserve."

According to Clark Kerr, the president of a multiversity must be primarily a mediator, and Gould's abilities as a mediator are beyond question. He has strengthened the working relationship between the university's trustees and the board of regents, and he himself is on excellent terms with the regents' chief executive, State Commissioner of Education James E. Allen, Jr. The regents have just recommended a plan under which the state would provide whatever aid a student needed, up to the full cost of his education, at any public or private college in the state that accepted him. The regents' plan has the full and enthusiastic support of Gould and the State University trustees.

Admiration for Gould among those connected with the State University is by no means unanimous or untempered by criticism. Some of the legislators in Albany find him rather inscrutable. The faculty intellectuals like his educational ideas but tend to mistrust what they consider his public-relations smoothness. One of them said recently, "He's the best occasional speaker I've ever heard. He always says the right thing, his examples are timely, and his allusions are apt. The next two years will show whether he really means what he says or whether it's all just glitter." Members of his own staff in Albany say that he is very easy to work for, and that they especially value the encouragement he gives them to use



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their own initiative. At the same time, some of them feel he spends too much time away from headquarters, does too much speechmaking, and seems to have trouble making really tough decisions, such as a decision to fire someone. "Sam is a genuinely concerned human being," one of them told me. "He thinks of himself as an educational leader, and he is one. He also thinks of himself as an administrative leader, and that he is not. His principal weakness, as I see it, is an inability to move against another human being in any way that he thinks would be hurtful to him. As you know, the university has taken over a lot of campuses that used to be independent. We have a lot of people who are still fundamentally opposed to the idea of being part of the State University of New York, and there have been several cases of people being virtually insubordinate. I've urged Sam to chop them down, but he has always resisted, because of his deep concern about them as people. He always thinks there should be a way of arranging things so that nobody gets hurt. It's a great quality in a human being but not so great in an administrator."

Perhaps Gould's main strength lies in his ability to look ahead, to see education in its broadest terms, and to serve as a catalyst for change. This ability may very well be what the State University needs most in its present phase of expansion. From now on, in any case, Gould intends to devote himself primarily to the business of looking ahead. He has put Vice-Chancellor Lionel J. Livesey, Jr., who was once his principal assistant at Santa Barbara, in charge of a special office devoted to long-range planning, and he intends to spend as much of his own time as possible working with Livesey. "Sam is the only person who can really be responsible for this sort of thinking," Livesey told me, "and my job is to help establish a climate for it. We're going to seek out the people scattered around the country who are involved in predicting social changes during the next half century and establish contact with them. Some of this is going on already right here. John Toll, at Stony Brook, and Martin Meyerson, at Buffalo, are both very much interested in the whole problem of conservation and what we do to our environment, and Meyerson is very sharp at spotting new departments that will be needed in the future. We're after concepts more than quantitative efforts. Just publishing documents is meaningless—they're out of date by the time they're printed. The main

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thing is to think ahead to the year 2000, not just to 1974 or 1984."

LIKE many other social thinkers, Gould believes that universities are rapidly becoming dominant institutions in American society, and in a number of recent statements he has urged that the universities take an active part in attacking the racial and economic problems that threaten to tear the society apart. Just as the land-grant colleges took the lead, a hundred years ago, in the development of American agriculture, he argues, the modern multiversity, with its intellectual resources and its independence, must take the lead in dealing with the modern urban dilemma. "We are the great laboratories of the world," Gould said in Washington last month, in his keynote address to the American Council on Education. "In a world of change, we are the single greatest instrument of change."

The corollary to all this is that the university of the future will be almost unrecognizable by current standards. "People of all ages and conditions will move about within it more freely, taking from it what they require without so much attention to degrees and course credits," Gould said in another speech not long ago. "The prestige of university attendance will decline as a symbol of status, because education will become part of the normal continuing pattern of existence." Only the most advanced degrees will have any significance, he explained, and he continued, "The old formal lines that have always marked higher education (the two-year or four-year pattern for graduation, for example) will disappear, and students will progress toward a degree or toward completion of a course of study at the rate of speed most suitable to their individual needs. Furthermore, there will be such a high degree of cooperation and coördination among educational institutions, private and public alike, in the sharing of faculties, facilities, and programs that students will move rather freely from institution to institution within the region. . . . Most students will live at home or at least be themselves responsible for their own living necessities. . . . Thus, the independence of the student and recognition of his capabilities as a mature being will be increasingly emphasized; so, also, will his accountability for the consequences of his actions be increased."

The somewhat utopian ring of Gould's public statements is often tempered in his private conversation by a natural skepticism. "Things aren't real-

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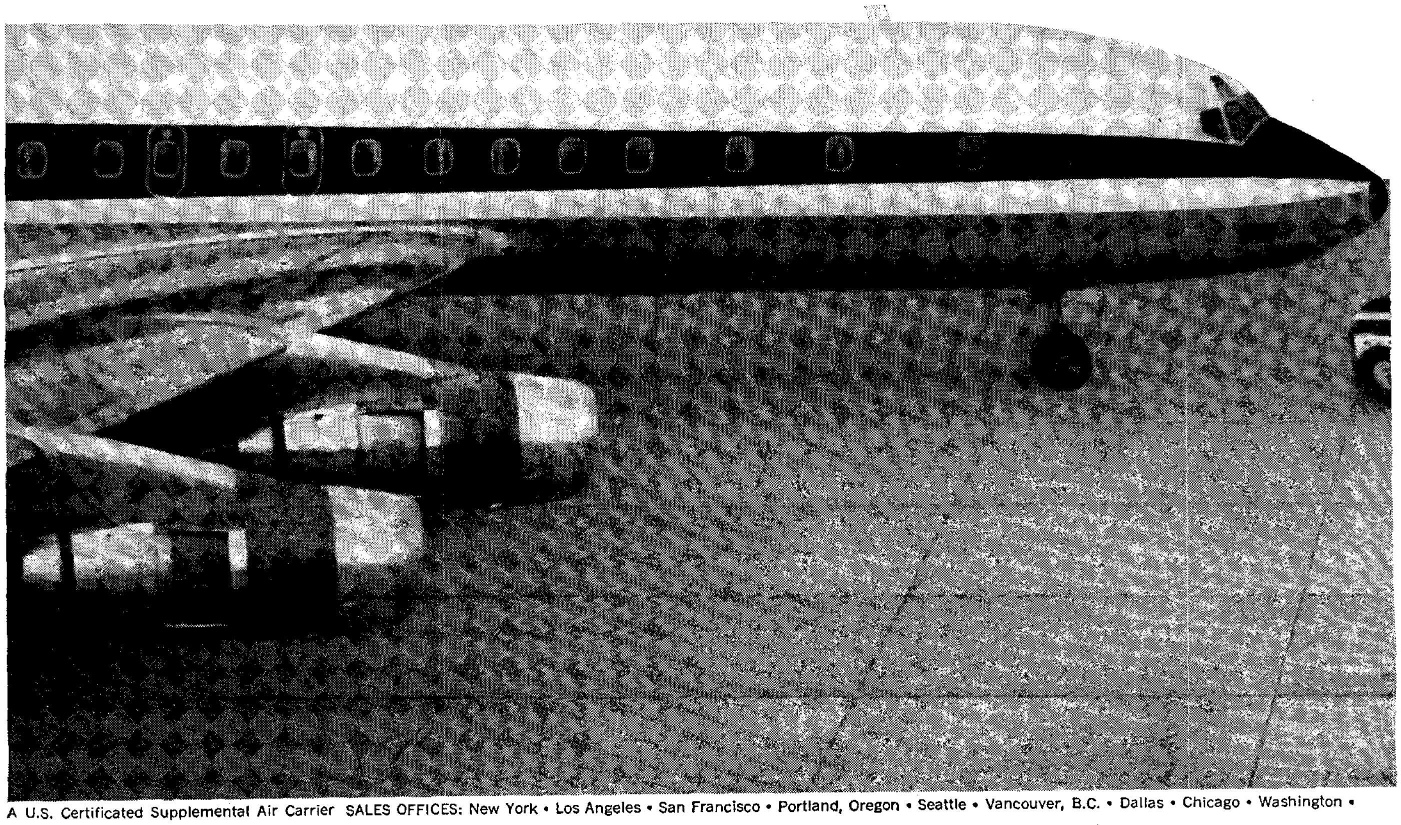

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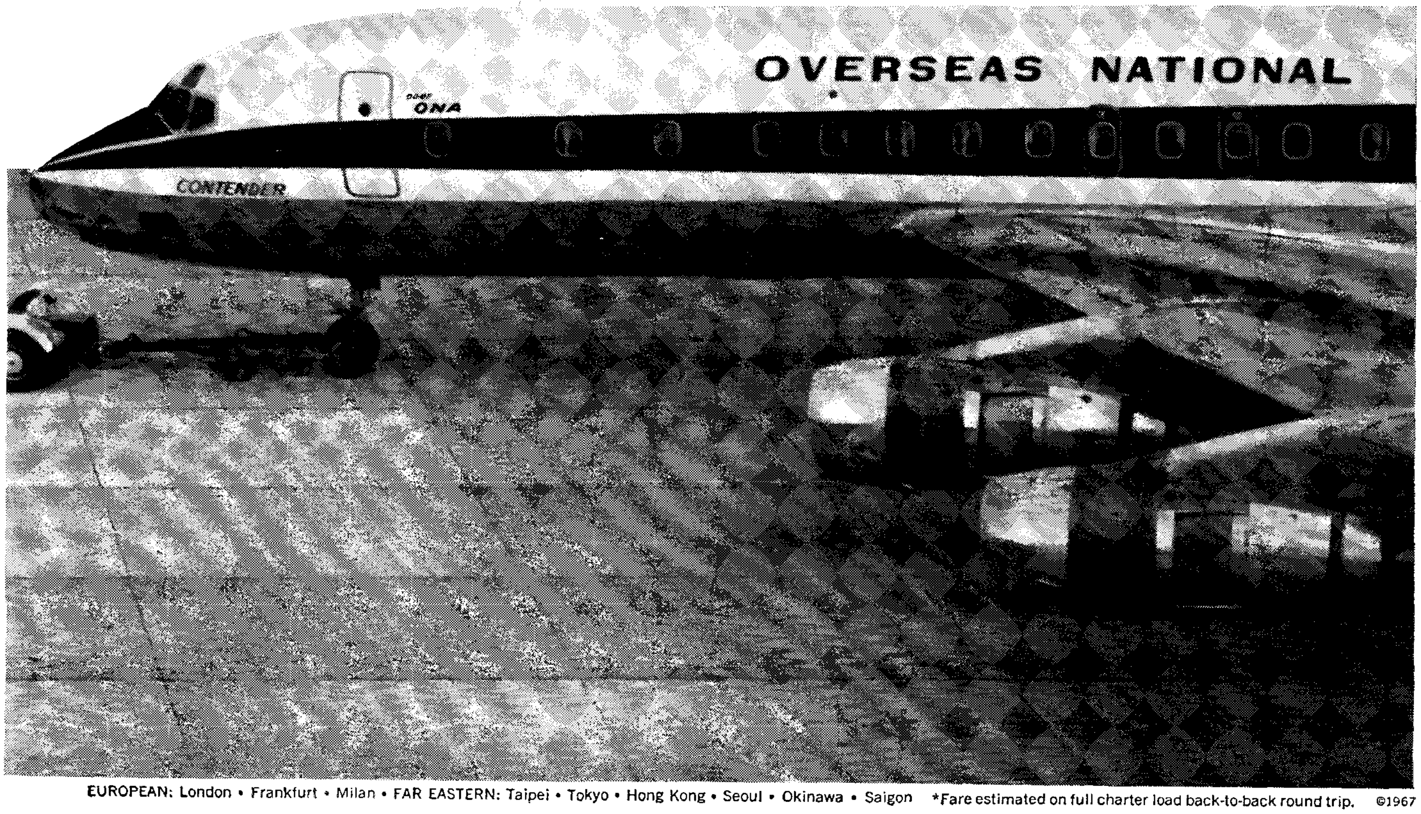

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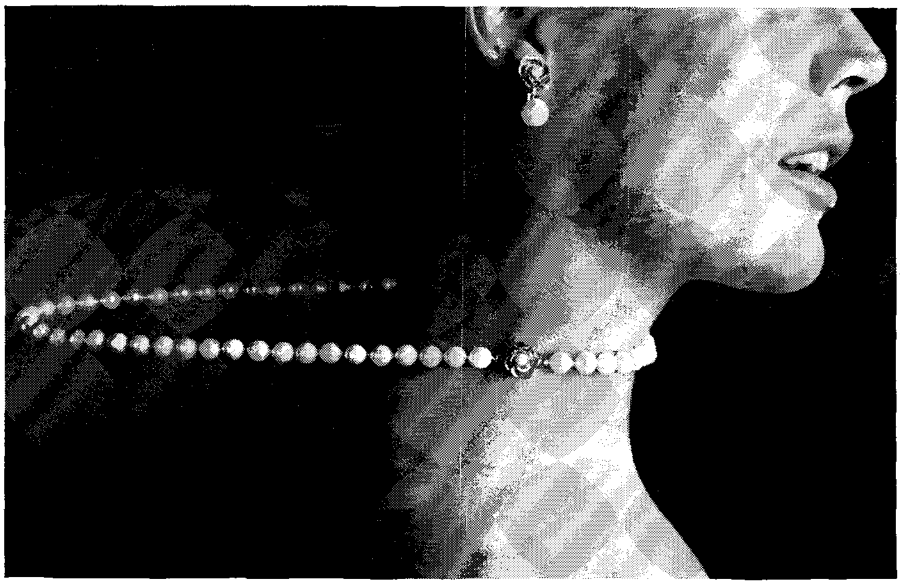

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ly moving all that fast in education," he told me one evening not long ago. We were in the back seat of his car, returning to Albany after a trip that had taken him to Syracuse and Rome. "They never do," he went on. "Teaching approaches change very, very slowly, and because of that I'm sure we're in for a terribly frustrating period. There are going to be important discoveries made about the learning process, but they won't be accepted—not without great resistance, anyway. You can see how strong the resistance is to using television, for example. So many of these people automatically assume that the man in the classroom is always inspiring and effective and the man on the TV screen is always cold and lifeless. The devastating thing for some of them is when a camera is brought into their own classroom and they have a chance to see—right there on film—just how ineffective their own teaching really is. As for the business of increased coöperation between public and private institutions, I'm afraid most of the coöperation is going to have to come from our side. For one thing, we'll have the necessary funds for television networks and computerized libraries, and they probably won't—although, of course, the private colleges are pressing very hard now for more public funds, both state and federal, and the line between private and public education is getting fainter all the time. It will all happen much more slowly than we hope, though. And one thing you can be sure of—whatever happens will just happen, and not because of any elaborate plans we lay."

Gould leaned back and lit a cigarette. His day had begun early, in a motel outside Syracuse, where he had attended an annual assembly of faculty representatives from all campuses, and he had spent the evening at a dinner in Rome, where he had made a speech. He planned to spend the night at home in Albany and then, after an hour's intensive work in the office the next morning, be driven to New York City for a round of appointments, the most pressing of which was a meeting that had been scheduled rather suddenly by the Joint Legislative Committee on Higher Education. The following day, he would fly to Rochester to attend a conference of student-government leaders meeting at the State University college at Brockport, and then he would go on to Buffalo to consult with Meyerson and to attend the inauguration of a new president at one of the vocational schools in the state system. The week's schedule was not at all untypical, and although it was then almost midnight, Gould seemed to be in a relaxed, reflective mood.

We talked for a while about his prediction that most undergraduates in the future would live off campus, and the fundamental social changes this implied. Gould said that the current trend toward housing more and more students on campus might last another ten years or so but that from then on the sheer weight of numbers would force the universities to initiate a new pattern, with students living off campus and doing much of their studying by way of television and other electronic systems. Gould acknowledged that this in itself would pose vast social problems, since the university would be in no position to assume much responsibility for the social and moral behavior of students, and he apparently considered it doubtful that parents would be able to exercise much control, either. The students would be pretty much on their own, he said, and they would really have to educate themselves, with materials and resources provided by the university. The idea of large numbers of students on their own did not perturb Gould at all. He felt that it would help them to grow up a lot faster, and that the community would undoubtedly survive. Anyway, the community would probably have changed as much as the university by that time, and the old barriers between the two might very well have ceased to exist.

"We don't do nearly enough to point out the phenomenon of change," he said quietly. "Not that change itself is anything new—you've heard the joke going around that has Adam say to Eve as they leave Eden, 'We're entering a period of great social change.' Change is always with us, but there's never before been anything like the *pace* of change today. Take the increase of knowledge. I'm told that the first doubling of man's knowledge since the birth of Christ can be placed at about 1750, the second at 1900, the third at 1950, and the fourth at 1960—only ten years later. This means that whatever an engineer learns today will probably be of no value to him ten years from now. Nobody even knows what the really important scientific disciplines will be in twenty years. We can make some educated guesses, of course. We've been through a period when enormous gains have been made in physics and mathematics, and it looks as though the biological sciences are going to be very important in the near future. Also the earth sciences,

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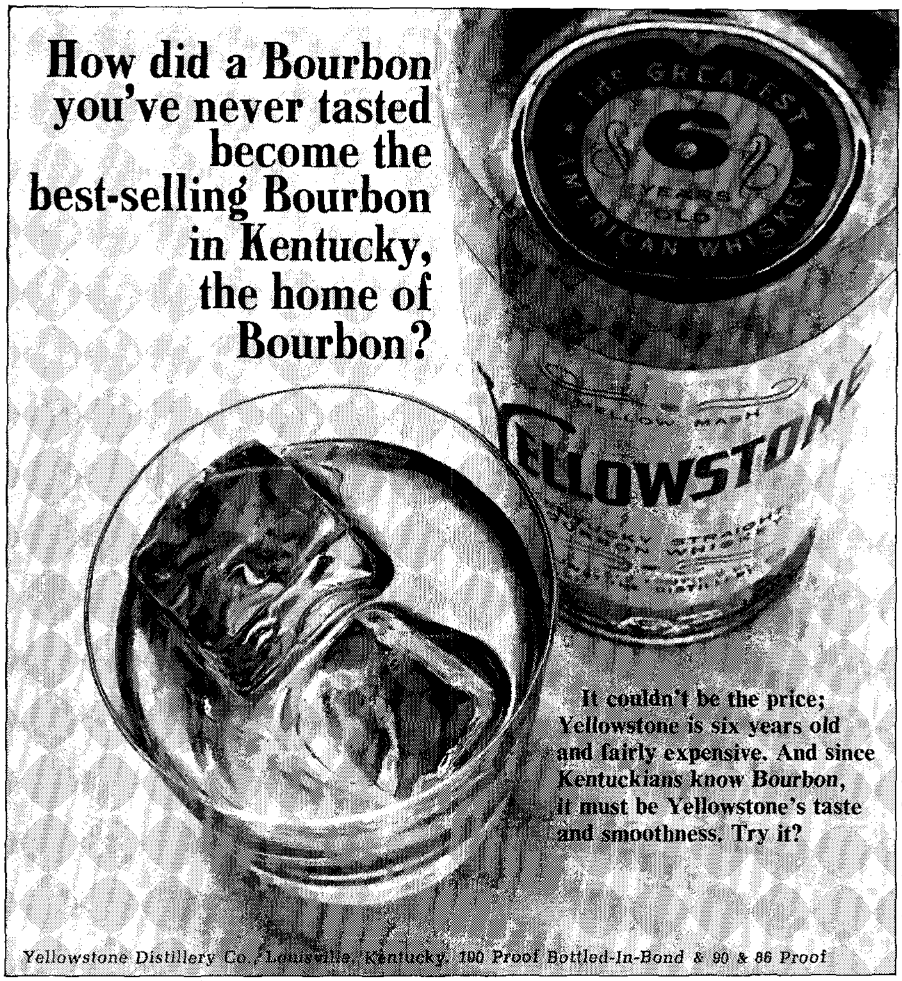
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particularly oceanography." After a pause, he went on, "Primarily, the student must be taught those things that will make it easier for him to acquire knowledge in the future. High-school students will have to be taught enough computer technology so that when they get to college they'll be able to work with computers. And, of course, it's terribly important for students to get some sense of the political and intellectual currents outside their own country. A lot of new political systems are going to emerge, very different from our own, and some of them may be perfectly valid. We've tended to be naïve about our own system, and evangelistic about democracy. Students now are tending to swing to the opposite extreme, as students always do, and say that our system is totally corrupt, and, of course, this is just as myopic as saying it's perfect. All things considered, I guess the most important thing we can do to prepare a student to live in a world of accelerating change is to try to help him develop a certain attitude toward change, which is the same as saying an open mind. But a mind that *stays* open. If he develops that, he'll want to continue his education all the rest of his life. And that, of course, is what this whole thing is about." —CALVIN TOMKINS

•

"There still are legendary like big mighty snakes up to 240 feet long in the great Amazon River," said Pastor Edward Kanna, a missionary to South America's jungles, on the Saturday night's meeting in Gackle Seventh-Day Adventist Church. These snakes, called Anaconda, or Sucuri, like to live in the water, and they leave it only to hunt one or two cows for a good meal whereafter they rest again about a month, bathing in the tropical sunshine.

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[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Minneapolis Star*]

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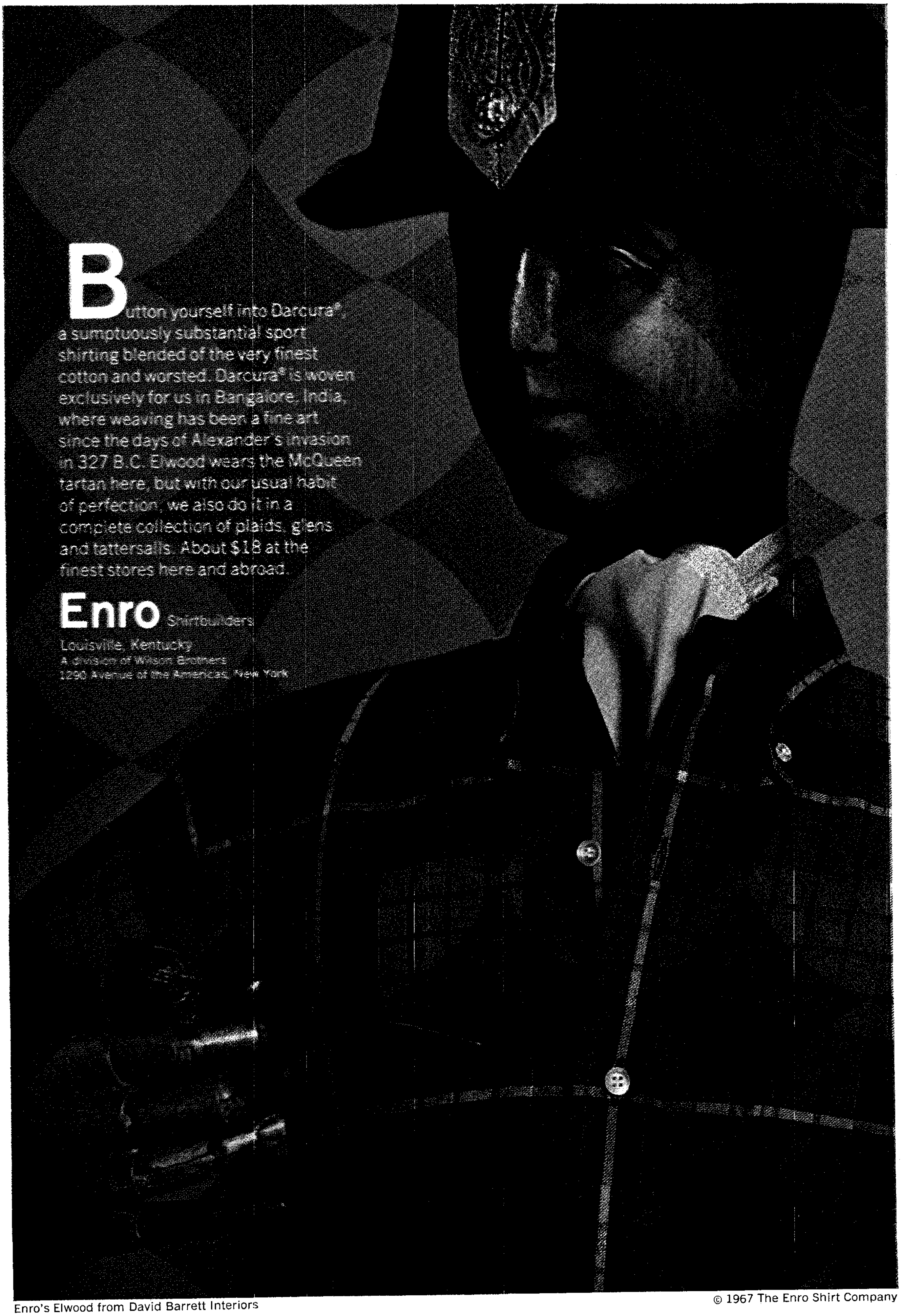

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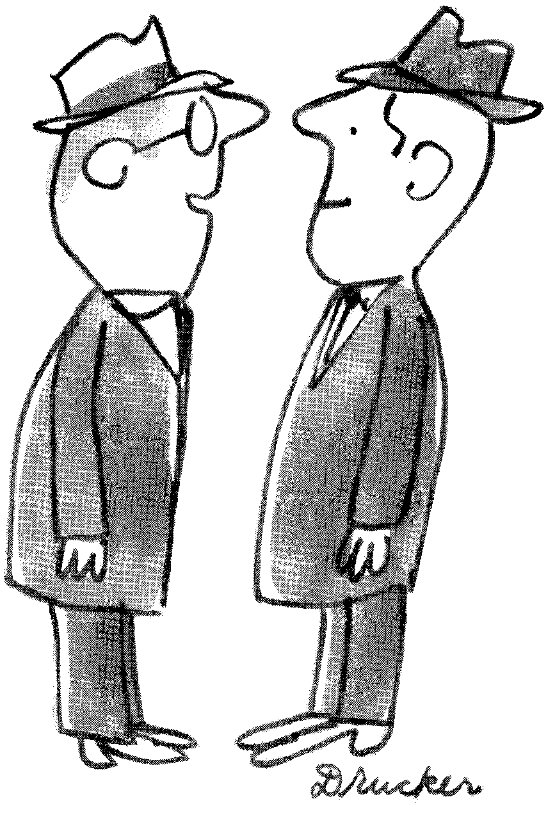
THE THEATRE

ONE CHEER FOR THE HIPPIES

Peter Ustinov, whose talents are many but exasperatingly undisciplined, is the author and director of "Halfway up the Tree," at the Brooks Atkinson, which presents us once again with the generation-gap theme that is, I suspect, becoming a little tiresome through overexposure. True enough, Mr. Ustinov varies the usual approach somewhat by indicating that, at least in England, the hippies are more or less the wave of the future, the only trouble with them being that they are not cresting as high as they should. This is a debatable proposition, and in his advocacy of the hippies' cause Mr. Ustinov frequently neglects comic inventiveness to indulge in tedious screeds. But every time he suspends his loquacity a glint of humor lights up his arbor, and when, in the third act, he gives up his preachments on youth and its vagaries and settles down to describing an old-fashioned farcical situation involving the wedding day of a couple of high-spirited young women—one the mother of a child born on the wrong side of the blanket and the other well along in pregnancy—he whips up a lot of laughter.

In devising "Halfway up the Tree," Mr. Ustinov has permitted his imagination so much freedom that there is barely a trace of a steadying plausibility in the work. He would have us believe that a highly conservative English general, lately come home to a cottage in Hampshire after a four-year tour of duty in a Malayan jungle, is confronted by a hirsute, smelly, and insolent son, and a daughter gravid with a child of unknown paternity. The son, recently sent down from Oxford, not only is unsanitary but has taken up with an androgyne named Lesley, who looks like something salvaged from an oil-slicked sea. Unlike most generals of the Blimp persuasion, our military man accepts the facts of Hampshire as he finds them, and even lectures the young people on being too moderate in their views of the social woes their parents have inflicted upon them. His notion seems to be that if you are going to upset the applecart, do a thorough job of it. Later on, just as Paul Ford does in "What Did We Do Wrong?," the general becomes a hippie of sorts himself, and—at this point Mr. Ustinov lets himself go entirely—takes up residence in a tree with Lesley. Betimes, it develops that the general's wife, presumably a virtuous dowager, has been conducting an affair with one of her husband's Army associates, and that the bloodline of his purported son is, to say the least, cloudy. Anything goes, as you can see, in "Halfway up the Tree," but in the third act Mr. Ustinov makes amends for many a slack moment with the introduction of a vicar who is inspired by the occasion to give a mad lecture on sex to the potential brides, who know more than he does about the subject, and to their husbands-to-be. One of these is an Olympic miler who is willing to acknowledge, although he is possibly *virgo intacto*, the general's daughter's little one as his own, and the other is the general's hippie son all shined up and fairly respectable after discovering that he has, in passing, impregnated the family's Norwegian maid.

The actors in "Halfway up the Tree" are a satisfactory lot, among them being Anthony Quayle as the general, Eileen Herlie as his wife, and William Larsen as the wife's lover. A special mention should be made of Graham Jarvis as the vicar. He is extremely funny.



"You don't look like a Canadian."

"The 90 Day Mistress," at the Biltmore, is an arch and prurient item, by J. J. Coyle, in which a young woman of twenty-five, still tied to the apron strings of a mother who seems to think that free love and birth control are as modern as can be, likes to limit her affairs to a three-month period because she feels that anything longer than that becomes boring. Mr. Coyle, whose first play this is, employs jokes that might have dismayed Joe Miller, and most of his characters—the heroine, the young fellow she eventually falls well and truly in love with, her mother, and a couple of married chums who bicker incessantly—are depressing. The comedy picks up a little at the end, when Walter Abel comes on view as a husband who—lucky man—deserted the heroine's mother before the young lady's birth, and delivers his lines with such finesse that he almost makes you believe they are witty. They are not.

To reduce great tragedy to the proportions of a shabby, fifth-rate courtroom melodrama is, theatrically, a criminal act. This act was committed at the ANTA last week by "The Trial of Lee Harvey Oswald." One of its premises was that Oswald didn't die when shot by Ruby but survived to be judged in a Texas courtroom. It was all aimless, footless, and reprehensible.

—John McCarten

OFF BROADWAY

Perfect Circles

Al Carmines and Gertrude Stein have, between them, brought the element of pure delight back to the theatre, as did Virgil Thomson and Miss Stein a generation ago. "In Circles," which opened at the Cherry Lane last week after a brief run at the Judson Memorial Church, is wonderful, and the problem here is to pro-

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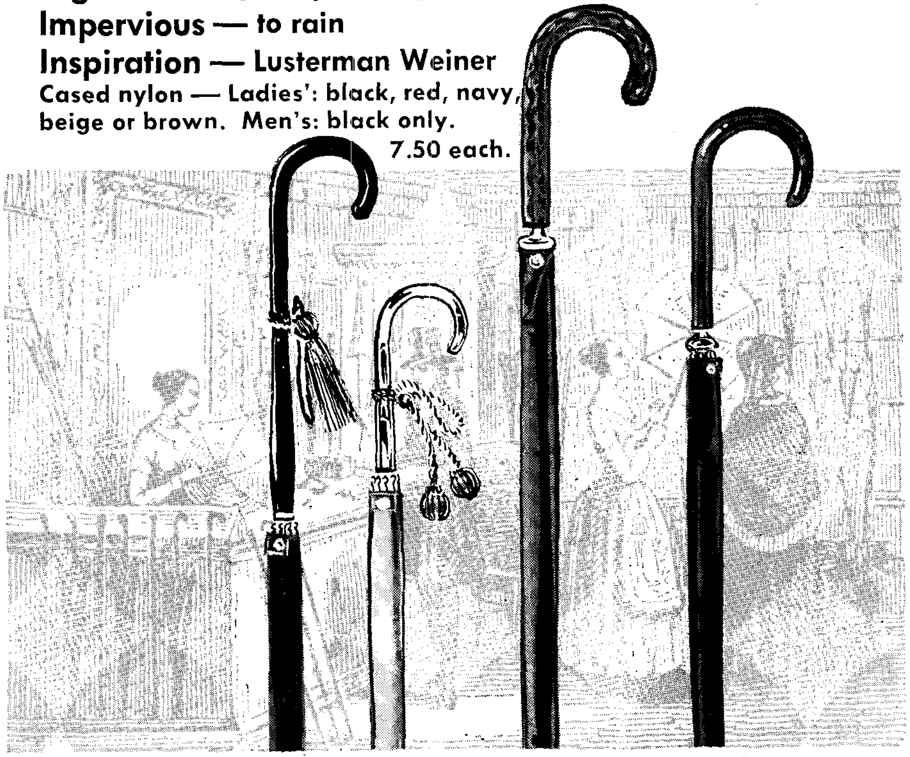

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vide you with some idea of its immeasurable joyousness and beauty and fun without giving away the small surprises that make it wonderful. "In Circles" is "a circular play" about a circle of friends in a garden in France. "A circle is a necessity, otherwise we would see no one," says Miss Stein, stating the theme. The play, whether by her design or not, has become a libretto; a line is first spoken and then used for the lyric of a song or a dance, or both. The songs, all by Mr. Carmines, vary from popular numbers and blues to gospel songs and Moonlight Sonata-ish Beethoven. This clever, tuneful music, which falls somewhere between parody and pastiche and yet is not quite either one, is entirely in keeping, and so are the dancing and tableaux and vaudeville and musical-comedy routines by Lawrence Kornfeld, the director.

As the evening opens, and while the house lights are still on, Mr. Carmines, dressed all in black, moves to the piano. He starts to play, stumbles, stops, and then begins again, as if he were only now working on the score. (He looks just enough like Picasso's famous portrait of Gertrude Stein to get everything off to a great start.) As he plays, actors enter, one by one, and each sits apart from the others. The house lights go down, the garden setting (by Roland Turner and Johnnie Jones), with its brightly painted backdrop and its big, bright paper flowers, turns sunny and warm (lighting by William Mintzer). Slowly, the characters gather round the piano to sing the first number, which turns out to be a funny chorale. They are jubilant, but when the song is over, they scatter and remain apart until someone speaks the line that leads into the next number, and so it goes. The characters belong together, yet each belongs to himself, and the actors who play them manage to be just anonymous enough, without ever quite losing their separate identities. Their names are Theo Barnes, Jacque Lynn Colton, Lee Crespi, George McGrath, Arlene Rothlein, Elaine Summers, David Vaughan, Arthur Williams, and Nancy Zala, and although only two or three of them could be considered exceptional, they all catch the spirit of the show and never lose it.

The spirit is the spirit of Gertrude Stein. So much that is done Off Broadway nowadays is such portentous coterie rubbish that even looking for meaning or coherence is more trouble than it is worth. Miss Stein's quirky lines glitter with meaning—for everybody. They are, of course, terribly funny, and the comedy is rooted in wisdom and poetry and pureheartedness. Non sequitur they may be but never nonsense. There is nothing trivial or silly here, and there is always the awareness that tragedy is just a hairbreadth away. I hope that "In Circles" will become the success it deserves to be. Then maybe someone will revive Miss Stein's and Mr. Thomson's operas "Four Saints in Three Acts" and "The Mother of Us All."

AUTHENTIC new playwrights don't turn up very often Off Broadway—much less good ones—but Wole Soyinka, the Nigerian author of "The Trials of Brother Jero" and "The Strong Breed," a pair of one-acters at the Greenwich Mews, is as authentic as they come, and extremely good. The opening, last Thursday evening, also introduced a fine new company, Farris-Belgrave Productions, under the direction of Cynthia Belgrave, and was, all things considered, quite an event. The first of the plays is a comedy, in which Harold Scott, as a beachside Nigerian prophet by trade and a charlatan by nature, engages in a theatrical tête-à-tête with the audience as he confides, and we see acted out, the troubles that beset him from dawn to dark, many of them caused by his uncontrollably lecherous disposition. Dressed in white robes trimmed with red, plaid socks, sneakers, and a very pronounced wristwatch, he lopes about the stage with a high-stepping strut. He fools most of the people most of the time; it is the ones he doesn't fool who give him trouble. Chief among them is the nagging, shrewish wife of his assistant. Camping on his doorstep with the merchandise she sells strewn all around her, she refuses to leave until he has paid her the money he owes for previous purchases. The part gives Miss Belgrave a chance for her own special brand of clowning, and she makes full use of it. The assistant himself is played by a Nigerian named Afolabi Ajayi, who gives one of the best performances I've ever seen. He is very impressive—and funny, too—as, wide-eyed and solemn, he serves the prophet, praying noisily or mouthing silent prayers, until he suddenly catches on to the kind of man the prophet is. The comic performances are sly and broad, as indeed they should be, but they are rarely allowed to blur the firm, clear characterizations. Along with Mr. Scott, Mr. Ajayi, and Miss Belgrave, I also especially enjoyed Roger Robinson, as a member of the Nigerian Parliament who is as gullible as he is ambitious.

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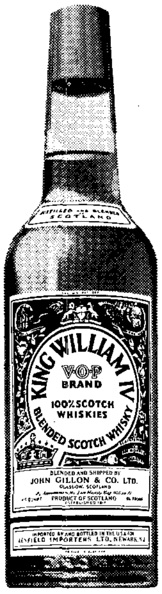

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mysterious and complex, not only in its design but in its atmosphere of native rites and taboos. It is a tragedy—about retribution, I guess. More important, it is a tragedy about a man who thinks that all his feelings are dead and that he has loosened his ties to his own people, and who finds out, during one dreadful night, that he is mistaken. His name is Eman. He has left his tribe and his ancestral duties as a holy man after his wife's death in childbirth, and has become a schoolteacher in a small Nigerian village. There he feels secure in his job, in his detachment from all superstition, and in the selfishness that has always masked itself to him as dedication. The time is New Year's Eve, and there are insistent drums and strange shouts and noises indicating that something sinister is up. A young woman who loves him—for all the good it does her—tries to persuade him to leave, but he blandly refuses. Harold Scott again plays the leading role, and his metamorphosis from the prophet—as well as his playing—is astonishing. Through a series of circumstances too complicated to go into here, Eman is chosen as the scapegoat for the New Year's rituals, and he is pursued through the jungle to his death. During a large part of the action, he is on the run, keeping just a few steps ahead of his pursuers, and, in a delirium compounded of terror and thirst, he is haunted by visions, mostly from his past. One of them is an episode in which he sees himself as a boy with the charming girl who will later become his wife. More than anything else, I think, the setting of this tender, teasing, funny love scene in the midst of nightmare marks Mr. Soyinka as a dramatist in the great tradition. Mr. Scott gets the best possible support from the company. Among those who are very good (instead of just good) are Yvette Hawkins as an eerie sick girl under a taboo, Edward Luis Espinosa as an idiot boy, Mary Alice as the woman who loves and warns Eman, G. Tito Shaw as his younger self, Lauren Jones as his dead wife, James Spruill and Dennis Tate as a couple of village elders, and Roger Robinson as a priest. Jack Blackman is responsible for the commendable settings, and the costumes, from Nigeria, are by Edward Wolrond. "The Strong Breed" is tragic but it is not depressing, and surely part of the excitement one feels while watching it comes from the recognition of its complete authenticity. Mr. Soyinka is at this moment in prison in Nigeria, under circumstances that, according to a program note, "are not clear."

—EDITH OLIVER

THE RACE TRACK

Three for the Money

LAST Saturday, your correspondent spent most of the afternoon sitting in front of a television set enthralled, watching—one right after another—the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel, in Maryland; the Gardenia Stakes at Garden State Park, in Jersey; and the Roamer Handicap at Aqueduct.

Once more—for the sixth time, by the way—America ran one, two in the International. In this one, Fort Marcy beat Damascus. The difference between victory and defeat was less than a stride. Two and a half lengths behind them, Tobin Bronze, running for Australia, was third, and Canada's He's a Smoothie fourth. Nine entries from six countries ran, and in the dash from the gate He's a Smoothie opened up a long lead, followed closest by Speed Symboli, from Japan, and Fort Marcy. Damascus was farther back; Shoemaker, who rode him, was apparently biding his time. According to the chart, this order was maintained for about a mile. With less than four furlongs to go, Fort Marcy moved into the lead and Damascus began his run on the outside. Presently, in the stretch, they were side by side. Then, for a moment, it looked to me as though Damascus were in front, but as they passed the post Fort Marcy was ahead. The time for the mile and a half around the turf course was 2:27, and the last quarter was done in 0:24—exactly as fast as the first.

Some horses take quickly to racing on the grass. Fort Marcy is one of them. A neat, well-made three-year-old bay gelding by Amerigo out of Key Bridge, he was bred by Paul Mellon, and was such a disappointment at two and early this season that in June he was put in a sale of horses in training who hadn't made the grade. But shortly before the sale Elliott Burch, who trains for Mr. Mellon, tried Fort Marcy on the turf. To the surprise of both owner and trainer, he won. However, he couldn't be withdrawn from the sale, so Mr. Mellon had to buy him back to keep him. It cost him $77,000. Since then, Fort Marcy's starts have all been on the grass, and he has won six out of eleven—all stakes races. Elliott Burch has done a fine job of training Fort Marcy, and Ycaza handled him in the International with confidence and judgment—especially judgment. He is a top rider when his hot Latin blood doesn't take over. As for Damascus, he ran gallantly on footing to which he was unaccustomed. He's still the Horse of the Year in my book. Tobin Bronze deserves full marks, too, for his game try so soon after his hard trip from Australia. And I'm not forgetting Bill Beasley's He's a Smoothie. Ribocco, England's second-best three-year-old, was never in the picture. No doubt he didn't like our stall gates any better than the ones at home.

N.B.C.'s picture of the race was good—what there was of it. Video went out the window—because of technical difficulties, of course—before the runners had gone half a mile (and I can't think of anything more maddening to a horseplayer), but, happily, it came on again as they went around the far turn the second time. The high point of the thrills came as the leaders swung into the stretch closely bunched, with Fort Marcy just ahead of He's a Smoothie, Speed Symboli, and Tobin Bronze, and with Damascus bearing down on them all under a full head of steam. I suppose it's captious to bring this up, but it was never announced who finished third. You'd have thought that Arcaro, who did his usual smooth job of interviewing after the race, would call attention to the oversight. Still, in the days when he was riding he was never especially interested in that third spot in a race. The shots of the saddling in the infield were good, but it seemed to me that Michael O'Hehir, who broadcasts for Radio Eireann and who attended the race, should have been asked to give a rundown on how the horses from abroad looked—something he's very good at. It was nice to see Saint-Martin, France's best jockey, who was on Casaque Grise, in action. Racegoers in this country have been led to believe that jockeys abroad ride with longer stirrup leathers than are used here, but Saint-Martin rides as short as any of our boys. The most exotic sight of the day was the extraordinary hood on Speed Symboli; it even covered his ears. I understand he has always worn it in Japan, and it wasn't just a put-on to scare the other runners. The shots of the starting gate were first class, too, and Ed Blind, the starter, looking like a diplomat down from Washington for the day (homburg and all), was in great

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form, directing his assistants. He got a good start, too.

THE closest finish of the afternoon was in the Gardenia Stakes, in which Gay Matelda beat Go Go Windy by an eyelash, with Pleasantness a whisker behind. There was a long wait while the placing judges studied the photo-finish picture, and a longer wait before the stewards dismissed the claim of Grant, who rode Go Go Windy, that he'd been crowded by Gay Matelda. Eleven two-year-old fillies came out for the $187,870 jackpot, and at first Pleasantness, then Gay Matelda led for the mile and a sixteenth, with Go Go Windy coming up in the last fifty yards to split them. It was the third victory in the Gardenia for C. T. Chenery, who owns Gay Matelda; the first was with Cicada, in 1961, and the second with Pepperwood, a year ago.

JOHN E. MADDEN, one of the great horsemen of a past generation, whom only old-timers remember, used to say, "A good horse will always come back to his best form—if you wait long enough." The saying came to mind as Proud Clarion, who hadn't done much since winning the Kentucky Derby last May, rolled home four lengths ahead of Successor, Royal Speed, and five other three-year-olds in the Roamer Handicap. I had thought that Successor, who was third in the Jockey Club Gold Cup at two miles, and who won the Lawrence Realization at a mile and five furlongs, could hold his speed for a mile and three-sixteenths, but he couldn't. On the other hand, Proud Clarion had plenty, setting a new track mark of 1:55 for the distance. I'm awaiting his next appearance.

DR. FAGER made the other starters look like hacks in the Vosburgh Handicap at Aqueduct on Election Day. It was a fitting finale to his season hereabouts—he is going to Florida some day next week. Carrying 128 pounds and conceding much weight to what you might loosely call his opposition, he galloped along in fifth place for a quarter of a mile, then swept into the lead. Jim J. was second, and R. Thomas was third. The time for the seven furlongs was 1:21⅗, which is two-fifths of a second faster than Roseben, the celebrated Big Train, did the distance at Belmont one afternoon in 1906, setting a record that stood for half a century. Oh, well, there were giants in those days. —AUDAX MINOR

THE CURRENT CINEMA

I Laugh, Therefore I Am

"HOW I WON THE WAR" is the blackest of black comedies. Traditional gallows humor is all sweetness and light beside it. Deliberately, continuously, relentlessly, it affronts our senses and our sensibilities; we are made to look at things that revolt us and to entertain thoughts repugnant to us. The intention of the movie is to grind our faces down into the muck of the human condition, with its perennially lacerating hypocrisies and betrayals, and then— why, then simply to leave us there, suffocating. Richard Lester, the producer and director of the movie, is a passionate idealist, comparatively young in years and, one guesses, younger still in his apprehension of the world; the discovery that life is not merely nasty, brutish, and short but also meaningless, with what this implies of the intolerable (cruelty and pain that are the crueller and more painful because they serve no purpose, natural or supernatural), has prompted him to utter a howl of indignant protest. Since he is an artist by vocation, and one accustomed to expressing himself in comic terms, his howl takes the form of a bitter and outrageous farce. Its nominal subject is the futility of war, but the subject could just as easily have been the futility of peace, or of love, or of hate. The indictment is a blanket one, and if war were to be abolished tomorrow the indictment would stand, for most of Mr. Lester's assortment of characters would remain precisely what they have always been—unprincipled venalities, with the aspirations of worms. It is not fear in a handful of dust that Mr. Lester seeks to show us but nullity. Is it bearable, he asks, in a voice angrier than Ecclesiastes, that dust like ours should be only dust, and such dust? Again and again, he hurls at us the challenge of a calculated offensiveness, intemperately shouting "I dare you to laugh," and then "I dare you not to laugh."

As the setting for his "Dover Beach," Mr. Lester has chosen the Second World War, which, of all the wars in this century, is the one we tend to think of as the least unjust. In Mr. Lester's view, it was a nightmare of blundering bloodletting; the playing fields of Eton and, for that matter, of Heidelberg were the straightest path to a slaughterhouse where young strangers, not yet either friends or foes, were clumsily, indiscriminately butchered. General Montgomery, some of whose actual words of exhortation to his troops are quoted in the movie, becomes the mad figure of Lieutenant-Colonel Grapple, who finds horses nearly indistinguishable from tanks (he destroys a wounded tank with a bullet to its brain), and even the semi-divine Churchill is subjected to a brief roughing up. The Allies win the war by perfidy, the bodies of the silent dead are everywhere, and their ghosts prepare to be reborn and fight in vain in Vietnam.

Is this a comedy? And do we laugh? Hard as it may be to believe, the answer to both questions is yes, for Mr. Lester has had the courage of his idealism and indignation; he has dared to make a vaudeville full of broadly acted turns in the worst possible taste, and we respond to it helplessly, aghast that merriment can be wrung from us by so unlikely a means. No one has ever discovered why human beings laugh, and I am not tempted to speculate on the problem here; I wish only to testify to the fact that I found "How I Won the War" an often repellent but nearly always extremely funny picture, and I recommend it with no other reservation than this—that it will be enjoyed most by those who share Mr. Lester's very high opinion of our possibilities and his very low opinion of our practices.

The cast of the picture is exemplary. Michael Crawford is the Cockney hero, Goodbody, whose sunny ineptitude helps speed his companions to their death; John Lennon is unexpectedly touching as the resigned loner, Gripweed (Mr. Lennon not only writes like Joyce but also looks like him); and Michael Hordern is splendidly upper-class and incoherent as Colonel Grapple. Roy Kinnear, Jack MacGowran, Karl Michael Vogler, and Lee Montague play their smaller roles with relish. The screenplay of the movie is by Charles Wood, and the director of photography is David Watkin.

"THIS SPECIAL FRIENDSHIP," directed by Jean Delannoy, is a picture that from frame to frame contains no mistakes and yet seems in retrospect to have something radically wrong with it. It is the story of a love affair between two adolescent boys in a strict Jesuit school in France sometime in the early thirties. The distance in time lends a certain enchantment to the

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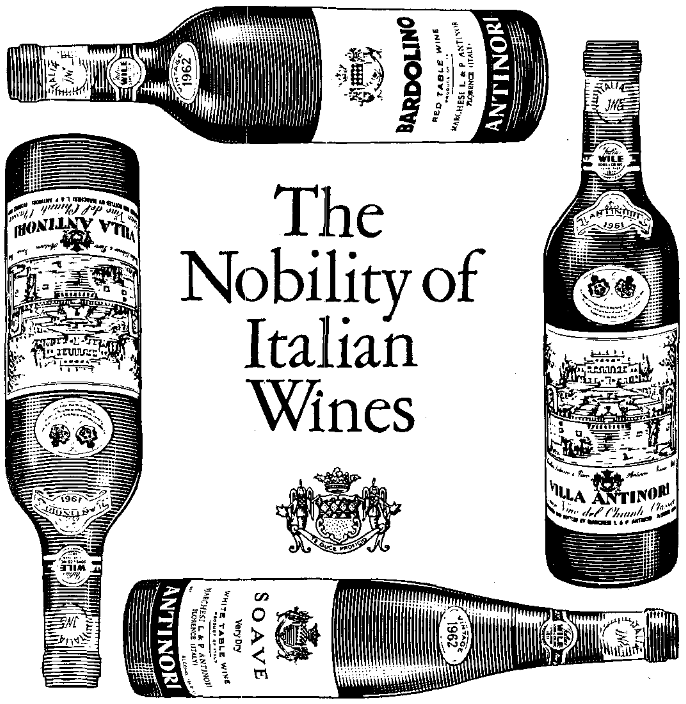

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view (which is, in any event, handsome; the setting of the movie is the Abbey of Royaumont) and accounts in part for the stilted behavior of everyone concerned, including the lovers, but it is the degree to which this distance is merely accepted, instead of being taken bold artistic advantage of—as, say, Truffaut took advantage of it in "Jules and Jim"—that causes the movie to fail. It is old-fashioned without knowing it. As there are novels that it is too late in the day to write, there are movies that it is too late in the day to make, and I am afraid that "This Special Friendship," despite its modesty and charm, is one of them.

"THE INCIDENT," directed by Larry Peerce, has a good subject and a bad script. We pick up a subway train very late at night, high in the Mato Grosso of the Bronx, and, as the train heads south toward civilization, watch a single car slowly filling with people. Among them are two young hooligans, who set about terrorizing their fellow-passengers. For reasons necessary to the plot, nobody tries very hard to escape, or to attract the attention of passengers in other cars or on subway platforms. To make matters still more implausible, the passengers are of a diversity as calculated as if they were creatures marching two abreast up the gangplank into the Ark; we have a cranky white couple, a cranky black couple, a cranky Jewish couple, a pair of clean-cut G.I.s, an impotent history teacher and his sexy, scornful wife, a homosexual, an ex-alcoholic, and so on, and so on. It is obvious that everyone is to have his courage tested by the hooligans and that all but one will be found wanting. Mr. Peerce labors hard but is unable to outwit the programmatic heavy-handedness of the screenplay. As one of the G.I.s, Beau Bridges gives a remarkable performance. . . . "Tony Rome" is a cops-and-robbers melodrama starring Frank Sinatra in what the producers surely hope will prove the first of a long series. Mr. Sinatra is looking oddly rickety these days, but nobody speaks tough lines with more assurance, and from time to time he brings this cheap and blowzy movie unexpectedly to life.

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•

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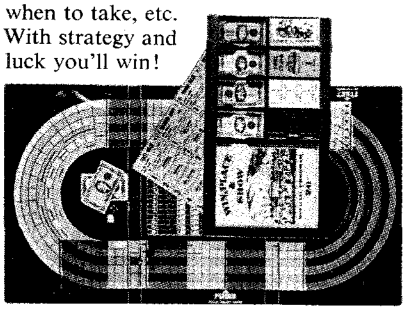

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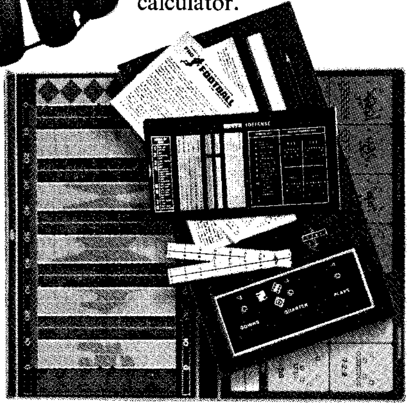

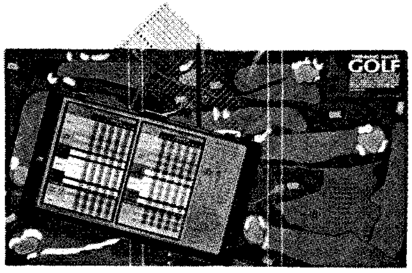

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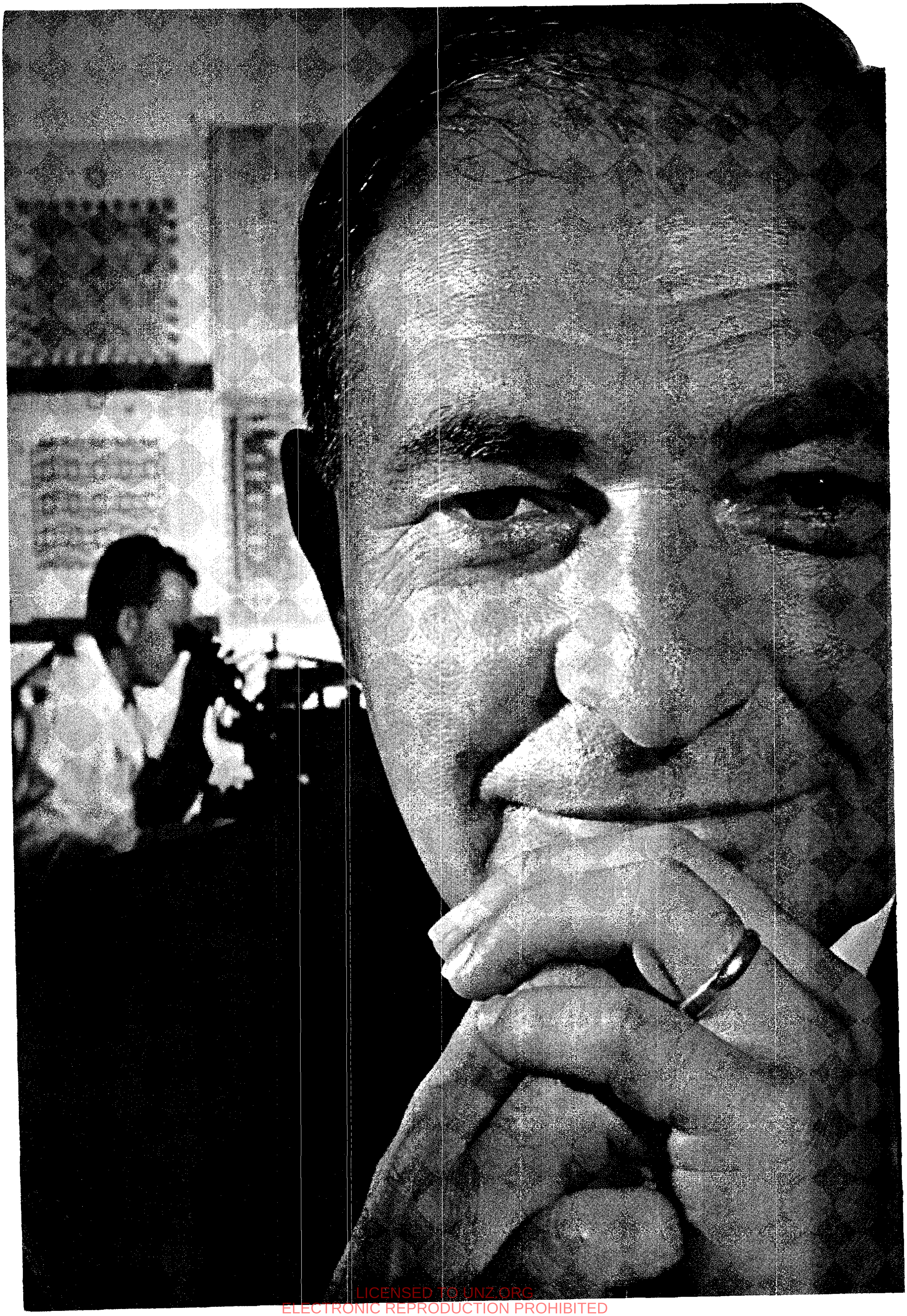

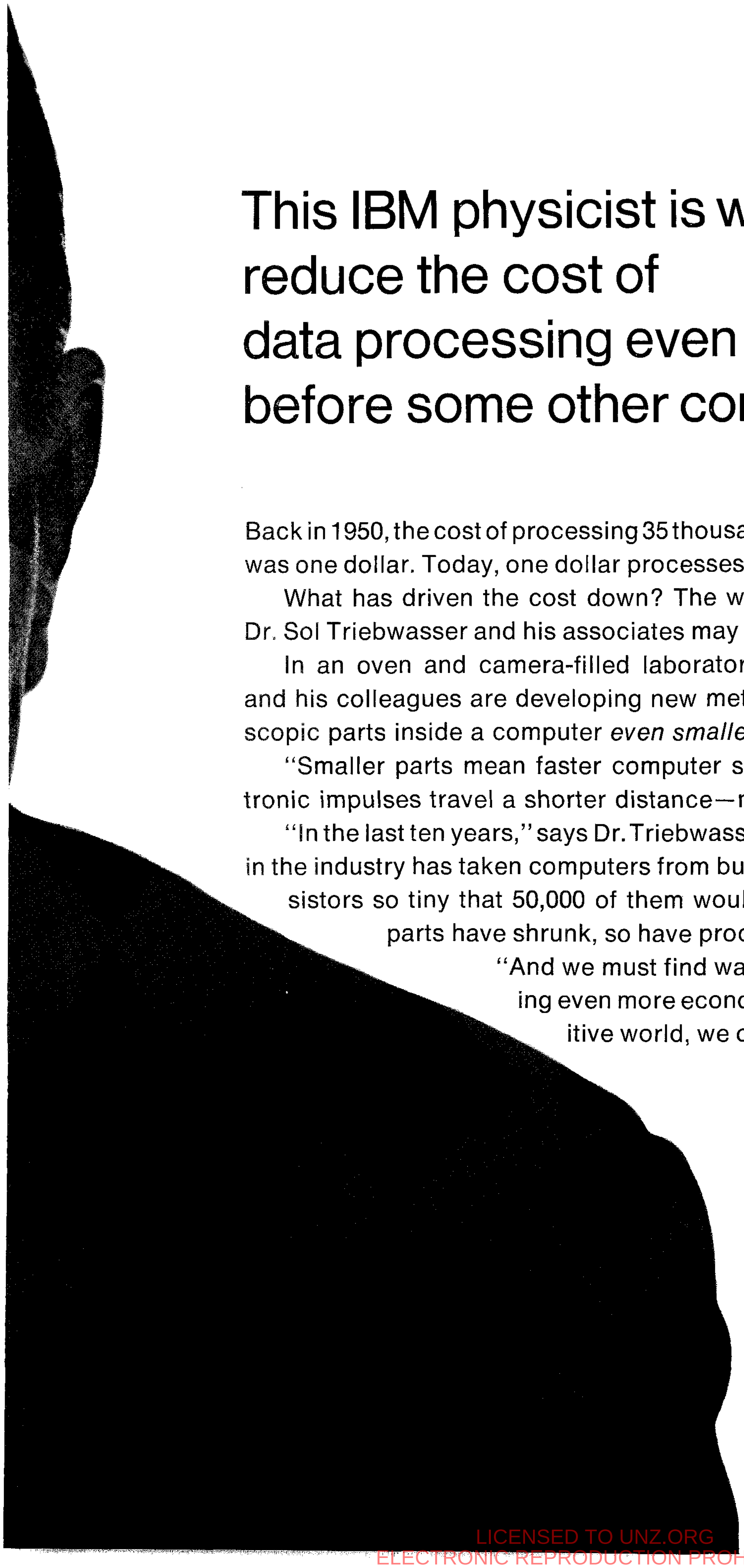

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THE AIR

P.B.L.

I SEE by the *Times* ("TV Laboratory's First Venture Gets Largely Adverse Reaction") that Fred Friendly, TV consultant to the Ford Foundation, regards last Sunday's first appearance of the Ford Foundation-backed Public Broadcast Laboratory's two-and-a-half-hour news program as "disappointing." ("It was disappointing," said Mr. Friendly in the article, in case you think I would kid around about a thing like that.) It seems like only yesteryear that Mr. Friendly was being disappointed by the Columbia Broadcasting System, in whole or in part, and here he is not entirely satisfied with the début of P.B.L., and right now I don't know what there is for any of us to do except just get back to study hall and work a whole lot harder for the rest of the term. For my part, I thought that P.B.L.'s first show was pretty damned good. Oh, *good*? I mean, what's good? "King Lear" is great. "The Merchant of Venice" is good. So where does that leave Raoul Dufy, Edward R. Murrow, and the Budapest String Quartet? (Answers will be found upside down on the back page of this magazine, or in some other magazine.) People, who, for the most part, don't do anything more definite in their own lives than inadvertently have a couple of children, insist on being so warily *definite* about whether the things that come in and touch them from the world are good enough or not. My friend Grigsby, the intellectual stockbroker (observed last Tuesday carrying "Death Kit" onto the Lexington Avenue express), keeps moaning on about how Broadway is destroying itself with its insistence that every single play be a hit, and so what do we have of a certain evening but Grigsby the playgoer ambling out of "The Birthday Party" and saying with great seriousness (his beautiful Racquet Club face glowing with the truth and beauty of his discrimination), "Of course, it's not Shakespeare, but"—and here a brave little smile—"it had some interesting moments." The day after the P.B.L. début, in fact, I saw that a television critic had begun his column saying, "The première last night of the Public

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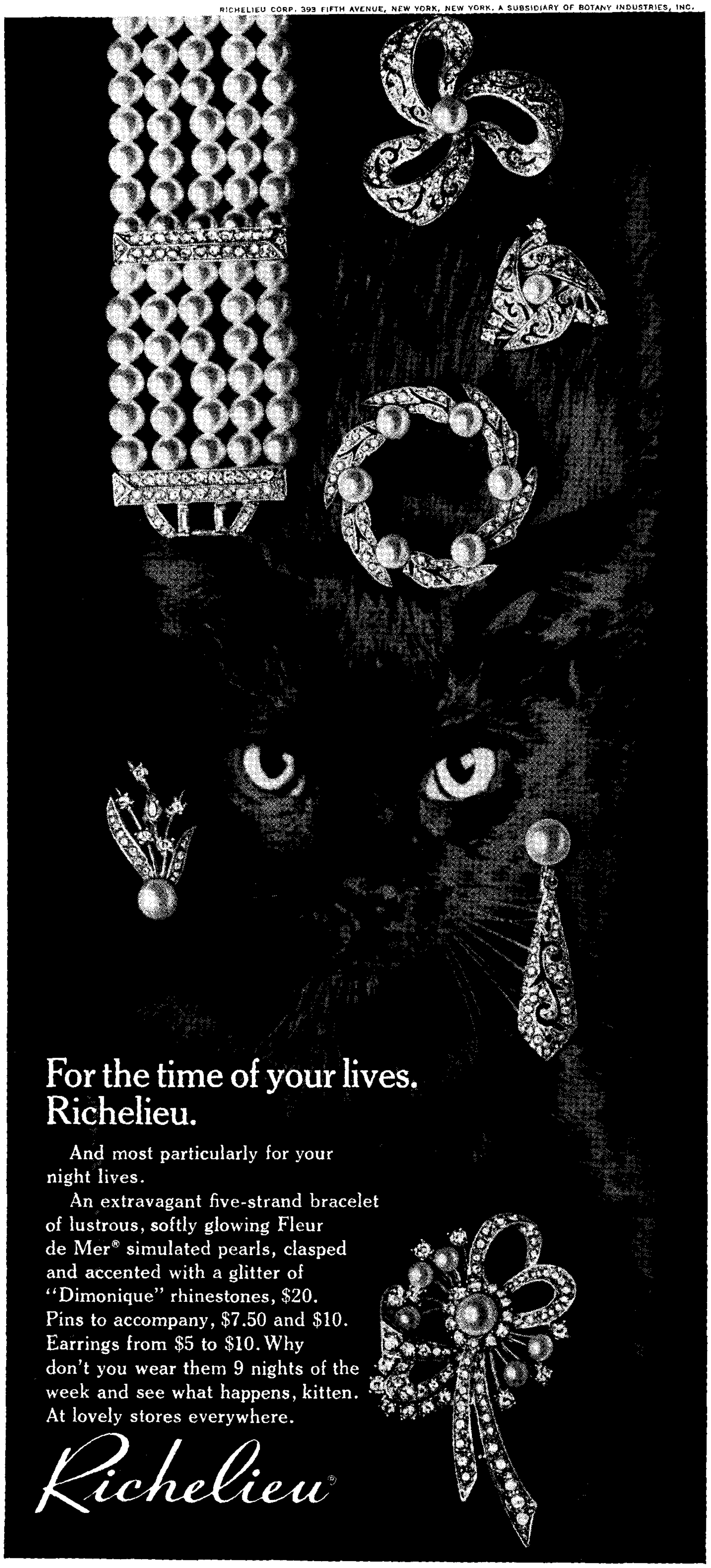

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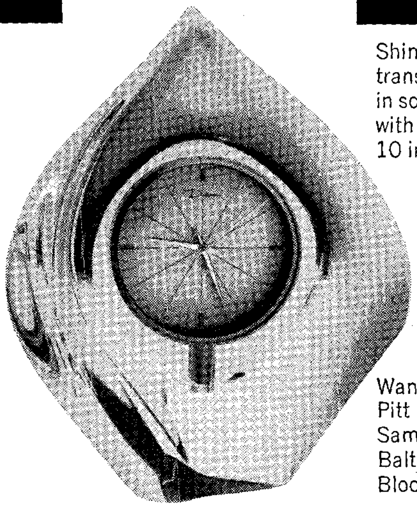

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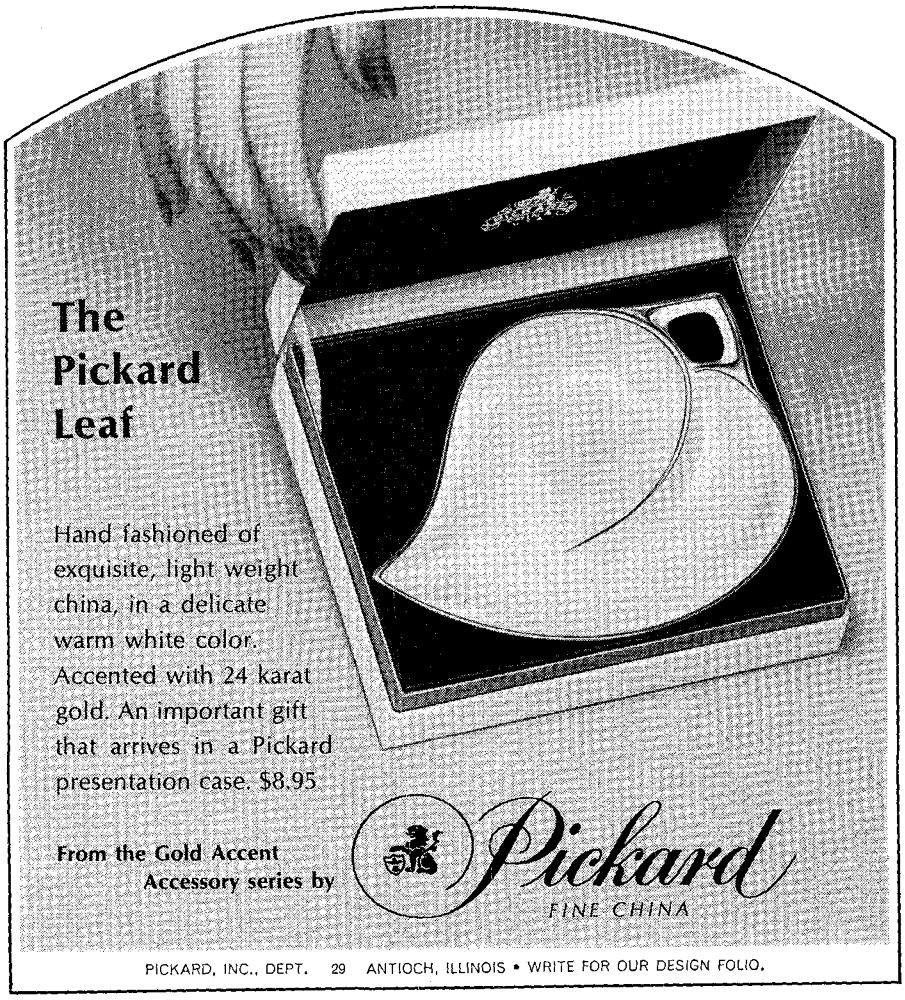

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Broadcast Laboratory was not the second coming of Marconi." Well, that's all right, I guess. Marconi is different things to different men is my motto. Even so, it seems that journalism everywhere, but especially broadcast journalism, is in such a state of disrepair that anything even half as good as that first P.B.L. show ought to be treated with great care, and—I suppose it is a sappy thing to say—with some affection. Oh, yes, I grant you that one ought to preserve one's critical detachment ("critical function," I think it's also called), and that if something isn't up to *snuff one ought to* say so, and *not* go mousing along about how those wonderful kids in the chorus line worked so hard in Philadelphia, and so on. The thing is that despite the complaints of one's more politically-sexy friends that P.B.L. didn't go far enough (and, of course, the complaints of various educational-TV stations that it went too far), there just isn't anything around on American TV that gives any sign of being able to do what this outfit can do, and, especially, could do if it had the steady money, and independence, and sense of ease and mission with which to develop both a really good staff and—well, not so much a point of view as maybe a firm, independent grip on what the hell is going on around us.

On the first Sunday's show—the source of Mr. Friendly's disappointment—sure, there were some things that didn't work. A whole lot of that opening section on the political races in Gary, Cleveland, and Boston seemed like second-best network-TV coverage: announcers standing in front of the camera to "define" the story and to presumably provide that viewer identification with a nice-looking, baritone reporter that networks regard as an integral part of serious television journalism; the camera showing often irrelevant but "visual" events, such as a bunch of old biddies dancing around a street in Boston, while a voice-over narrator delivered captionlike observations about Mrs. Hicks and the backlash situation; another voice-over narrator saying on at least two occasions that the striking thing about the beginning of Stokes's campaign had been his attempt to run as a non-racial candidate, and also showing a seemingly significant film clip of a Stokes speech in which none of that came through; and what seemed like just a lot of rather bumbly newsreel camerawork, as if the cameramen were somehow determined not to be "commercial" and

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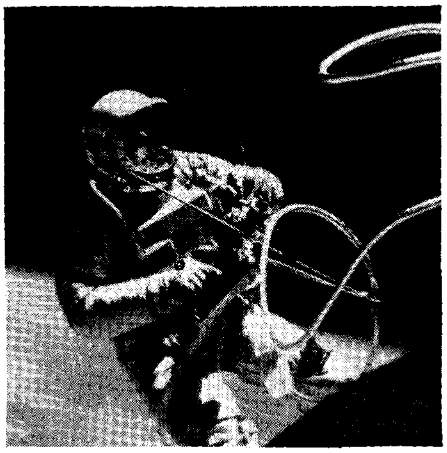
ou're not a camera fanatic... in fact, you may not even own a camera. But you are nterested in things going on around you. You like to travel, watch sports, maybe even participate. You enjoy doing things, being part of things. Well did you ever stop to think that a great part of the enjoyment you get out of doing these things, comes after the fact, from your memories. That's what a camera is all about, it's merely a way of recording things that are happening around you. Recording them, not just for your immediate pleasure, but for years from now. For instance... suppose you're going on a trip to Europe, you'll have a great time and see all kinds of wild things... now if you had a camera along with you, you could capture everything you see on film. Then on a dark winter's night you can drag out the pictures and slides and have a ball reliving the whole trip. (But, please don't put on a show for your friends... they'll only be bored stiff. It's never the same for someone else, just you).

Well anyway that's enough about cameras in general. Now lets talk about cameras in specific. There are literally hundreds of cameras on the market. Maybe that's why you never bought one... the whole thing seemed just too confusing. Really it's all very simple... there are small cameras and big cameras. The Hasselblad is an in-between camera. This means that the pictures you take with a Hasselblad don't have to be looked at through a magnifying glass. So when you have enlargements of your best shots made, the quality is superb. There are very simple cameras and very complicated cameras. The Hasselblad is an in-between camera. What we mean by this is that the Hasselblad could not be operated by a five year old child... but after five minutes with the instruction booklet it could be operated by you. Proof of this is the fact that most of the NASA space pictures taken to date, have been taken with a Hasselblad. You see when you are an astronaut, you don't have time to mess about with complicated cameras. You just want the best pictures it's humanly possible to take, and you want to be able to take them as simply as possible. (Incidentally the pictures were not taken with a specially built camera, but with a slightly modified, off the shelf Hasselblad.)



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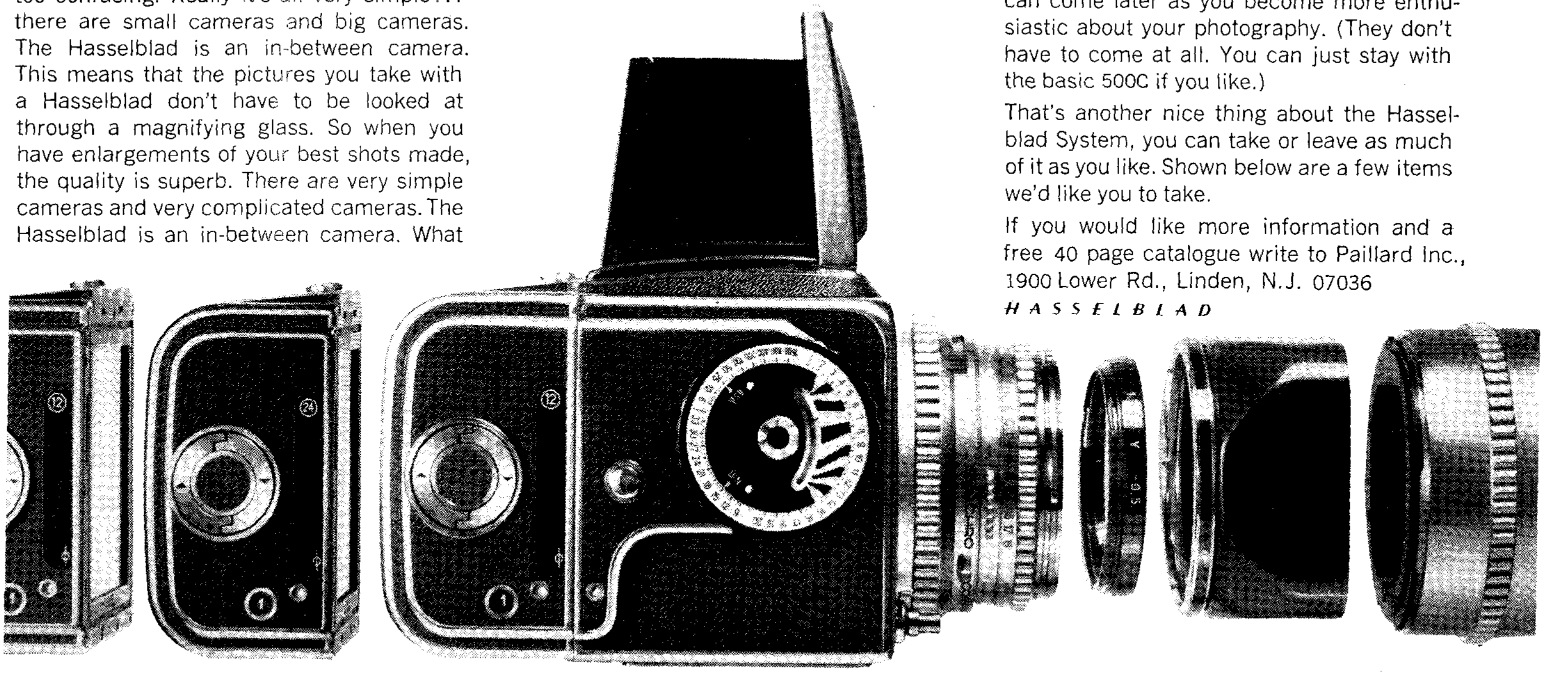

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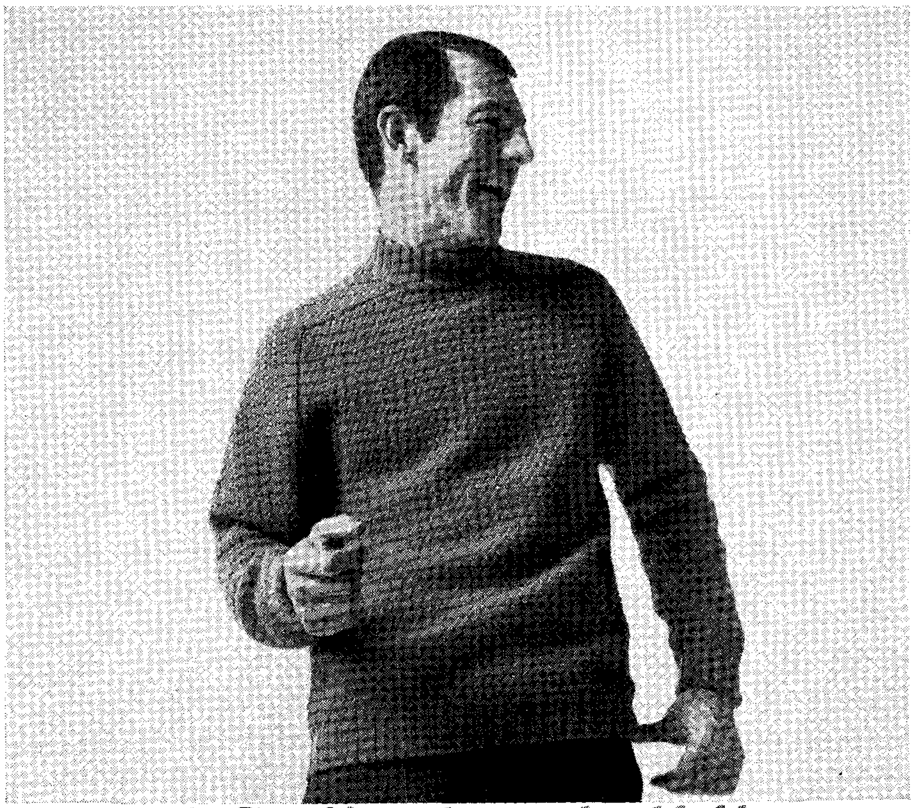

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had read somewhere about *cinéma vérité* being a desirable intellectualish alternative and thought they would give it a good try. Well, O.K. It must have made the hearts sing over at the big networks to see the "non-profit" people at P.B.L. try to do the same things they do (and especially after all those ads about "we promise" and "we intend" and "we are going to show you") and then not even do as well. But there were a couple of other things in those two and a half hours that ought to make people, if not exactly amok with enthusiasm, at least a little more modest about the point and the effect of adding their gleaming, shining, so, so valuable (for heaven's sakes, let's not lower our critical standards) weight of disappointment on top of an enterprise that needs just about all the unweighted freedom of movement it can get. The first was that section in Chicago, where P.B.L. had piled a whole bunch of people into what looked like a prize ring but was really only the studios of the educational-TV station in Chicago, and had got them talking and haranguing and now and then yelling at each other about black and white. It was just very good, although maybe you and I and the Bishop of Brompton would have done it a bit differently—I mean, there was that second-string Black Power guru Russ Meeks, who kept grinding on and on and on and on, standing up there eyeball to eyeball with all those sweet little liberal old ladies and just blasting them to pieces with what at times seemed like an unnecessary amount of heavy artillery, and that vague, do-gooding Negro minister who seemed to be part of some other program, and those two wise Negro kids in the back who kept giving sass to all the poor white liberals, which would have been O.K. except it was second-hand sass, and so forth and so forth. I mean, the "dialogue" was out of kilter—it really wasn't a dialogue at all. It wasn't balanced. Why should it be balanced? It was just very good, it unfolded, it showed people expressing things they thought about this issue, and if I knew anywhere else on the airwaves that you found this sort of thing I'd maybe be a little more offhand about what P.B.L. did that night, but I don't.

The same thing goes for the supposedly controversial play "Day of Absence," by Douglas Turner Ward, which took up the rest of the program, and which many of the educational-TV stations in the South seem to have found so tough to handle, and which Mr. Friendly (there goes Mr. Friendly again; I'm sorry, Mr. Friendly) found tedious. I guess it was a bit tedious, after all. It had a lot of mannerisms it didn't really seem to need—that scene at the beginning with those two old guys drowsing on the front stoop—and then about five minutes before the actual end it seemed about to end but didn't, which was a pity, and when the ending did come you felt the playwright had fished into a hat containing fifteen possible endings and just closed his eyes and pulled one out. I think it's fair to say that Ward's play was on the long side, but I think it's also fair to say that there are probably only three and a half people in this country right now who can be counted on to know the difference between editing and the sort of technical censorship described as "cutting" ("Awful sorry, Mr. Strindberg, but the choreographer says we'll have to lose a couple of speeches in the second act . . ."), and, it seems to me, if you happen to somehow stumble onto a genuine individual talent such as Mr. Ward's, maybe the best thing is to show a little nerve and go along with him—bit of tedium and all. Tedium, admittedly, is pretty grim, but maybe the only worse thing than feeling it is never being given the chance to find out whose tedium it really is. I don't think Ward's play is going to set Parnassus, or even Marconi, on fire—why should it?—but if there's been a more interesting piece of imaginative work on television about the racial question than "Day of Absence," I don't know what it is, or where it's been. It certainly wasn't last season's ricky-tick offering by "C.B.S. Playhouse" ("The Final War of Olly Winter") about a Negro G.I. in Vietnam.

In short, I think there were some genuinely special things about that first P.B.L. show, which you just don't get on network TV and which you haven't up to now had on educational TV: the aforementioned "dialogue" in Chicago, and Ward's play, and (as a smaller sample) a section of film, preceding the Chicago dialogue, that had been filmed and narrated by Mr. Meeks without "any interference or censorship" by P.B.L.—and the fact that it's useful and relevant for people like P.B.L. to make that sort of disclaimer may be an indication of where things still are in the world's largest non-state-operated, non-authoritarian, free-market broadcast system. In short, maybe people might relax their critical instincts just a little—at least to the point of not getting quite so anxious about their own individual artistic or journalistic purities

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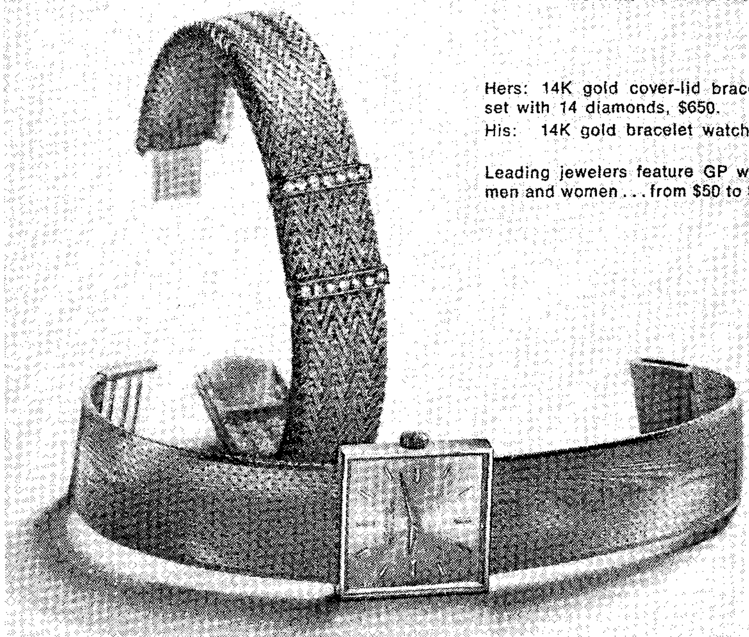

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being deflowered or otherwise impaired by some not absolutely first-rate ("Well, it's not II Isaiah, but . . .") piece of work—and then perhaps an enterprise like P.B.L. will have the chance to develop into something really useful. One thing that certainly seems more likely than not, anyway, is that, relax or not, within either the medium term or the short term, commercial TV will split most of its prime-time programming between movies (which it's nearly already done) and large-scale news-and-information shows (which, with the apparent suicide of the new series shows, and the relative success of C.B.S.'s four-part Warren Report study, A.B.C.'s four-hour "special" on Africa, and the expanded Huntley-Brinkley format, seems a trend now dimly under way), and although I think it will be a fine thing if the networks turn themselves into *Life* Magazines of the Air—a finer thing, anyway, than their current incantations as Pulp Fiction Magazines of the Air—there damned well ought to be a *New Republic* Magazine of the Air somewhere on the horizon, or we will pretty soon all sink, singing bravely, into the mud.

Oh, yes. One small note: It seems to me the P.B.L. people could get along without those fake commercials. I mean, do a serious takeout on cigarettes or cigarette commercials, or hire some smart young kid from the *Yale Record* and do a funny one. There was something so maddeningly heavy and pious about that young lady breaking the long cigarette in two and then delivering a little sermon (sermonette?) on the evils thereof—it made one want to light up at least six cigarettes at once in self-defense. —MICHAEL J. ARLEN

•

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At half mast, leaves falling, late flowers, a line
Of oaks gone red and the familiar
Passenger you thought you had forgotten?

—DAVID POSNER

If you wear your Gleneagles raincoat in the rain is it your raincoat?

You bet it is.

Know what, it's your raincoat when the sun is shining, too.

You see, our plan at Gleneagles is to make raincoats that are not restricted by weather, good or bad. Not restricted by occasion, formal or informal.

In short, to make raincoats that everyone can wear everywhere every time. And we've succeeded. Brilliantly. We make 30 different raincoats. Each of which ranks among the great raincoats of the world.

So next time you need a coat that's going to stay right with you, rain or shine, just make sure it says "Gleneagles Raincoat".

® DuPont Reg. T.M.

Gleneagles.
One of the world's
great raincoats.

On him, The Condor, with plush zip-out **Borgana**® lining of 100% **Orlon**® acrylic by **Borg** Fabrics, $75. On her, The Glenlyn, with mink-like zip-out **Mintage**® lining made for us by **Borg** Fabrics, $60. Gleneagles raincoats for men and women at well-informed stores everywhere, or write Gleneagles Inc., 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y.C.

The Ranger, AC or battery powered.

This Magnavox portable plays anywhere, any time...perfectly.

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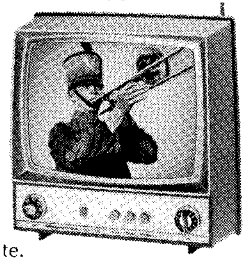

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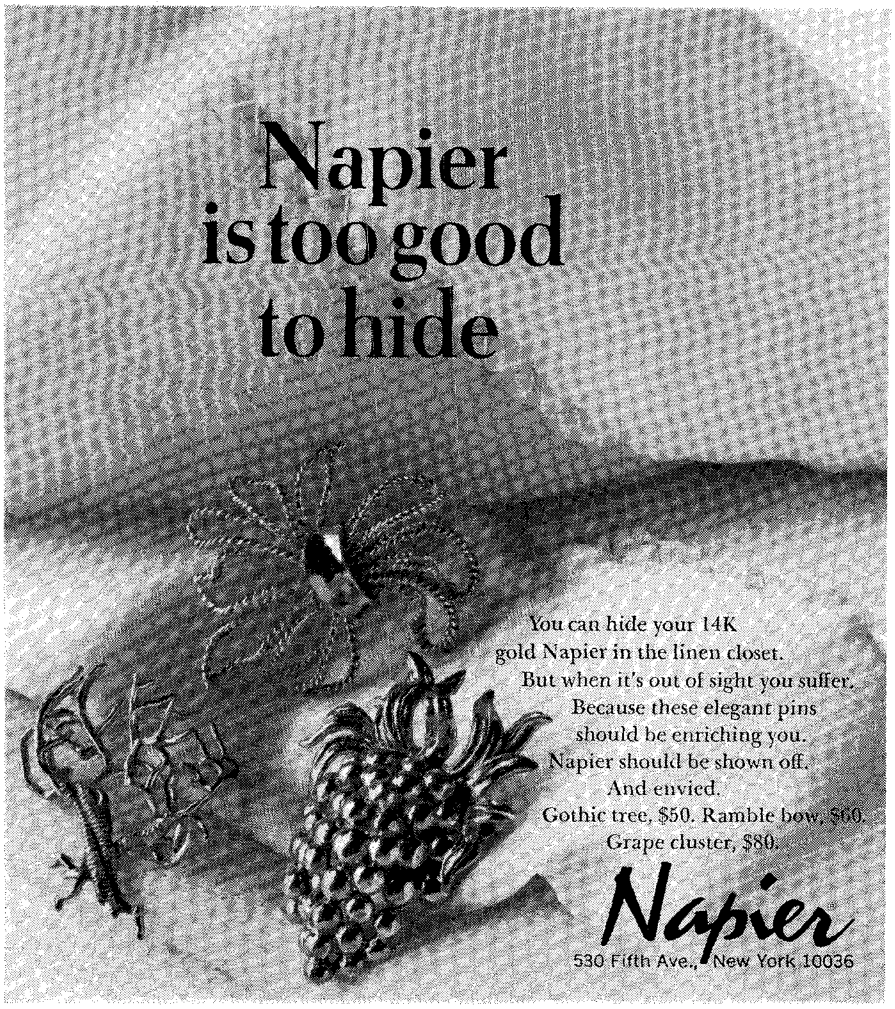

Napier is too good to hide

You can hide your 14K
gold Napier in the linen closet.
But when it's out of sight you suffer.
Because these elegant pins
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Napier should be shown off.
And envied.
Gothic tree, $50. Ramble bow, $60.
Grape cluster, $80.

Napier
530 Fifth Ave., New York 10036

SISTER'S ON THE OTHER LINE

NOT long ago, while I was looking up the phone number of a lawyer in New York City named Max Siskind, my eye was caught by an entry farther down Mr. Siskind's column. There seemed to be a phone number for someone named simply Sister Mary. I looked again, and, sure enough, there was Sister Mary, with a CAnal number. Furthermore, just above her was a listing for Sister M. Theresine, on the BEekman exchange.

I happened to be in a hotel lobby, with a row of local directories at hand, and I found myself reaching for the Brooklyn book and flipping rapidly to the "S"s. Right away, I found Sister Mechtilde, of GEdney, and Sister Rosemary, of DEwey. I also found Sister Mary Arlene, Sister Mary Bernice, Sister Maria Carita, and about twenty more Brooklynites without last names. The Queens directory yielded an equal number. And on Staten Island I found Sister Ellen Mary and Sister Mary Augustine, both rather splendidly on the SAint George exchange.

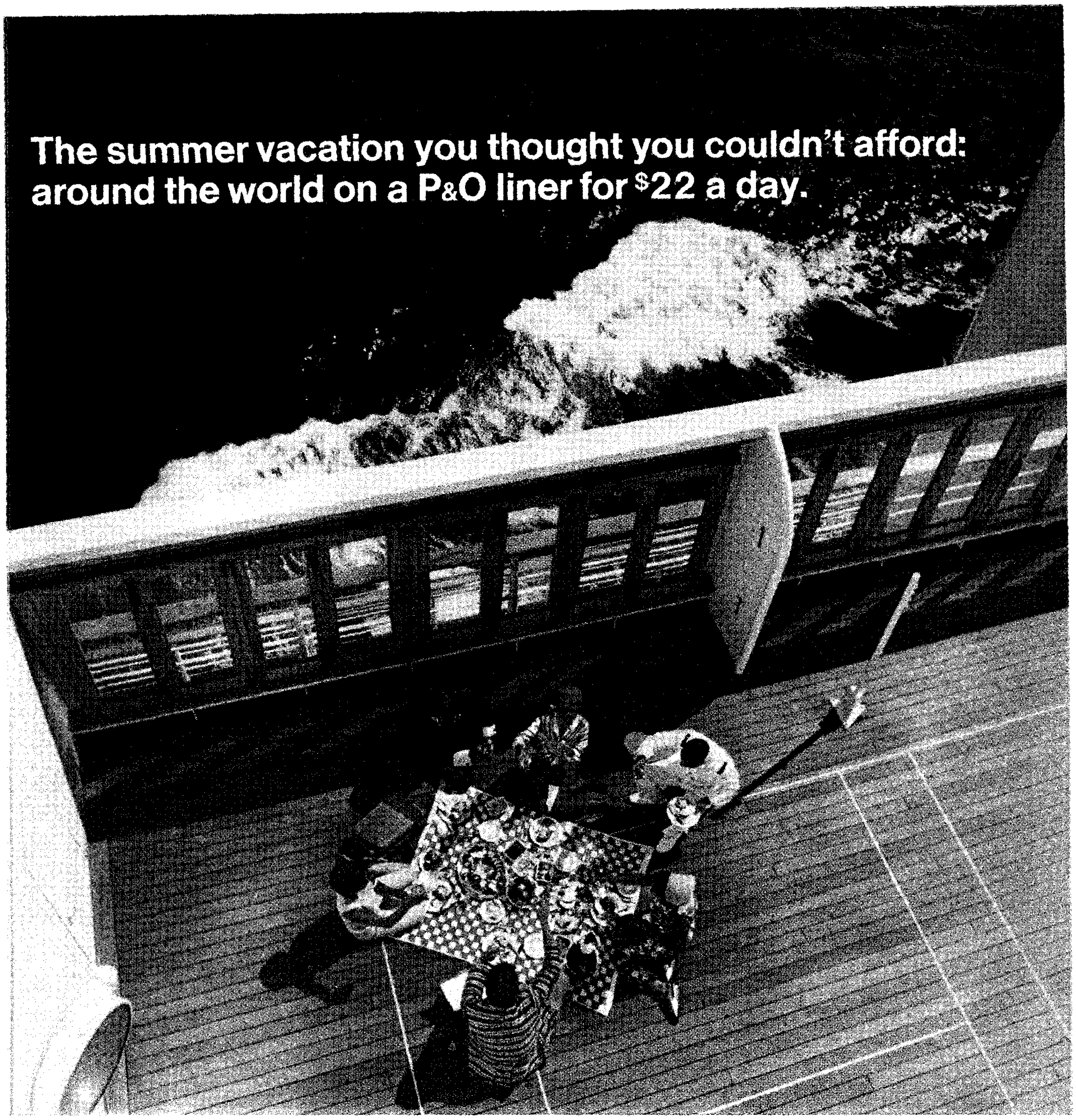
Since then, I have hardly touched a Gideon Bible when I have been in a hotel in a strange city. Instead, I open the local phone book to "S." The results have been worth it. Nuns are more numerous and the phone company more accommodating than I had ever dreamed. It is dazzling to find forty-eight phone subscribers in Buffalo all named Sister Superior; it even makes one wonder if Los Angeles, with only thirty-two subscribers named Sister Superior, is quite as populous as its chamber of commerce likes to claim.

Then there's Cincinnati. Others may associate Cincinnati with soap, but I associate it with a special class of contrapuntally named nun. There are, in fact, three sub-classes of contrapuntal nuns in the city. Sister Ann Joseph and Sister Mary Paul belong to the first, Sister Joseph Louise and Sister Philip Marie to the second, Sister Richard and Sister Gerald to the third. (Sister Peter Paul of Denver is in a class by herself.)

Another memorable city is Dallas. There are only two last-nameless subscribers in the Dallas directory, as compared to at least ninety in Cincinnati, but one of those two is Sister Holy Ghost. In my opinion, she makes up for six all-number exchanges and two area codes. I consider only Sister Mount Virgin, of the Seattle directory, worthy to be mentioned in the same paragraph.

In the United States, that is. Lately,

The summer vacation you thought you couldn't afford: around the world on a P&O liner for $22 a day.



There's many a landlocked resort where you can easily spend $22 a day, on top of what it costs to get there. But in our seagoing hotels, $22 a day can take you around the world.

And we include all your meals, plus English tea. (Picnics are optional—and you won't be bothered by ants.)

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What does it all cost? Anywhere from $140 to $4532, depending on the length of time, the room you choose and whether or not you take one of our special, escorted holidays.

You can meet a P&O liner in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Vancouver, Honolulu or Port Everglades.

Naturally, you'll want to know more. So check the coupon for the holiday that interests you and pop it in the mail for a packet of details.

Then see your travel agent—and run away to sea!

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Sirs: Please send me brochures on:

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- ☐ Around the Pacific
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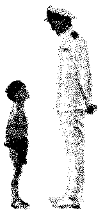

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"Guv'ner"
by Bernhard Altmann,
those people you thought knit
only classics

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Out-British the British in "Guv'ner," a totally coordinated, totally distinguished clothes look by Bernhard Altmann. Step out in a Heathspun sportcoat with the texture of English heather, the tailoring finesse of Savile Row. In Grey with Chili, sizes 35 to 46, about $60.00. The perfectly matched Chili pullover is a comfortable spin of luxurious Shetland wool, sizes 38 to 46, about $20.00. Spun hopsack slacks in Grey, sizes 29 to 44, about $25.00. All bearing the wool mark label, mark of the world's best... pure virgin wool. See them all together in the Bernhard Altmann boutique of a good store, or write Bernhard Altmann, 666 Fifth Ave., N Y

Bernhard Altmann
THE LEGEND OF A GREAT KNITTER

my travels have taken me to Canada, and I now realize that the triumph of human nomenclature over mere mechanic order reaches its apogee in eastern Canada, and particularly in Montreal. Not only did I find Sister Hilary, Sister Mary Irene, and Sister St Michael Of The Saints in the Montreal directory but, driven by some inner love of disorder, I kept looking and got a still larger haul under "Soeur." There is Soeur Honorine, for example, Soeur St Leonard, Soeur Ste Bernadette-Soubirous, Soeur Ste Thérèse De La Foi, and Soeur Marie De Ste Rose De La Trinité. (The typographical style is the Montreal directory's.) In fact, about ten per cent of Montreal is able to resist being alphabetized in any ordinary way. I can hardly wait to visit Quebec.

Furthermore, I worry a lot less about zip codes and direct distance-dialling than I used to. —NOEL PERRIN

•

I wrote you for instructions on painting ceramics.

A brawl that erupted in an uptown bar last night when a man pulled a gun on another dressed in old clothes ended with the arrest of six persons, police said. The man in old clothes was one of two Tactical Squad officers checking the bar.

Police said Pvts. William C. Rollins and Steven Maiorca, both white, had stopped in McGuires, 1410 Irving-st nw, on a routine check, when six men followed them in. One walked up to Pvt. Rollins, pulled a gun and held it to his head.

Pvt. Rollins struggled with the gunman, who was unaware he was fighting with a policeman, and the man's five companions jumped into the fray. Some regular customers and employes of the bar, who knew the officers, went to help them. The officers, employes and customers won the fight, and the six were arrested and charged with assaulting a policeman.

The two policemen, a waitress, and three of the suspects were treated for minor injuries; the doorman at the bar suffered a broken arm.—*Washington Daily News*.

Why paint ceramics when so much is going on?

•

The Vienna's wind section has a less crystalline and hard-edged sound than do the usual American ones. The Vienna sound is fatter and rounder. The result is that there is a whole area of blend in which the winds can approach the string sound and vice versa.

To be sure, Mr. Böhm took advantage of this dimension in his phrasing.

He also offered Brahms's First Symphony, and here too, the orchestra had a sense of savor in its playing. The Brahms was directional without being driven.

"She was a quiet girl and very churchgoing," Mr. Hamer said.—*The Times*.

And not as fat as the Vienna sound.

Taste Tour
The Great Vineyards of France
with Chanson
Chablis
ALSACE
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BURGUNDY
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Chateau La Garde.
A fine, dry Chateau claret, light and full-bodied, from Bordeaux.

Beaujolais St. Vincent.
A light, fruity, well-rounded red Burgundy.

Rosé des Anges
A fruity, semi-sweet light rosé from Anjou.

Chablis St. Vincent.
A dry, crisp white Burgundy with a tangy freshness.

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A dry, soft, elegant Chateau white Graves from Bordeaux.

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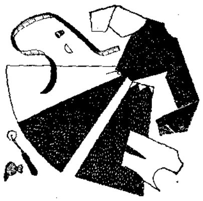
Give him Madame Rochas perfume. A few drops at a time.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



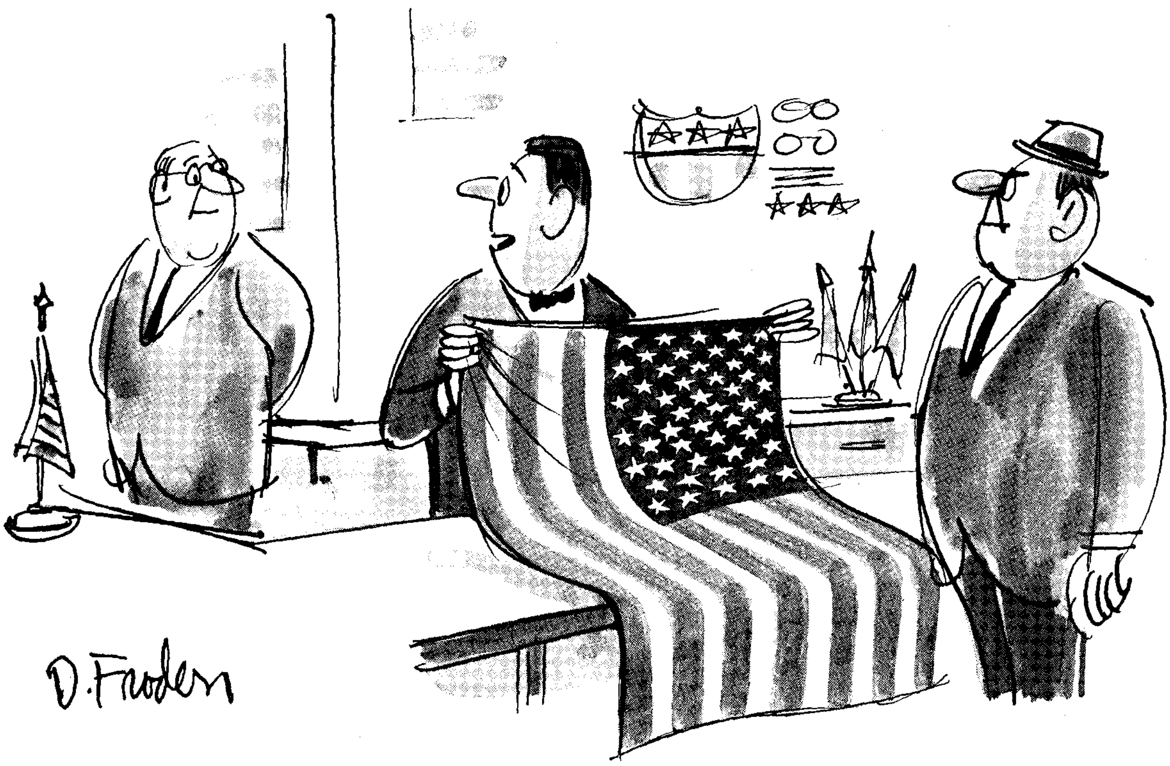
ONE of our most interesting social phenomena is the inclination of highly successful men toward collecting petite wives, just as the petite wives collect priceless itsy-bitsy bric-a-brac. The custom furriers, one and all, have sensibly kept these little women in mind, even when it comes to using thick furs like sable. For one, Gunther Jaeckel chooses Russian sable for a coat with a tiny, snug top, the furs arranged horizontally and with a real flare at the hem. And—this idea permeates the Gunther Jaeckel thinking—the edges of this coat just manage to meet on their way down the center front, thus eliminating any overlapping bulk. This trick of making both ends meet so neatly is accomplished by putting a panel of satin underneath on each side; the panels button to hold the sides of the coat precisely in place. Though this sort of meeting-of-the-furs occurs often in the present G. J. collection, a zipper is sometimes substituted for buttons on the underpanels. All this keeps the coat nicely in order without exterior buttons.

I was muttering, last time out, about the difficulty of finding good capes around town. In cloth, Trigère is unique in the way she turns out masterpieces, but in fur few designers merit the attention of cape lovers, who are a frustrated many. (Snug fit over the shoulders is *numero uno* among the desiderata.) Alfred Rainer does a cape in black Russian broadtail, and this one is suitable for small women in that it is collarless, has the conventional slits for the arms, hugs the shoulders, and has only a moderate sweep. White mink trim is visible around the neck and down the front. Gunther Jaeckel shows two nice numbers, one of them in cheetah with black leather piping and, at each side, vertical flaps for the hands, and the other one in Lakoda fur seal with a chain across the throat below the pointed collar and, by heaven, a hamster lining, also in vertical array. Hooray! Maximilian has concocted a wonderful cape coat—for tall women, I should think—in white Swakara Persian. The coat is double-breasted and wears a brown patent-leather belt; the cape starts at both sides of the shoulder yoke and swings downward and outward. A Maximilian outfit called Weekender appears in white natural calf. It begins with a short, flaring cape that has a little collar and proceeds to a coat with two frogs at the top and envelope pockets. The sleeveless wraparound dress of the calf is ornamented by a gold chain belt and can be worn with a long-sleeved ribbed yellow turtleneck sweater.

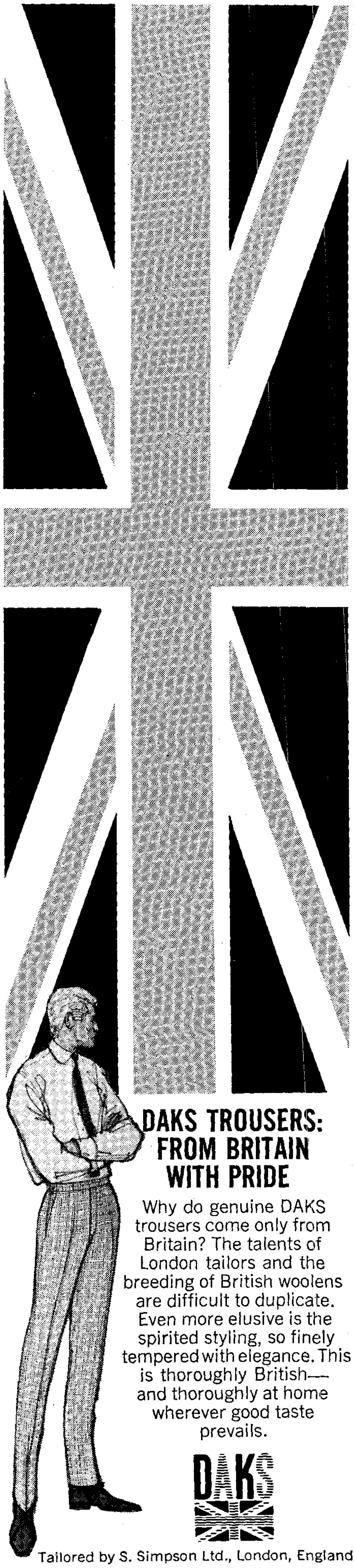
Oh, there are lots of asymmetrical closings, particularly at Maximilian, and lots of wrapped effects, at Ben Kahn, that still go into an A line. Speaking of Kahn, his silhouette this season is unique, and one that merits pause, not to say reverence. It is tight at the top and taut down to the waist, below which it swells out noticeably on each hip, then narrows at the hem—a blessing, I say, for women of a certain structure. One example of this is shown in black-and-white calf, single-breasted, with a convertible collar and a high bustline. Another is shown in ranch mink, with a narrow half belt that ties in front.

Then there are colors that the simple, innocent wild animals would be quite astonished by. (They *could* have thought of these themselves—more decorative.) Ermine dyed gold comprises a V-necked sweater at Maximilian, accompanied by rather unfortunate Tom Sawyer knickers in crinkled brown velvet. To my mind, the sweater would be much better off with other things. Maximilian has also gone and dyed mink gold for a princesse tunic coat with a fly-front closing (it snaps) on a slant. He even goes for dyeing calf in a claret hue for a coat. (Kahn is all for a cognac hue on both calf and Persian.) And with these sage (a color I never liked) words, I'll have done with hop-skip-jump and get down to a point-to-point inventory. As follows:

IN the vast collection at Maximilian, certain things stand out. Like a Persian coat in sand color with matching felt braided around the hem and making the back belt. Four interlaced-felt buttons go down one side. And like autumn-haze mink with matching bands of Persian lamb. And like dark-brown ranch mink, horizontally worked, that produces a coat on which wide bands of the mink alternate with narrow bands



"Harry, any discount to a super-patriot?"



DAKS TROUSERS: FROM BRITAIN WITH PRIDE

Why do genuine DAKS trousers come only from Britain? The talents of London tailors and the breeding of British woolens are difficult to duplicate. Even more elusive is the spirited styling, so finely tempered with elegance. This is thoroughly British—and thoroughly at home wherever good taste prevails.

DAKS

Tailored by S. Simpson Ltd., London, England

of dark-brown leather from the waist down. Natural sea otter is the substance of a tunic-length station-wagon coat with a sash and cuffs of dark-brown leather to boot. Persian lamb in a champagne hue is cut princesse fashion for a coat with double-breasted buttons up high. There are slanting pockets, and the peasant sleeves end in band cuffs. Black Alaska seal is cut in very young princesse style; a chain fastens it across the front, and there is a panel back. When it's time to be dressier, there comes white ermine, likewise very young and princesse, on a coat with a split band collar and a snap closing, to say nothing of a theatre or wedding suit of white ermine with a convertible collar, cuffs split at the sides of the wrists, and a slightly A skirt. There is also white Persian making a coat with sharp V collar points at each side in front. This, too, is princesse, with a side closing. For Sunday brunch in a country club *de style* (I guess), Maximilian exhibits a coat of pink calf, sort of mottled, with a split band collar; there are big oval brass rings for the closing and on the flaps of the low-down pockets. Russian broadtail cut like cloth has always been a specialty of the house; in black, it does a straight coat dress with Pierrot ruffles around the neck and just above the wrists. For formal evenings, Maximilian likes short-in-front, long-in-back offerings, such as a coat in beige otter, diagonally worked, that rises above the knees in front and sinks to the floor in back to show the brocade lining. Black mink is utilized the same way, but with a medieval look. This one actually trails astern. And there are ankle-length capes in (I don't *believe* it) red calf that is lined with chinchilla, and there's a huge cape coat of tourmaline mink with lynx going down each side from the elbow to the floor. I shall reform at the end of all this and revert to demureness by citing a full-skirted evening dress of black ermine with an asymmetrical closing down the back. With it go a choirboy collar of white ermine and a round muff for Little Women. Beth, Amy, where are you?

GUNTHER JAECKEL has latched onto three designers whose works belong solely to G. J. as far as this town is concerned. One is Catherine Guilbert, who is responsible for the two Gunther capes I referred to at the beginning of this week's essay, not to mention that petite-wife sable. She has added to these a coat dress of dark-brown Swakara with wide V bands—

Lord & Taylor

Now is the time

for a John Weitz watch. 14-kt. gold-plated links, black leather strap, 17-jewel Swiss works—by Destino, 35.00 each.

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22 smart colors
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Ballantine
ESTABLISHED 1827
APPOINTMENT TO
86 P
FINEST BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
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It's your drink.
You decide.

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY "21" BRANDS, INC., N.Y. C.

Here are four cobalt blue and gold patterns from four different china makers. How do you know which one to buy?

You don't. Unless you know something about china.

See the pattern upper left? That's Royal Worcester "Blue Regency" bone china from England.

And now the lesson begins.

If you know anything about china, you know that bone china is actually made of bone.

Royal Worcester contains 50% oxbone ash. That's why it's so white. And that's why the blue is so luminously blue (like light streaming through stained glass).

Now cobalt blue is a metallic oxide that must be handled with extreme care by skilled Royal Worcester craftsmen.

So all you see, when you examine this plate closely, is *consistently intense blue.* Without lumpy bubble spots. Or bluish shadows in the white plate body caused by bleeding.

The pattern is an early Regency classic, an intricately detailed frieze design.

The 24 karat gold borders are swirled on by hand.

It's one of Royal Worcester's most formal dinner patterns. Simply begs for a "black tie" dinner party.

Centuries of fine craftsmanship have left their golden mark on the back of Royal Worcester bone china. Look for this identification mark of quality.

"Blue Regency" is $44.75 the five piece place setting. Other Royal Worcester patterns from $16.75 to $135. Send 25¢ for our full color pattern brochure and handy "Don't Panic Cookbook" to Royal Worcester, Dept. NY-D-11
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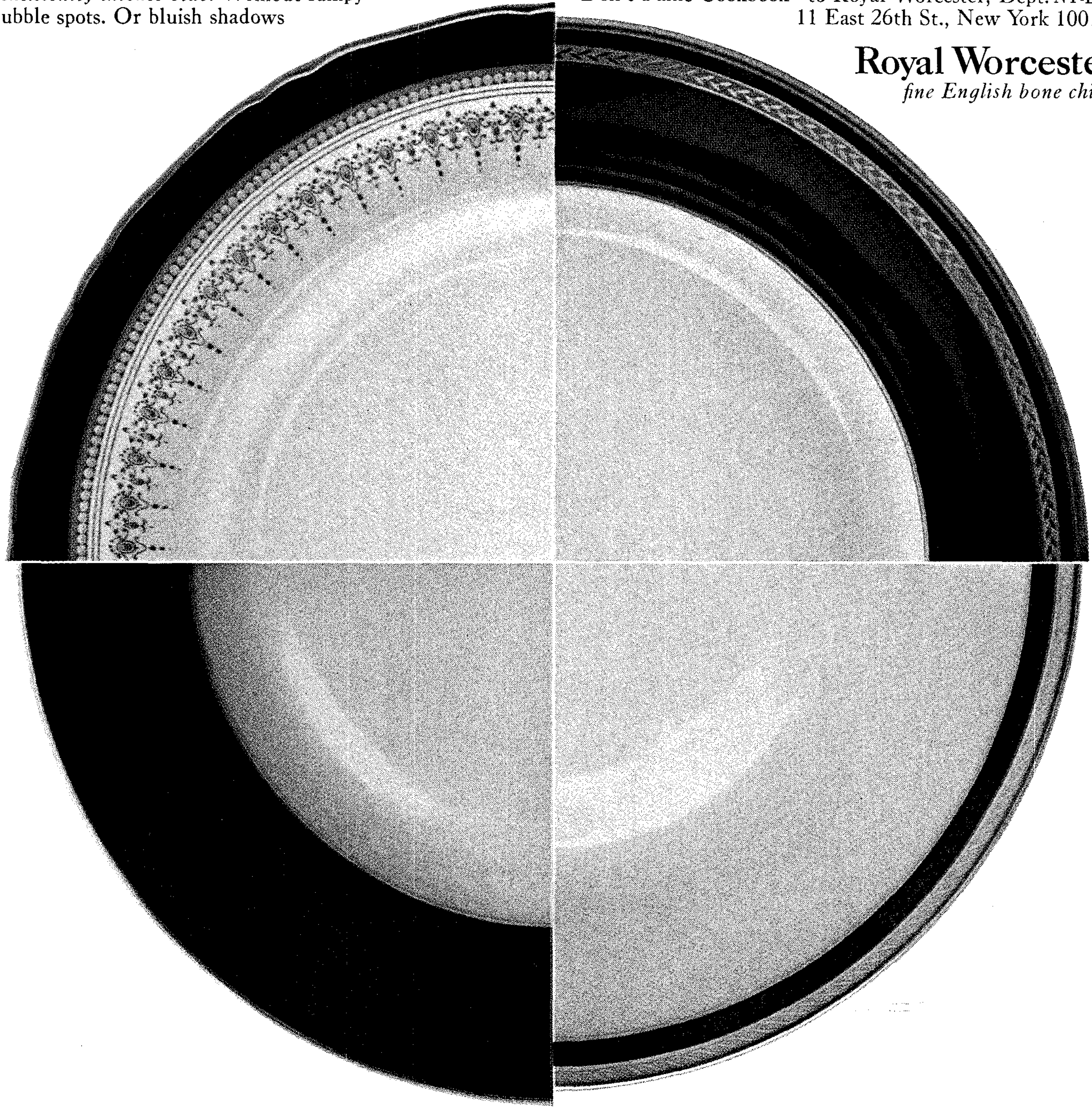
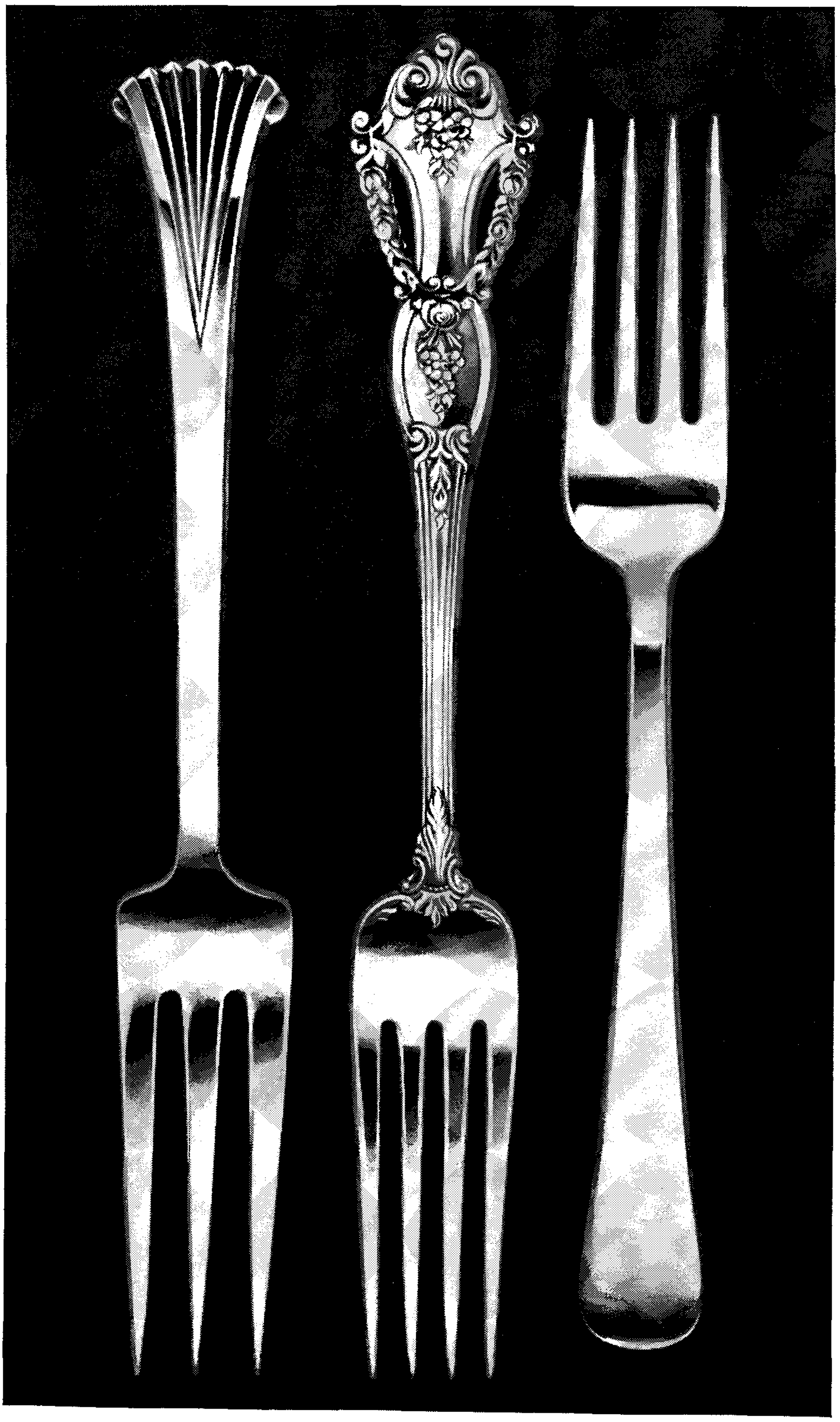
Royal Worcester
fine English bone china



one white and one black—down on the chest. Hers, too, is a coat of Somali leopard with the loveliest swing I've seen in some time; the skirt is flat front and back, but the flare to the sides is truly stirring. It really *moves*, man. Next is Cosmo Sirchio, a brilliant newcomer to fashion. I cite, for one, his dress of beige Indian lamb with a wide band of tourmaline mink going across the front and ending in cap sleeves. But lo! full-length sleeves can snap on to provide more coverage. What I like best, though, are some long-waisted deals here. One coat is of Russian broadtail (this has that meeting-in-front, plus underpanel, to reduce its bulk) with a short circular skirt that is flat in back and slightly gathered and flaring in front. Another deal comes in greige American broadtail. A sleeveless snip of a dress is the starter; the rest is a long jacket that may have a matching belt snapped around it low down. The same fur does a suit with another long jacket; up-and-down zigzag seams give it shape. Two inverted pleats far down in back on the jacket make it flip out in a sassy way that belies its long lines. A side-closing coat dress of light mink with hem, cuffs, and round collar of ranch mink overlaps, for a change, and for some reason (I don't know what) reminds me of a French kid's school smock. The third designer in the Gunther Jaeckel compound is Jean Louis, who starts out with a thunderstormy coat (truly mottled and lowering) of natural Ranger seal. It is bordered all the way around by mink dyed black, and the small collar is of the same stuff. This, too, embodies the idea of that deft non-overlapping meeting-in-front with the buttoned closing underneath. Louis is likewise the inventor of a day-length coat of white Indian broadtail with black broadtail doing some deep scalloping at the hem and making a scalloped panel down each side of the snapped front closing; more scallops occur on the cuffs and the turnover collar. Merely divine is the tattered phrase that escapes me as I contemplate this delight. Louis also does a jellaba in vertical stripes of ranch and white mink. The stripes, which are two and a half inches across at the top, widen by an inch or more on their way to the hem. There are stripes on the sleeves, too, and on the attached hood, which is pointed in back and lined with the ranch next to the face. This garment zips down quite low, but one has to step into it, just the same. This is also true of the Louis dress of ranch mink with a flaring hem and a stand-up collar. (Turn down that thermo-



Individualism is alive

...and expressed in sterling by Tuttle. Onslow is heavy, with the strong lines of 18th Century England. Beauvoir is a total commitment to the Classical and Hannah Hull is pure, severe Early American.

Tuttle has other patterns to choose from, all with equally strong ties to the past. Perhaps one will be an expression of your individuality.

At only the finest stores—the name of the nearest on request.

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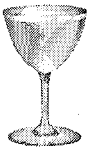
"Pine Tree Shilling Hallmark" "Presidential Datemarks"

IF YOU LIKE A NICE, BLAND, DELICATE LITTLE DAIQUIRI...



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Myers's doesn't make a nice, bland, delicate little anything. What it does make is a hearty, full-flavored rum drink. That's because Myers's is dark Jamaican rum. And people who know rum will tell you dark Jamaican rum is the rummiest rum of all. So, naturally, the Myers's Daiquiri is the rummiest Daiquiri of all.

Use Myers's Rum every time the drink calls for rum. You'll love it. Providing you're ready for a good, full-flavored rum.

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Myers's—the true Jamaican Rum. 84 Proof.

stat!) For formality, Cosmo Sirchio steps forward with a floor-length white mink that has crystal band beading between the horizontal rows of the fur. An even further step forward is his long, long column of ranch mink with no fastenings at all except the way you wrap it around yourself.

UP to this point in my monograph, there has been grandeur and splendor and all that, but no elves have been whispering into the ears of our furriers. They have, though, been talking to Ben Kahn, and so look! Blazers of mink in vertical stripes combining rosy-red and white, royal and white, or—for conservatives and cowards—beige and pastel mink. And he does things like coats of white calf lined with skunk, the skunk in horizontal lines, with white fringe dipping at the bottom on each side. His French calf, dyed for him in cognac, is present in a slim coat that ends in a moderate A line; golden sable makes the revers and an edge all the way around the lovely thing. Calf with a tiger stencilling (this from France, and only for Mr. K.) comes in buff with black markings. This is made into a tailored coat from which a belt sags in back. Satin calf that is as smooth as the fabric for which it is named accomplishes, in white, a sort of rajah coat with a high yoke seam and three rhinestone buttons placed way aloft. Mr. Kahn has other stunts, such as taking Swakara Persian and dyeing it avocado green (and good it looks) for, say, a tailored coat with flap pockets. Wraparound coats are possible as well, even when the hem goes outward in that A-line way you must be tired of hearing about. Our petite women will admire Kahn's treatment of spotted furs (cheetah, leopard, et al.) with edges of ranch mink all the way. Dealing in what are called "more important" furs, he has prepared a coat of ranch mink, usually with high armholes and a flare that spurts from a high waistline above low patch pockets. A tent coat (this is of ranch, too) manages to have that tight front at the top, where there are four double-breasted buttons, and yet swing wide below. But all need not be Important; with wholehearted irreverence, Kahn does a trenchcoat in Empress chinchilla with a sharp turnover collar, a V neck, a leather strap belt, and tilted cuffed pockets. Reverting to grandeur, he next essays a coat of black Russian broadtail with a standup neck and little gathers under the high armholes. Four single jet buttons are the ornamentation. And brown Russian broadtail, which is

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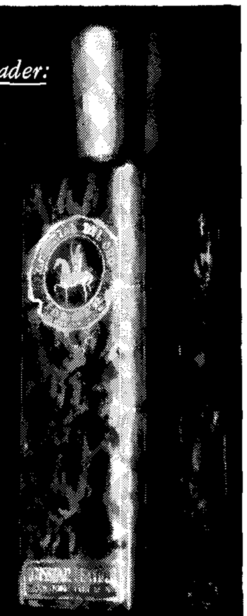

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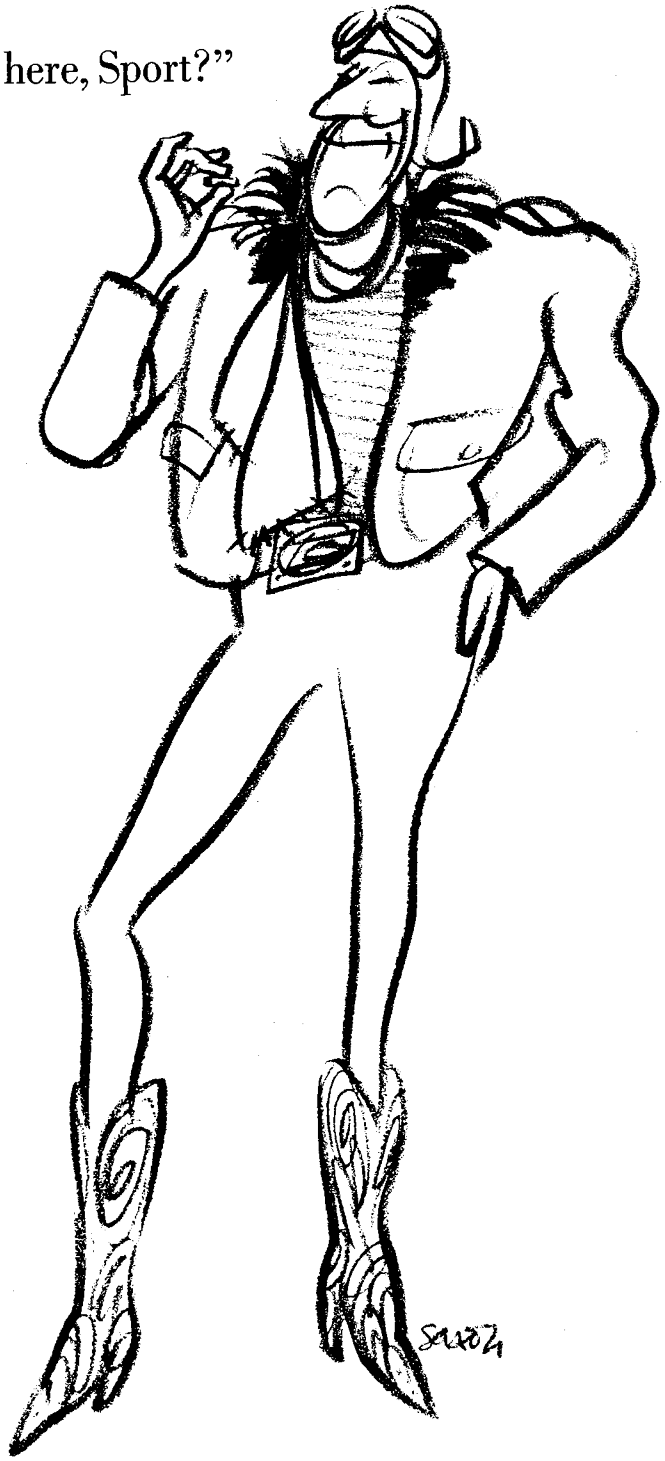
"Who does the hiring and firing around here, Sport?"



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mighty rare, produces a coat with two bands of sable around it.

ALFRED RAINER's small salon is not a place for freaking-out; no, it's for women who would rather not be seen *or* heard in their peregrinations around the world. Rainer is, indeed, head of the S.F.P., or Sane Fur Policy. He thinks hard about raincoats, using Brazilian river otter, which sheds water when it rains and looks wonderful when it shines. High lapels and six double-breasted gold buttons are the identifying marks. The coats are slightly shaped up top but straight the rest of the journey. Canadian hair seal, in ombré array, running from charcoal to cream in mottled vertical stripes, ends up as a simple, single-breasted coat. Rainer is more elaborate in dealing with a raincoat of gold poplin lined with brown nutria. (Other shells, naturally, can be worn over this de-luxe lining.) A double-breasted coat of jaguar wears black leather buttons and piping; one of Russian broadtail, semi-fitted, with the small collar, the cuffs, and the hem of black mink, is more lordly. I don't know what's becoming of little jackets now; have they gone the way of stoles, or is most everybody just hiding them from me? But Rainer, I find, has bunches of them, such as a jacket of white Russian ermine that goes over a sleeveless A-line dress of black Russian broadtail. The jacket would be handy *any*where, though, without even bothering to be part of an outfit. There is, as well, a short evening jacket of white mink with a shallow V front and a little roll collar. Two buttons sit at the sides of the closing, and the jacket is fitted under the bosom. One more jacket, this one hip length, is of white mink worked horizontally all around. (In the best houses, there are *no* vertical seams to interrupt any of the horizontal lines.) For daytime, Rainer approves of set-on wool waistbands, as is the case with a coat of mink dyed black and worked upside down; the Chanel cuffs are wool, too.

AND that is the end of my account of this year's battle for women's minds—a battle in which no woman who gives in to the blandishments herein described can, I feel positive, ever think that she's a loser. —LOIS LONG

•

Joey's problem is not a new one. Helen of Troy was a junkie. When Coleridge wrote his *Rubaiyat* he was high as a kite.
—*Manhattan East.*

And *now* look who's high!

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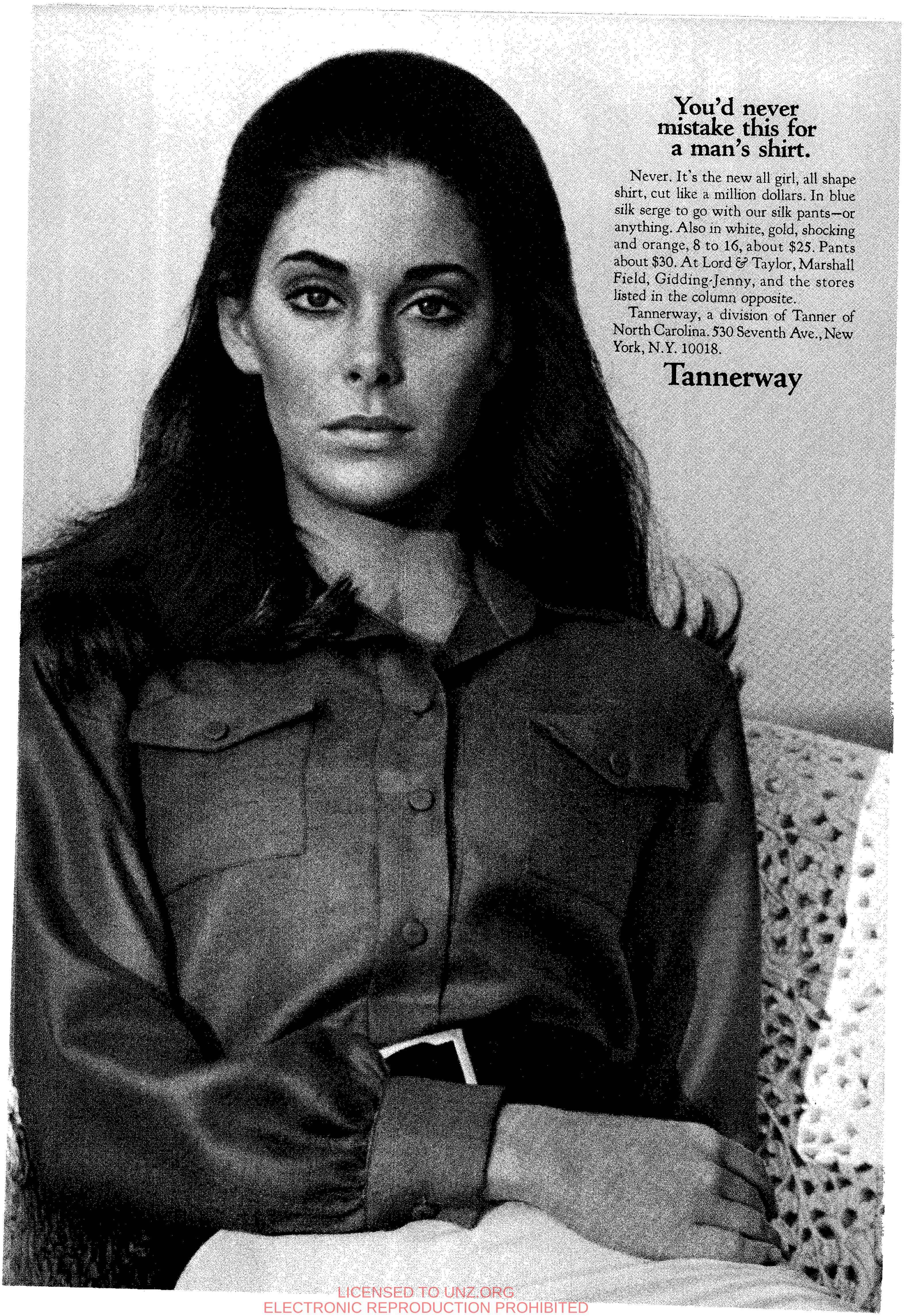
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Tannerway

"Misdirected hostilities" he calls them

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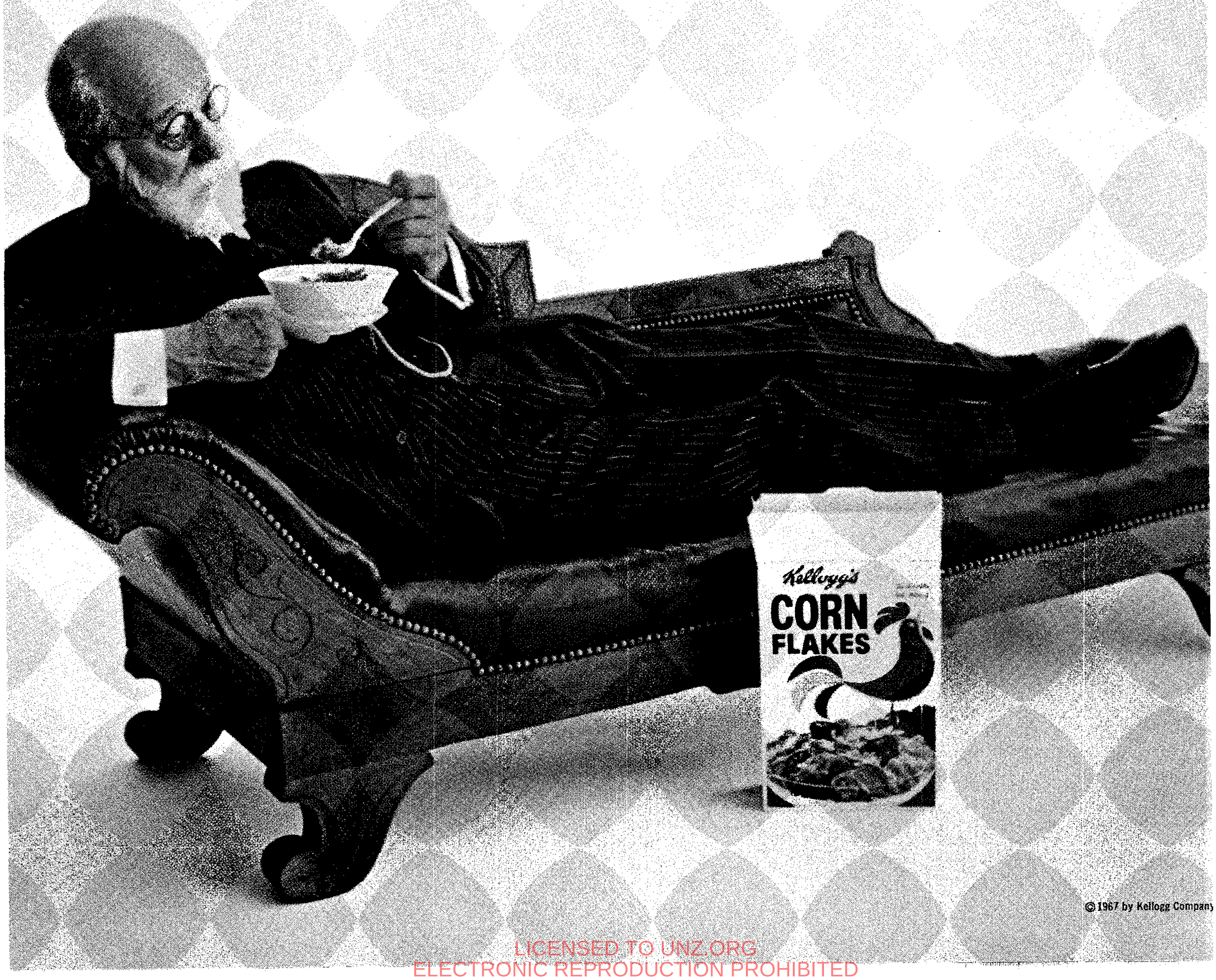

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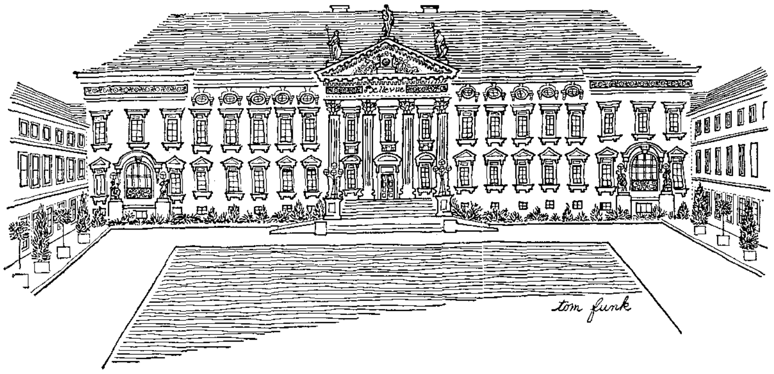
LETTER FROM BERLIN



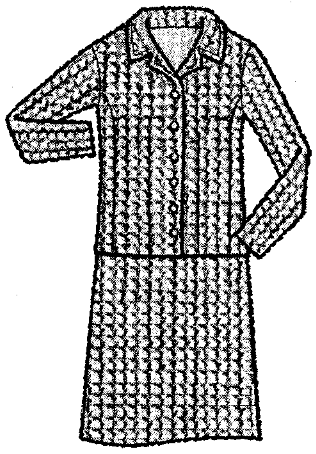
ON the evening of last June 2nd, in front of West Berlin's Deutsche Oper, a policeman fired a shot that touched off what many people here consider the most serious crisis so far in the Federal Republic's erratic eighteen-year quest for democracy. The shot, fired during a gala performance in honor of the Shah of Iran, killed Benno Ohnesorg, a twenty-six-year-old student at West Berlin's Free University, and repercussions have spread through West German universities, emphasizing a deep malaise among German youth. Beyond the universities, the political structure of the Berlin city government has been shaken and so has that of the Federal Republic itself. It is generally agreed that the current temper of Berlin's youth is such that if the Shah's visit had not triggered the unfortunate violence, something else would have—and it is also agreed that it was lucky that Vice-President Hubert Humphrey's appearance here in April was greeted with nothing worse than a largely inaccurate barrage of eggs and tomatoes.

On the eve of the Shah's arrival from Munich, the Free University's Student Government Committee held an "information evening," and at this session an Iranian student delivered a violent attack on the Shah, asserting that his regime was reactionary, that people were being tortured in Iranian prisons, and that land reform in Iran was a fraud. The students in the audience were thoroughly aroused, and after the meeting several hundred of them marched to the nearby Czechoslovak Military Mission to demonstrate, because the Shah and his Empress had, a few days earlier, received a very friendly reception in Prague. The next day, when the Shah and his entourage arrived in front of the West Berlin City Hall, a large crowd had assembled, containing demonstrators both for and against the Shah. Among the latter were university students carrying placards protesting the Shah's high-handed methods and, indeed, his very presence in Germany. Among the pro-Shah demonstrators, it has been reliably said, were several dozen dubious Iranian types, who quickly became known among the Germans as *Jubel-Perser* (literally, "jubilation Persians") and who served as a traveling claque for the royal party. The Iranian students claimed to recognize several of them as members of the Shah's secret police. It seems to have been established that the Berlin Senate, the city's governing body, knew in advance that this strong-arm cheering squad would be present, and, further, that the city's police stood by for several minutes while the *Jubel-Perser*, armed with clubs and leather straps, attacked the students and destroyed their protest placards—an action that hardly reduced the students' belligerence toward the Shah.

That evening, several hundred student demonstrators gathered in Bismarckstrasse, in front of the Deutsche Oper, where a performance of "The Magic Flute" dedicated to the Shah and his Empress was to begin at seven-thirty. Before the Shah's arrival, various invited guests were splashed by eggs filled with paint and by overripe tomatoes. A few smoke bombs were set off, and when the Shah's car pulled up it, too, was hit by a few eggs and tomatoes. Then some stones were thrown at the police—by whom no one knows. The police did nothing until the Shah had entered the opera house, but then they went into action, on previously delivered instructions from Berlin's police chief, Erich Duensing. Exactly what happened during the next few minutes may never be known, but various non-German observers have agreed that the police broke up the demonstration with unnecessary brutality. Their ferocity was undoubtedly abetted by a report—which proved to be erroneous—over a police loudspeaker that a policeman had been killed. In any case, the weekly *Die Zeit* said that "the police beat fleeing demonstrators," and the magazine *Der Spiegel* reported that a man shouting "Don't hit me! I'm going!" was seriously injured by police truncheons. Sebastian Haffner, a writer for the magazine *Stern*, called the police action "a systematic, cold-blooded pogrom." An American who was there told me he saw bleeding students being chased by the police, and said the police tactics reminded him of those once used by Storm Troopers. Meanwhile, inside the opera house, the performance of "The Magic Flute" continued, if not quite in true Mozart style. The Berlin Senate's chief of protocol told my American friend afterward that the orchestra had been ordered to play unusually loud, so the noise outside would not be heard, and that the last act had been drastically cut. When the fighting had subsided, shortly before the end of the opera, forty-seven students had been arrested, and fifteen ambulances had to be summoned. It was discovered that twenty policemen had been injured—none of them seriously—and around twenty students had to be hospitalized. It was also discovered that Ohnesorg, a nonpolitical student who had never attended a demonstration before and had come to this one just out of curiosity, had been killed. The first police report claimed that Ohnesorg had died of a fractured skull. A later police report spoke of "an accidental police shot." Still later ones mentioned "a warning shot," and even "a ricochet." At length, it was admitted that a plainclothesman, Kriminal-Obermeister Karl-Heinz Kurras, had fired the fatal shot "in self-defense," after being "threatened by knife-brandishing demonstrators while he was lying on the ground." Even this version had to be changed by police officials, though, for it was eventually established that Kurras had been standing in the courtyard of a nearby house when he fired the fatal shot. Ultimately, the Berlin district attorney, Diether Dehnicke, ruled out Kurras's plea of self-defense and announced that the officer would be indicted for *fahrlässige Tötung* (literally, "accidental killing").

Immediately after the episode, West Berlin's Mayor, Heinrich Albertz, announced that he "emphatically" endorsed the police action. The next morning, Wolfgang Büsch, the city's Minister of the Interior—who was officially responsible for supervising the police, but who had stayed inside the opera house during the violence—banned any further demonstrations. The day after the riot, thirty of the arrested students were released, and a few days after that sixteen more were freed. However, one

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST



merry

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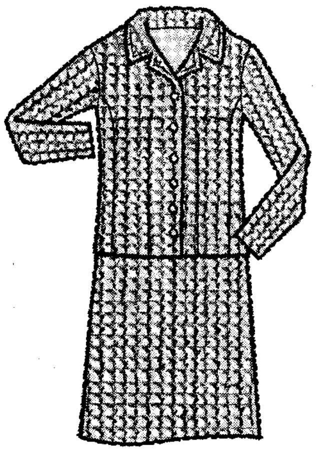

Thursday

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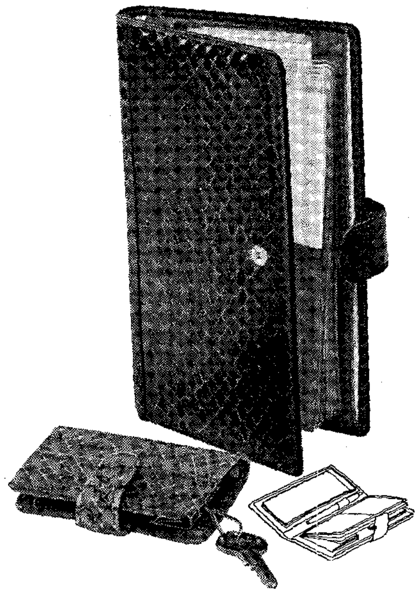
student, named Fritz Teufel, an avowed Maoist who is prominent in an ultra-leftist group called Kommune I, and who was accused of throwing a stone, is still in jail.

The first repercussions came from East Berlin, where the papers carried references to "the illegal testing of West Berlin's emergency police powers in preparation for the takeover of the city by the imperialists." A meeting of the Free University's Konvent, or student parliament, which was attended by two thousand students, produced resolutions calling for clarification of the circumstances surrounding Ohnesorg's death and for the resignation of Albertz, Büsch, and Duensing. Hans-Joachim Lieber, the *Rektor*, or president, of the Free University, said, "The whole university is united in a feeling of solidarity against the excesses of the authorities," but he added that "no occasion must be given for state intervention in the university's affairs." Two hundred and eighty-nine faculty members, about a third of the Free University's teaching staff, declared their support of the students' complaints against the authorities. Hundreds of students' cars (there are estimated to be two thousand cars among the twenty-nine thousand students) carried black flags. At a memorial service for Ohnesorg, on June 8th, students distributed three hundred thousand leaflets condemning the police, although the ban on public demonstrations prohibited such activities. After the service, the hearse that was to carry Ohnesorg's body to his home city, Hanover, in West Germany, was followed by several thousand students, who walked about six miles from the university to the Autobahn checkpoint where the hearse left West Berlin. (At about the same time, Police Chief Duensing asked to be allowed to go on "indefinite leave until the end of the investigation.") When the hearse crossed into East German territory, it was followed by four hundred and eighty cars carrying students. Not only was there no interference from the Vopos (People's Police) at the checkpoint but four thousand East German youths formed an honor guard and two East German bands played funeral music—all of which produced as Wagnerian a ritual as Berliners had seen since the great torchlight parade after President Kennedy's death.

Benno Ohnesorg became a symbol for the younger generation all over West Germany. Some particularly symbol-conscious Germans detected a special meaning in the names of the



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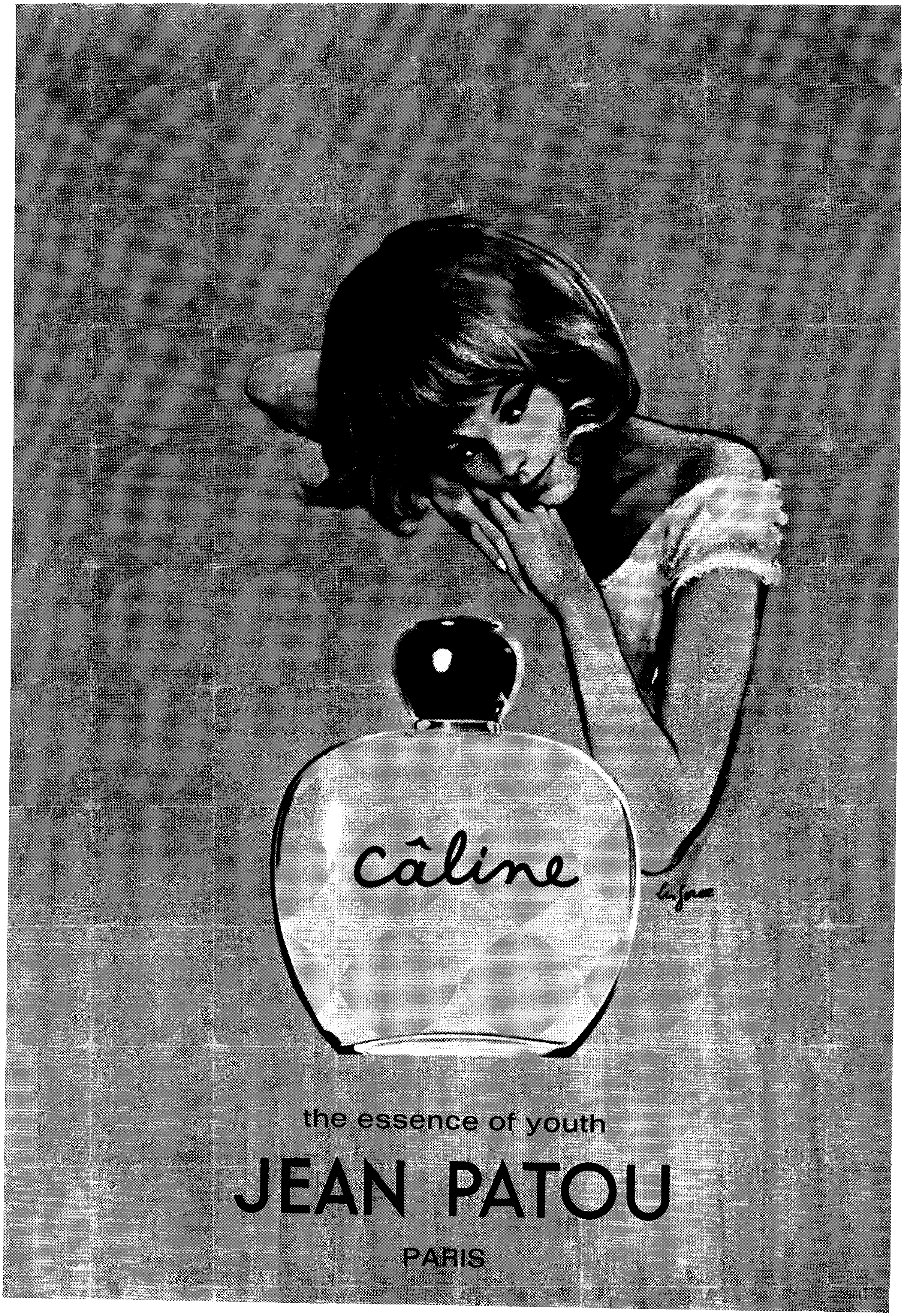
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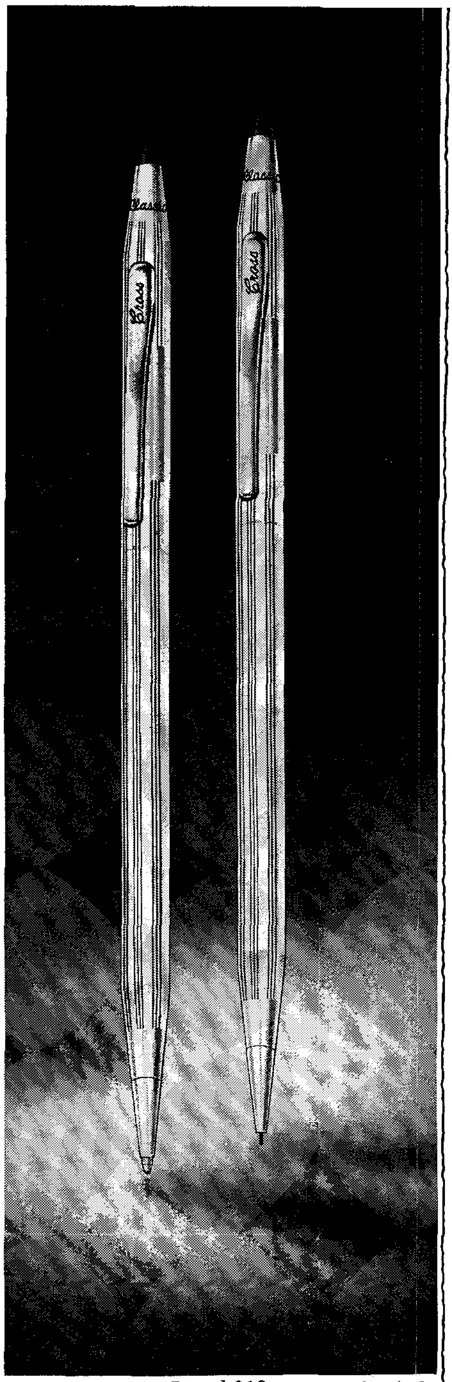
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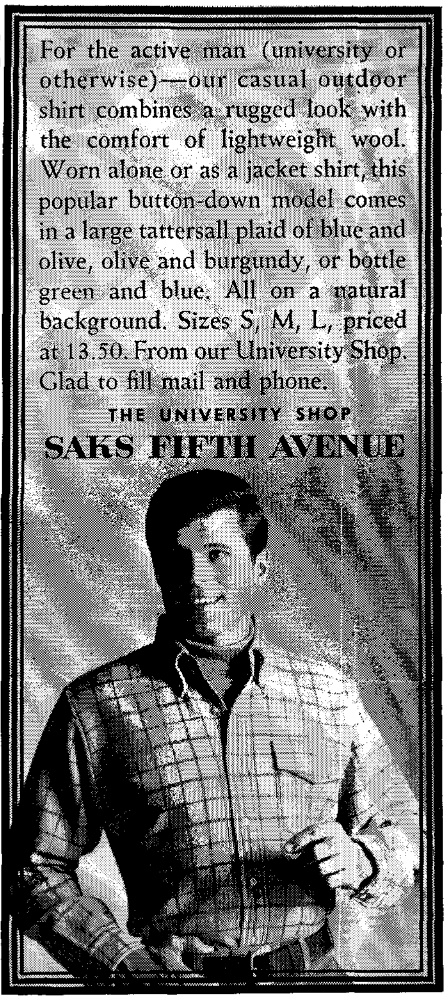
episode's two chief student participants: "Ohnesorg" means "without care," and "Teufel" means "devil." Criticism was even directed at Willy Brandt, Albertz's predecessor as mayor of West Berlin, who is now Foreign Minister; he was accused, along with the big political parties—the Christian Democratic Union, the Social Democrats, and the Free Democrats—of having left the students in a political vacuum. The big trade-union federation known as the D.G.B. (Deutscher Gewerkschaftsbund), whose spokesmen at first blamed the outbreak on "an anarchistic student minority," began trying to establish some sort of political liaison with the students. As for the people of West Berlin in general, they were at first outraged at the students' attitude ("Why don't these boys go to East Berlin if they like Communism so much?" "Cut off their hair and put them in the Army!"), but as they read more details of how hastily and harshly the police had acted they tended to agree with Professor Richard Löwenthal of the Free University, a political scientist and former correspondent and editorialist for the London *Observer* and a man respected by all political groups, who called the police "badly trained and badly instructed." Löwenthal said, "A trained policeman must be able to contain the normal human reaction, which is to kick the man who provoked you. . . . And the police were badly instructed, because they acted only *after* the demonstrations, in a fit of revenge." It is no secret that the West Berlin police have been trained as a paramilitary force to cope with possible attacks from the East or with trouble at the Wall. Helmut Kentler, a Berlin psychologist, has written, "Many police officials were unable to distinguish between Free University students and Eastern agents and *provocateurs*. . . . They turned against the students in a fury that had been built up during their service at the Wall."

On July 28th, *Die Zeit*, a liberal and widely respected weekly, published the results of an investigation it had made of "The Case of Teufel," who had been in jail for weeks, while Kurras, the plainclothesman who had killed Ohnesorg, was free pending trial. *Die Zeit* questioned the methods of the District Attorney, who, before Teufel's indictment, had interrogated four witnesses against him but had refused to hear more than twenty witnesses in his favor. "Teufel was indicted without being given a defendant's legal rights," *Die Zeit* said. "He himself could neither hear nor see the evidence against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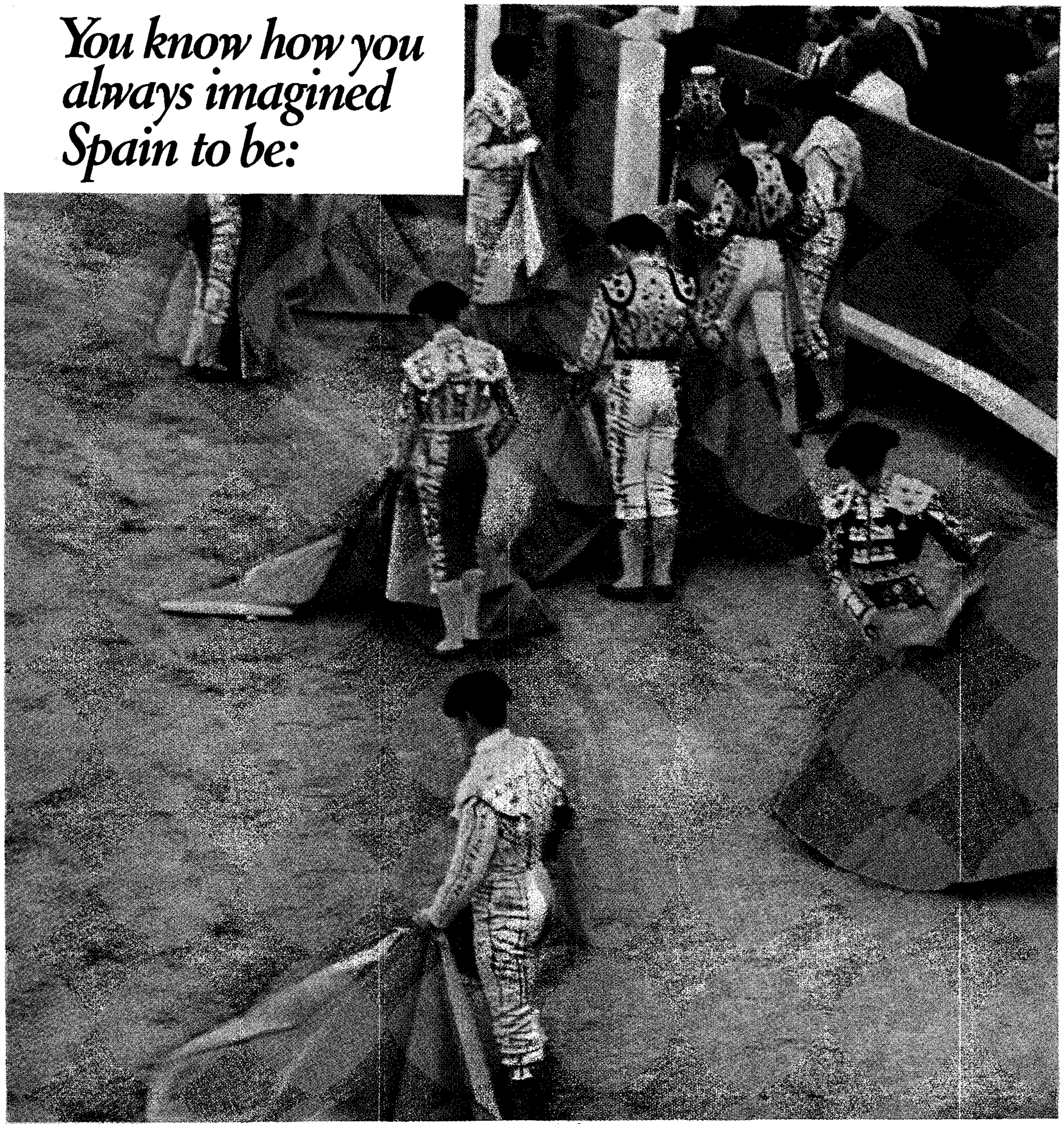

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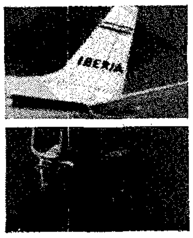

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him. Fourteen witnesses are ready to testify that Teufel did not throw a stone . . . that, indeed, he wasn't even on the spot from which stones were thrown. The credibility of the police witnesses is gravely shaken." *Die Welt*, a newspaper that is run by Germany's most powerful—and hence most distrusted—press lord, Axel Springer, and that has never been accused of favoritism toward students, said, "Even the District Attorney no longer believes that Teufel hit someone with a stone." The fact seems to be that Teufel, being a known left-wing agitator, was singled out, without regard for his civil rights, to be a scapegoat.

At the end of September, a commission from Berlin's parliament, which had been investigating the June 2nd affray, issued its report. This was so critical of Minister of the Interior Büsch and Police Chief Duensing that Büsch resigned and Duensing was prematurely retired from service. A few days later, when the local Social Democratic Party had turned down several of Mayor Albertz's candidates to succeed Büsch, the Mayor also quit. He has been replaced by Klaus Schütz, a close associate of Brandt's who seems to have the Party's full confidence. As for the two accused men, in early November the trial of Kurras was due to begin and that of Teufel was still not scheduled.

ONLY a small minority of the students in either West Berlin or West Germany actively support Teufel and his fellow-extremists, but nearly all of the country's students agree that its universities must be reformed and that the present political and educational authorities have shown their inability to carry out the necessary reforms. *Die Welt* recently published statements by leaders of all German student groups, from the conservative Christian Democratic Students' Circle to the leftist Sozialistischer Deutscher Studentenbund, or S.D.S. Profound suspicion of the governing coalition of Christian Democrats and Social Democrats was expressed by Hans-Joachim Haubold, of the Verband Deutscher Studentenschaften, an organization that supposedly represents students of all political convictions, who said, "Since the Great Coalition came into being, there has been no parliamentary opposition in Bonn. One wonders whether our newspapers still carry out the function of a free, democratic press." It is now apparent that the only real opposition in the Federal Republic is the students' opposition, whose politi-

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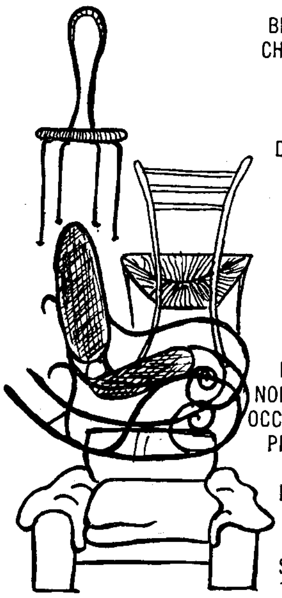
cal orientation ranges from old-line conservative to an admittedly revolutionary New Left in Berlin.

The New Left—Die Neue Linke—is a loosely organized movement consisting of a variety of groups, which have been drawn together by common attitudes and by common confusion. As might be expected, the New Left demands that all existing authority must be defied, that the Establishment must be destroyed, that the present order must be changed. But if the New Left is definite about methods of destruction, and also about methods of accomplishing it, it is vague about formulating new values to replace the old. Its attitude toward America is one of both love and hate, and this is characteristic. Ideas and people from the milieu sweepingly referred to as "Berkeley"—in this context a state of mind rather than a state university—are much admired, and the current intellectual messiah is Herbert Marcuse, a German-born American philosophy professor now teaching at the University of California at San Diego. Yet, although the New Left in Germany draws inspiration from America, it considers the United States responsible for nearly all the ills of the world. That such a view should exist in West Berlin, traditionally the most pro-American city in post-Hitler Europe, shocks many of the older citizens, who naturally feel that the leftist students are playing into the hands of the Communists "over there"—in East Berlin. It has been claimed that Communists from East Berlin have infiltrated the New Left, but this has yet to be proved, and the best-informed observers here don't believe it. The New Left seems equally opposed to Chancellor Kurt Kiesinger and Chairman Walter Ulbricht, and I have been told that although the Ulbricht regime is delighted with the trouble the radical students have caused in West Berlin, it is quite concerned about their Maoist tendencies. As for the New Leftists, they insist that they regard both capitals, Bonn and Pankow, as the seats of equally objectionable Establishments. "We have closer ties to Berkeley than to East Berlin," a New Leftist told me. "Ulbricht's regime is the Establishment par excellence. But we are not totally hostile, like those idiotic cold warriors in Bonn. We understand the unfriendliness of the Vopos, and we maintain personal contact with East Berlin youth organizations." One such contact occurred late in July, when members of the West Berlin S.D.S. met members of the Communist Freie Deutsche Jugend, or F.D.J., in



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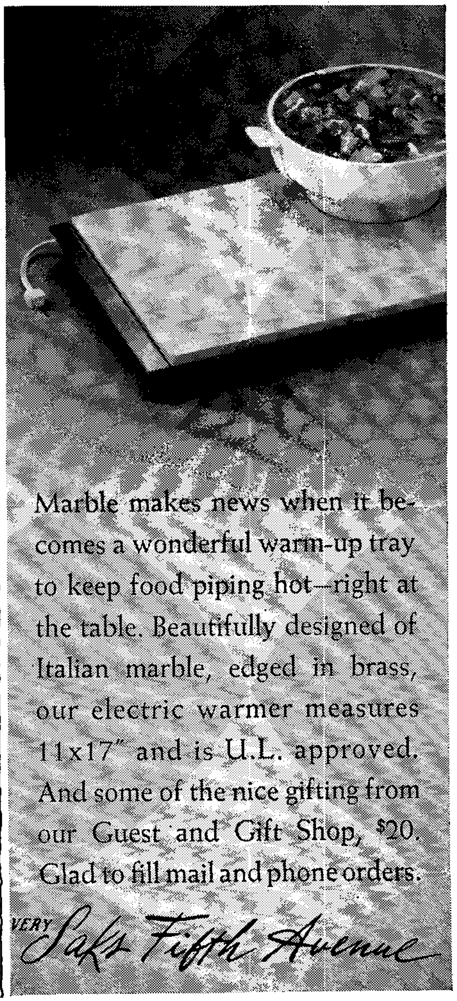

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East Berlin, to discuss topics like "The Socialist System in [East Germany] and the All-Monopoly System in the Federal Republic." New Leftists often cross into East Berlin to get in touch with representatives of the so-called Third World—the world of Mao, of Ho, of Castro, of what one member called "all the underdogs in Africa and Asia," which is the world that is closest to their hearts. (The Arabs are classed among the underdogs, but an S.D.S. resolution concerning "exploited Arabs" and "Israeli imperialists" was rejected by a slim majority of the university's Student Government Committee and an overwhelming majority of students, so on this issue the S.D.S. definitely isolated itself.)

In an analysis of Germany's New Left in the intellectual monthly *Der Monat*, Günter Herburger recently wrote, "The youth of Germany, looking for standards, feels gypped.... Our young people were born during the last war or shortly afterward. They often talk of 'terror' but have never lived through terror. Many of them come from middle-class homes and have money without working for it; many are simply bored; all are dissatisfied with the present state of their world. They have never tried to understand the world of their fathers, but they are depressed by the wrongs their fathers have done." The students are disgusted with Bonn's indecision, with the tasteless bickering that goes on among Cabinet Ministers, and with hopeful lies about reunification and the Oder-Neisse Line. They look upon West Germany's prosperity as a mixed blessing. Above all, they take themselves terribly seriously. A group of provos from Amsterdam who came to Berlin with the announced intention of teaching the New Leftists that protest can be fun soon departed, exasperated by what they called "the Teutonic lack of humor." The New Leftists proudly compare themselves with Bakunin's anarchists in Czarist Russia in the nineteenth century, and a West Berliner who spent many years in the United States calls them "anarchistic collectivists," explaining, "They've introduced the American 'and/or' into German politics. They want to eat their cake and have it. Germany has always been the country of fellow-travellers who have never understood the deeper meaning of freedom. There is an expression here, 'the greater freedom'—as though there were a smaller model as well."

In a recent newspaper interview, Rudi Dutschke, a young sociologist

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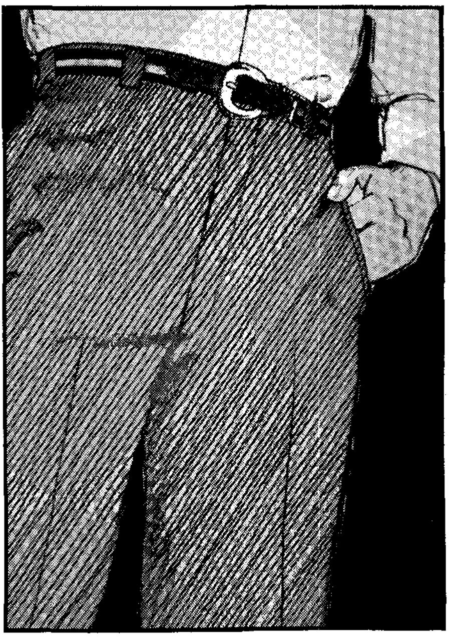

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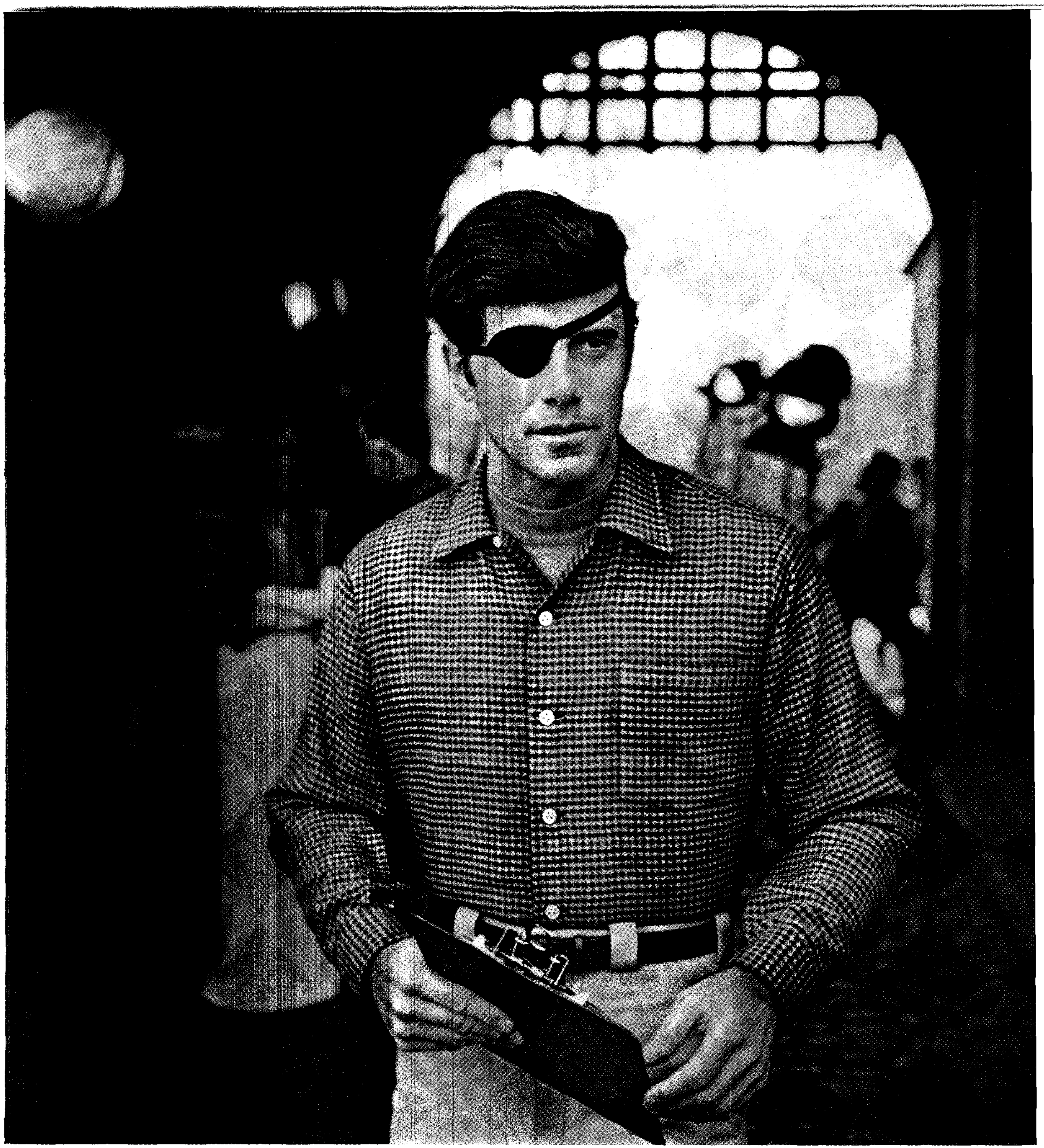

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Imported by Canada Dry Corporation, N.Y.C. 80 Pro originally from East Germany, who is the chief ideologist of the New Left, demanded "permanent revolution . . . against this society of waste," saying, "Violence is a constituent of power. We must respond to it with provocative anti-violence." Dutschke also said he believed that "attempts to assassinate the members of our government would be absolute madness, because it is well known that the members of our government are interchangeable," and he called Kiesinger, Strauss, et al. "bureaucratic character masks, which I reject and against which I fight." Dutschke often echoes the ideas of the Berkeley New Left, and especially those of Mario Savio, the former Free Speech Movement leader, who has just finished serving a jail term in California. Dutschke is one of the few New Left leaders in West Berlin who are from East Germany. He was a member of the Young Evangelical Community there, refused to serve in the People's Army, and was therefore forbidden to study at the University of Leipzig; he came to West Berlin before the Wall went up, and has stayed.

The New Leftists make the point that there are no hippies here and no LSD, and that their rejection of convention is more politically motivated than that of young people elsewhere; after all, they say, both Berlins, East and West, are more political than, for instance, San Francisco. The issue that the New Left stresses most is, not unexpectedly, the war in Vietnam. Recently, its members made a token collection to buy weapons for the Vietcong. When a New Left ideologist was asked whether it wouldn't be *konsequent* (consistent) to go one step further and shoot an American G.I.—since, after all, the G.I. might be shipped from Berlin to Vietnam—the ideologist answered that he did not oppose the American presence in Berlin "because [West German] Bundeswehr soldiers would be more unsympathetic in West Berlin than American G.I.s," and "here the presence of American and Soviet troops diminishes the danger of war." The ideologist also talked about his disillusionment over Vietnam and the United States race riots. "My whole liberal education started in the Amerika Haus in Berlin, where I studied the Declaration of Independence. . . . What is happening now is an outright violation of such ideals."

One of the things the New Leftists complain about is that there is a local *Informationslücke*, or information gap, which, they say, has much to do with the "petrification" of West Berlin—

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which, although it is listed as one of the eleven states of the Federal Republic and its people have all the rights of West German citizens, still occupies an anomalous position politically because it remains nominally under the jurisdiction of the Allied Kommandatura. Other West Germans are said to be better informed than West Berliners, largely because eighty per cent of the latter read only papers that are controlled by Springer, whose growing power has begun to worry not only the New Left but quite a few other people, who wonder whether Springer isn't trying to live up to his middle name—Caesar. Switzerland's *Weltwoche* recently analyzed Springer's papers and found a disturbing tendency to adopt the ideas of the extreme right-wing Nationaldemokratische-Partei Deutschlands. Most Berliners read *Die Welt*, Springer's *Berliner Morgenpost*, and his *Bild-Zeitung* (which has a circulation in Germany of over four million). Dutschke recently demanded the expropriation of the Springer papers under Article XV of the West Berlin Constitution, which permits expropriation in the interests of the commonweal. Echoing Dutschke, Sebastian Haffner wrote in *Stern*, "Never has the commonweal more obviously demanded an expropriation than the vital interests of West Berlin today demand the expropriation of Springer." (Last year, Walter Ulbricht made a similar demand, though not in the interests of West Berlin's commonweal.) It is a fact that there is no widely read liberal newspaper in West Berlin, and many students claim that Berlin's publicly operated radio and television stations, too, are "more controlled" than those in the rest of the Federal Republic.

The New Left is more a confused *Weltanschauung* than a true movement, and its members are almost all university students, secondary-school pupils, and teachers, with very few avant-garde artists and writers and almost no workers. By and large, the New Leftists don't come from workers' families but are the sons and daughters of well-to-do businessmen, bureaucrats, and doctors. Although only a few hundred students have formed the nucleus of recent demonstrations, it is certainly not true, as some people have claimed, that the Free University is being unwillingly terrorized by a small band of radicals. Although at least half of the students don't approve of the ideas and tactics of the New Left, the majority defend the New Leftists' right to carry on their activities—even while admitting that

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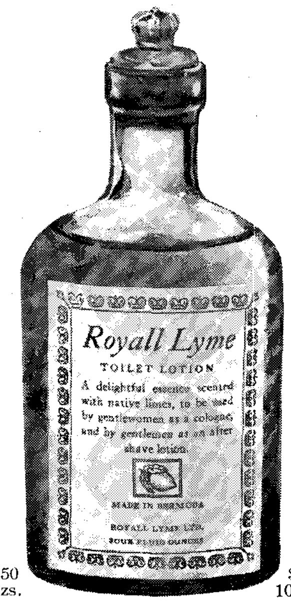
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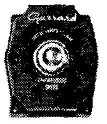

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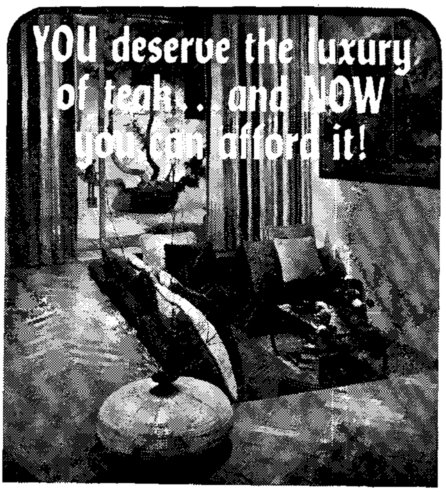
the New Leftists have not learned the ground rules of democracy. "They have totalitarian ideas," Wulf Schönbohm, the Christian Democrat Students' Circle leader, has written in *Die Welt*. "Dissenters are shouted down, or not permitted to speak at all, or the microphone is wrested away from them. 'Discussion' exists only among those who agree with them. Protest takes the form of missiles." The New Leftists, their critics say, ask others to follow democratic rules that they themselves ignore. Last month, when they touched off a large bonfire of Springer publications in Bonn, the similarity between their methods and those of the Nazis was again commented upon. But, after all, the squelching of dissent is a tactic familiar to those who have come in close contact with the New Left in the United States as well.

The German New Left claims, for its part, that the power of the Establishment is shown in the composition of the university's student body. Half the people of Germany are industrial and agricultural workers, but only five per cent of the students come from working-class families. It is admitted that the students have lost contact with the workers, who call them "*die feinen Pinkel*," or spoiled brats, who have money and time to demonstrate while the workers must work. About five per cent of the Free University students belong to groups that are affiliated with the three big political parties, though each of the student offshoots is farther to the left than its parent body. About sixty per cent of the students pay lip service to conventional liberal or conservative principles but are basically non-political. It is from the remaining thirty-five per cent, unaffiliated but seeking a political base, that the New Left has gathered its strength. Its most important constituent group, the Sozialistischer Deutscher Studentenbund, traces its ideological origins back to the Weimar Republic, but it was not formally organized until 1946. From then until 1960, the S.D.S. was subsidized by the Social Democratic Party, but then the party decided that the principles of the S.D.S. were incompatible with its program, and created a less radical student group, the Sozialdemokratischer Hochschulbund—which, in its turn, has since moved to the left of the parent Social Democratic Party. In Berlin, the S.D.S. has its greatest strength among the sociology students, who are under the university's philosophy faculty, and has only a few followers among the politically well-informed students in the Otto Suhr Institute of Political Science. At pres-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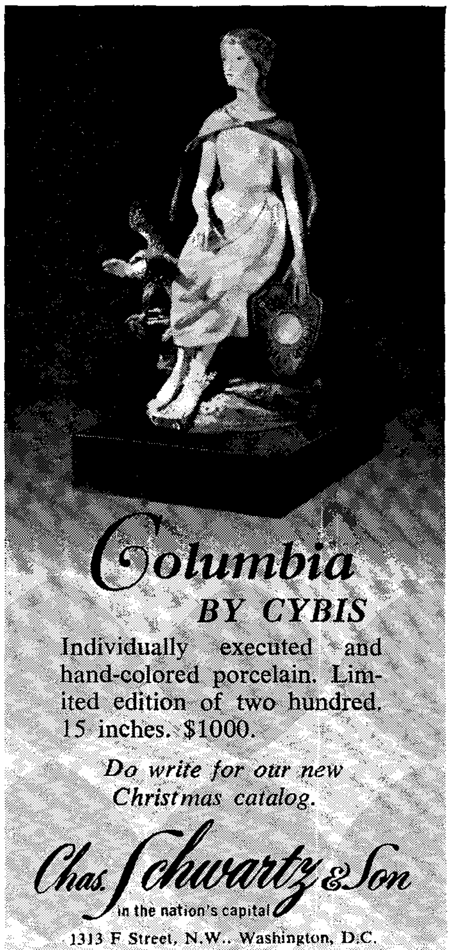

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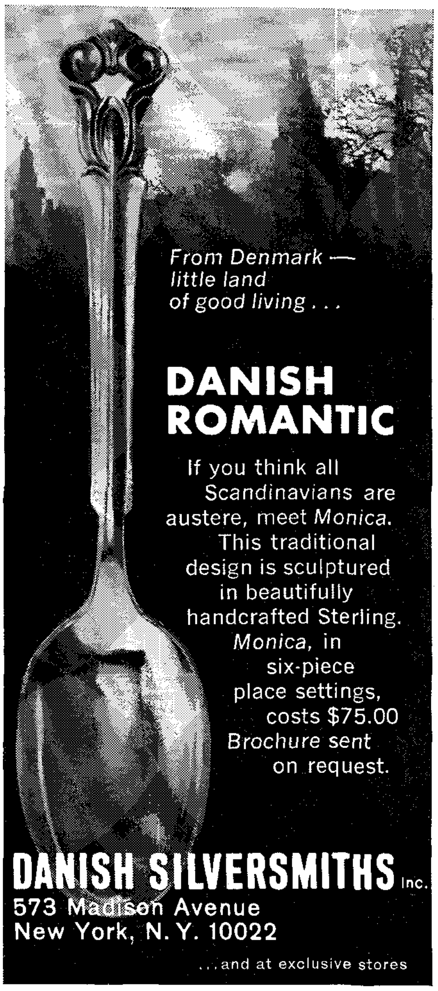
ent, there are some two hundred and fifty S.D.S. members in West Berlin and some twenty-five hundred in West Germany, ranging from self-styled anarcho-syndicalists, like Dutschke, to self-styled Maoists, Trotskyists, Titoists, Leninists, Castroists, and so on. Springer's *Bild-Zeitung* dismisses them all simply as "neurotics," the right-wing *Deutsche Nachrichten* calls them "political bedbugs," *Die Zeit* speaks of "young fire-eaters," and Berliners call them "*Rabatzniks*" ("troublemakers"). Whatever they are called, they are usually recognizable, because they tend to wear rimless glasses, turtleneck sweaters, and pensive expressions. They recently perfected a subtle technique of staging protest demonstrations. Formerly, when the police were told that any such activity was under way, they adroitly shunted the demonstrators off into side streets, where no one would notice them particularly, so the youth of the S.D.S. began gathering in small, informal groups in the busy Kurfürstendamm, where they proceeded to buttonhole and harangue passersby until the baffled police, unable to distinguish between agitators and listeners, hauled everyone off. More lately, though, the police, under the new mayor, have been working on some different tactics of their own, combining the use of gentle persuasion over loudspeakers to try to disperse the students and the use of high-pressure water guns when persuasion fails.

Another recent S.D.S. stratagem has been the founding of a so-called Critical University—which was described by *Die Welt* as "an anti-university"—that was intended, according to its sponsors, "to disrupt the Free University's feudal hierarchy." Its founders say that its purpose is to enrich the Free University program with "critical contributions on revolutionary themes" and, ultimately, to replace "the outdated lectures of the Free University curriculum." The Critical University—which the authorities have at last granted limited use of university facilities—was hailed this summer by Professor Marcuse, who was in Berlin for a series of lectures and who addressed a throng of disciples in the Free University's Auditorium Maximum. In his essay called "Repressive Tolerance," published by the Beacon Press in 1965, Marcuse has provided the New Left with a ringing credo: "I believe that there is a 'natural right' of resistance for oppressed and overpowered minorities to use extralegal means if the legal ones have proved to be inadequate. . . . If they use



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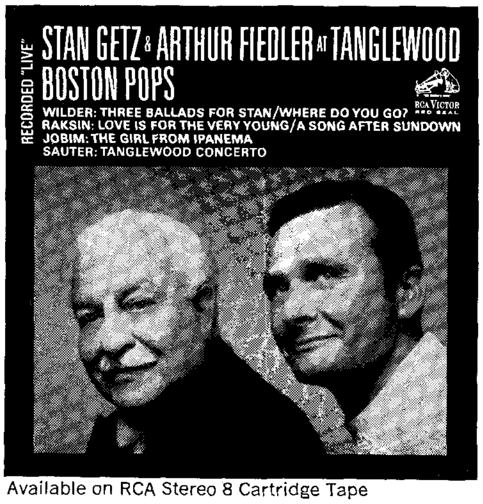
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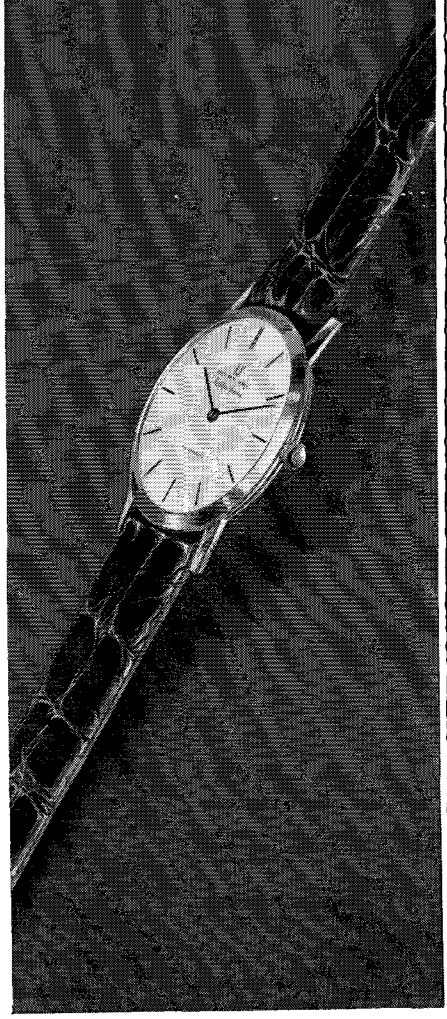

violence they do not start a new chain of violence but try to break an established one." Marcuse was born in Berlin sixty-nine years ago to a bourgeois family, and, in the thirties, became a member of the Frankfurt Institute of Social Research, which combined Marxist and Freudian methods to attack capitalistic society. He went to the United States in 1934, and there he lectured at Columbia; during the Second World War he worked in Washington. He returned to Germany after the war, lectured at various universities, and caught the attention of German leftists. In Berlin this year, it is said, he was somewhat irritated to find that the slogans of his partisans went considerably further than his own.

A Berlin New Leftist institution that failed to impress Marcuse, when he met its members at a *Kaffeeklatsch*, was Kommune I, the Maoist-style design for living established by Teufel and a number of other wild-haired young men and slim girls in a lower-middle-class housing project. The Kommunards (who also operate a Kommune II) have gone in for stunts like setting up a large sign reading "Burn, Department Store, Burn!" after the tragic fire in L'Innovation store in Brussels last May that killed several hundred people. In order to live, they write, print, and peddle scurrilous pamphlets about local politicians, and even offer for sale the letters they receive from their worried bourgeois parents. Their antics have proved to be a little too far out even for the S.D.S., and it has expelled them. I visited Kommune I recently, and I must say I was reassured by the sight of a couple of healthy-looking children—whose appearance was quite normal except for the fact that the slogan "No Private Property" was stamped on their arms in blue ink.

Another New Left scene that I visited was the Republikanischer Klub, a political and social organization whose quarters are in a large apartment, formerly occupied by a couturier, in Wielandstrasse, a side street off the Kurfürstendamm. The entrance hall was a model of pseudo-feudal elegance, with a stucco ceiling, marble panels, and gold-colored silk draperies, but when I got inside it quickly became evident that the Republikanischer Klub was not to be confused with an American Republican club. On a small table by the entrance were a couple of petitions headed "Freedom for Teufel" and "Freedom for Greece," bearing many signatures. Along one wall were enlarged scenes from a television film that showed

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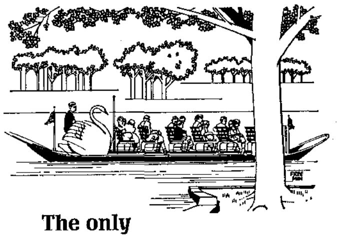

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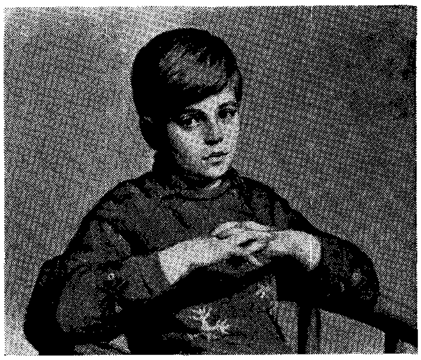

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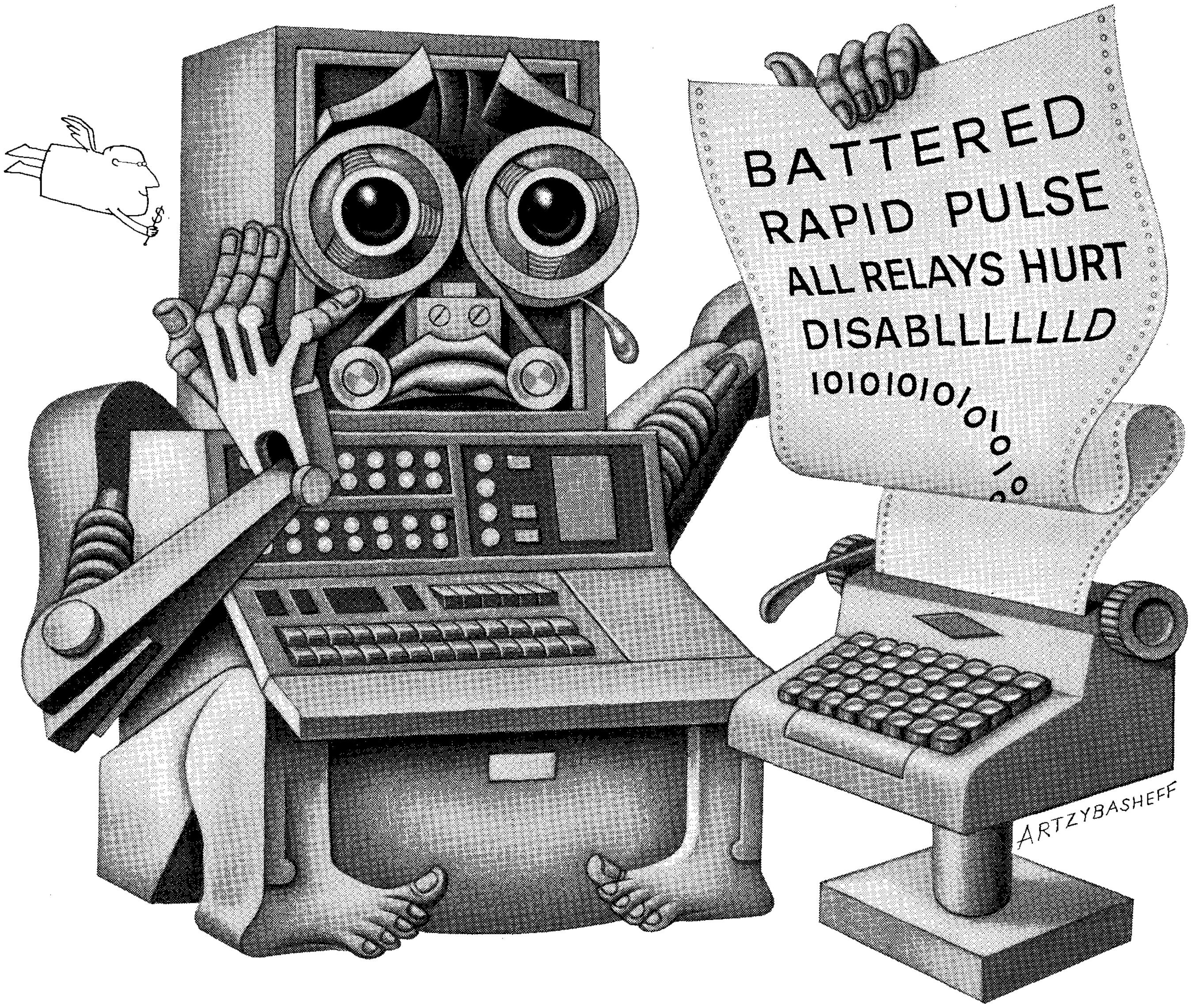

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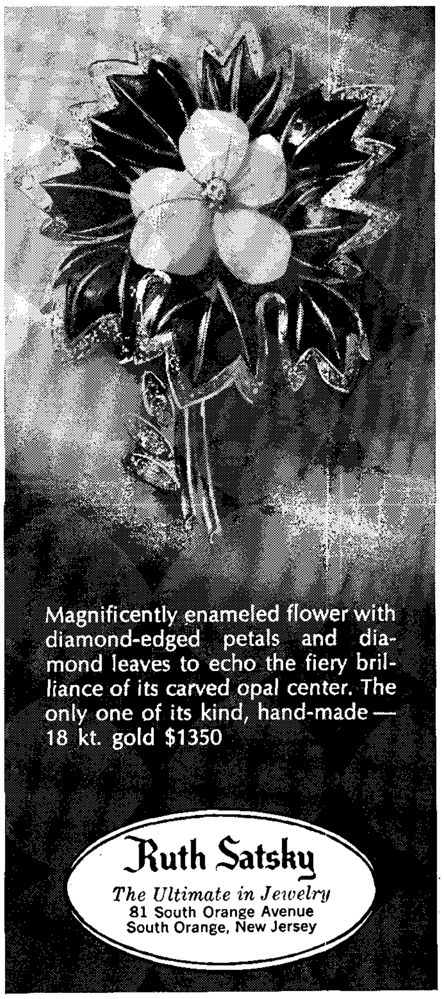
Teufel being carried away by the police. A poster nearby featured a man with the masthead of Axel Springer's *Bild-Zeitung* in his navel and the inscription "*Springer vierteilen*"—"Springer must be drawn and quartered." Next to a war photograph from Vietnam was a rather unflattering photograph of President Johnson under which appeared the words "Americans are the best-fed, and the best-paid, and the best-educated people in the world, and that's something we ought to be proud of. . . ."

A student came in and politely offered to show me around. He explained that the name of the center was derived from "*republikanisch*" in the anti-authoritarian sense of the word exemplified by the Weimar Republic, and "*Klub*" from the Jacobin clubs of the French Revolution. There was a bar ("*Sangrita, 2.20 DM*"), and through a glass door I saw a lounge containing tables and chairs. An adjoining room, which had some jazz instruments on a platform, was used for dances and discussions, my guide said. In the rear were offices and a big room that had been turned into a second-hand bookshop specializing in "revolutionary literature," from Marx through Mao to Marcuse. Club members, my guide explained, came here to buy books that they couldn't get in "conventional" bookstores. He also explained that the club provided a place for leaders of the S.D.S., or anyone else who was interested, to meet with politically conscious *alte Herren* (alumni). Another student and an older man came in a moment later, deep in a discussion of the fact that the police had recently entered an apartment occupied by some students and searched for files and leaflets. They had had no search warrant, and there was some question about whether the action was constitutional. "We ought to talk to Mahler," said the older man—a reference to Horst Mahler, a prominent Berlin lawyer who represents Teufel and the widow of Benno Ohnesorg. As I was leaving, I noticed, next to the bar, a sign headed "Excerpt from the Law for the Protection of Youth in Public," setting forth regulations about the sale of alcohol to minors—one symbol of authority that the Republikanischer Klub had to put up with.

TO most people here, it seems that decades have passed since the great day—June 26, 1963—when President Kennedy stood below the Freedom Bell in the Rudolph-Wilde-Platz (now the John F. Kennedy-



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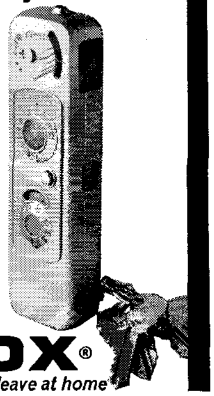

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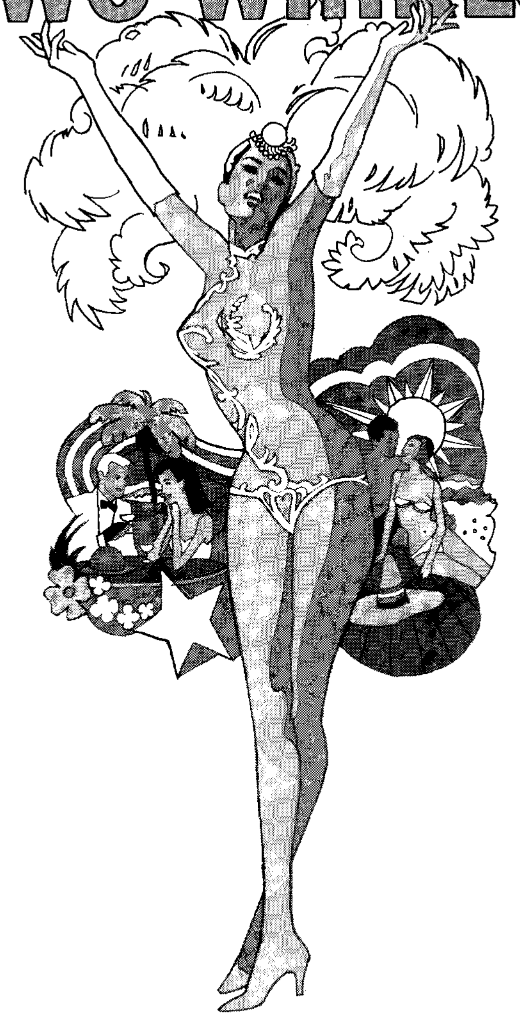
Platz) in front of City Hall and told a crowd of hundreds of thousands, "*Ich bin ein Berliner*." "That was the sort of demonstration we love," a Berlin friend of mine recalled the other day. "And do you remember when half a million people marched through the streets of the city during the darkest days of the blockade, under the great Ernst Reuter? But throwing tomatoes at a woman in evening dress—that's unheard of. It just isn't done!" My friend, who has a daughter at the Free University, honestly tries to understand the problems of the young, but he admits that he cannot reject the traditional Prussian love of order. The typical Berliner is sober and unromantic. He does not engage in hero worship, he is critical of his political leaders, and he didn't like hearing Berlin called "a city of heroes" during the blockade. He is proud of certain Prussian rulers of the past, however: Friedrich Wilhelm the Great Elector, King Friedrich Wilhelm I, and King Friedrich II—all modest, austere men who led blameless lives—no corruption, no scandals, no exploitation of the people. The typical Berliner's favorite writer is Theodor Fontane (1819-1898), who spent most of his life in the city, and who said that Berliners were unimpressed by anything that happened to them, no matter how serious it was. Today, certainly, minor disasters are noted with flippant remarks, and major disasters are not talked about. The Berliner is not a conformist, however. Berlin was never the capital of the National Socialist movement; that dubious honor went to Munich. Rather, Berlin had long been the capital of the German labor movement, and under Hitler secret anti-Nazi resistance groups sprang up here. After 1945, the Berliners were determined to resist the new totalitarian *Gleichschaltung* (political regimentation) of the Communists, so much like the recent Nazi *Gleichschaltung*. This new resistance shaped the special character of West Berlin as a democratic island within the Soviet Zone. Professor Löwenthal recently tried to explain to students at the Free University the outlook of the Berliner by saying, "When someone lives on an island and feels constantly threatened, he is tempted to . . . minimize political differences. This may become such a strong habit that people forget that open discussion of different opinions is a vital element of democracy." On the other hand, Löwenthal deplored a tendency of some students to consider themselves the intellectual and moral



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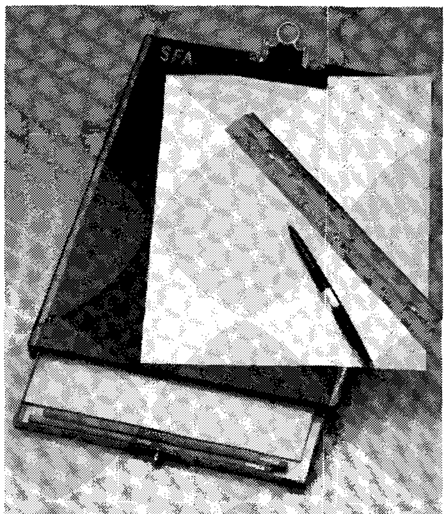
élite of the nation, and to compare their treatment by the authorities with the treatment of the Jews by the Nazis. Löwenthal concluded his lecture with the statement "The students of Berlin are an important progressive element, but they are not the collective conscience of the nation." The question at this point is: Will both the students and the rest of the Berliners accept Professor Löwenthal's reasonable views? Among ordinary Berliners, more and more muttering is heard to the effect that the students have never had to earn a living and have never taken any responsible role in society. "What we need is another Khrushchev-style ultimatum," one Berliner told me. "That would bring these kids back to earth."

To judge by past performances, the Berliners will survive the unrest of the students, just as they have survived so much else in this century. Their ability to accept adversity has been demonstrated anew by their acceptance of Berlin's shrinking economic and cultural influence in the past few years. Since the early nineteen-fifties, Berlin has lost its preëminence in banking to Frankfurt, its newspaper hegemony to Hamburg, and its major film studios to Munich. It is becoming a city of branch offices. Here the big West German firms send second-raters and problem executives they don't want to keep at headquarters. If the head of a West German firm is asked whether a transfer to Berlin is regarded as a demotion, he will indignantly point out that it is a special honor to be sent to Berlin. The Berliners aren't fooled for a moment, though. They know that the Wall has destroyed West Berlin's function as a "shopwindow of the West," just as the recent détente between the United States and the Soviet Union has reduced its importance as a strategic outpost. Berlin has, in fact, become a liability—not only for Bonn, where many people secretly wish there were no "Berlin problem," but for Washington as well. Most Berliners accept these realities with their customary toughness. I am often reminded of a story about a Berliner who, after long expatriation, arrived at Tempelhof Airport one day in 1950, got into a cab, and told the driver to show him all the sights because he hadn't been here for seventeen years. "You haven't missed a thing," the driver said, shrugging.

A few months back, at the height of the West German recession that began about two years ago, a couple of medium-sized West Berlin plants closed down, and then there *was* a brief flurry



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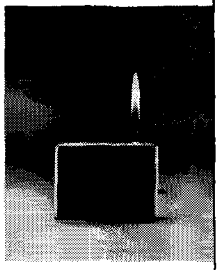

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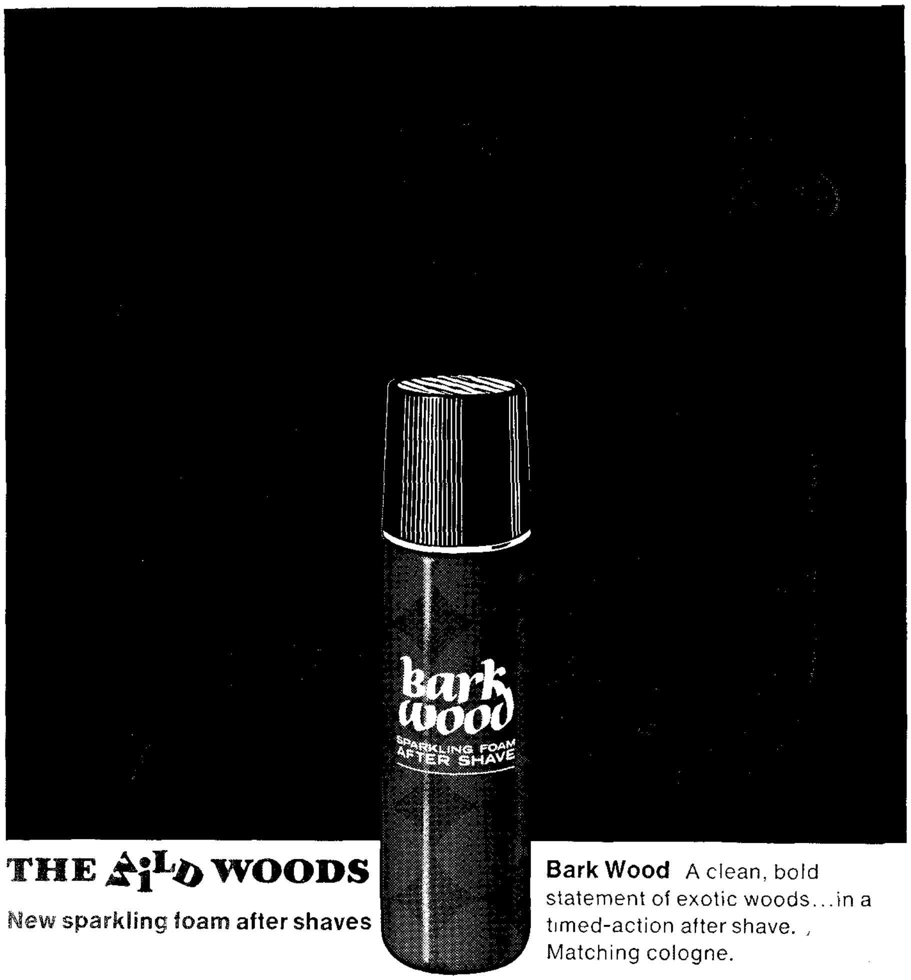
of near panic among West Berlin businessmen, who consider themselves more vulnerable to economic crises than their *Geschäftsfreunde* (business friends) in the Federal Republic. Unemployment was particularly feared, and a recently arrived American economic official was told, "You'll soon have no difficulty in getting household help." Actually, the official has had considerable trouble getting help, for the jitters quickly passed. "The initial pessimism has given way to sober assessment, which is a good thing," he told me the other day. "Berlin's economic picture since the war has been a jumble of profits and subsidies and of national and international politics. Some people here just had it too good." The official was referring to the economic privileges that were designed to make the "outpost" attractive to investors and wage earners: lower income taxes, a five-per-cent bonus on wages, management bonuses, government-subsidized air fares to and from West Germany, and the like. Much of West Berlin's municipal budget—nearly two and a half billion marks, or six hundred and twenty-five million dollars—is contributed directly by the Federal Republic, but, actually, six and a half billion marks (around one and a half billion dollars) goes to Berlin through various channels. (Berliners, of course, point out that a substantial portion of this sum comes from their city's tax contributions.) Between 1945 and the end of 1967, American aid, through the European Recovery Plan (E.R.P.) and Government and Relief in Occupied Areas (G.A.R.I.O.A.), amounted to almost three and a half billion marks. Such largesse led to inevitable abuses. People didn't work as hard as they might have, and factories tended to hoard highly qualified technicians by keeping them on the payroll even though they didn't need them.

Lately, Berlin politicians, trade-union leaders, and newspapers have, naturally, all expressed concern about the recent local recession, but some businessmen privately admit that the squeeze may have a healthy effect on the business community. "Too many of us got used to saying, 'Let the Senate do it,' or 'Let Bonn do it,' " a Berliner told me. Between 1960 and 1965, the annual growth rate in West Berlin was between eight and ten per cent, compared to about five in the Federal Republic. More recently, the rate in Berlin has dropped to between two and three per cent, and some people regard the decline as disas-



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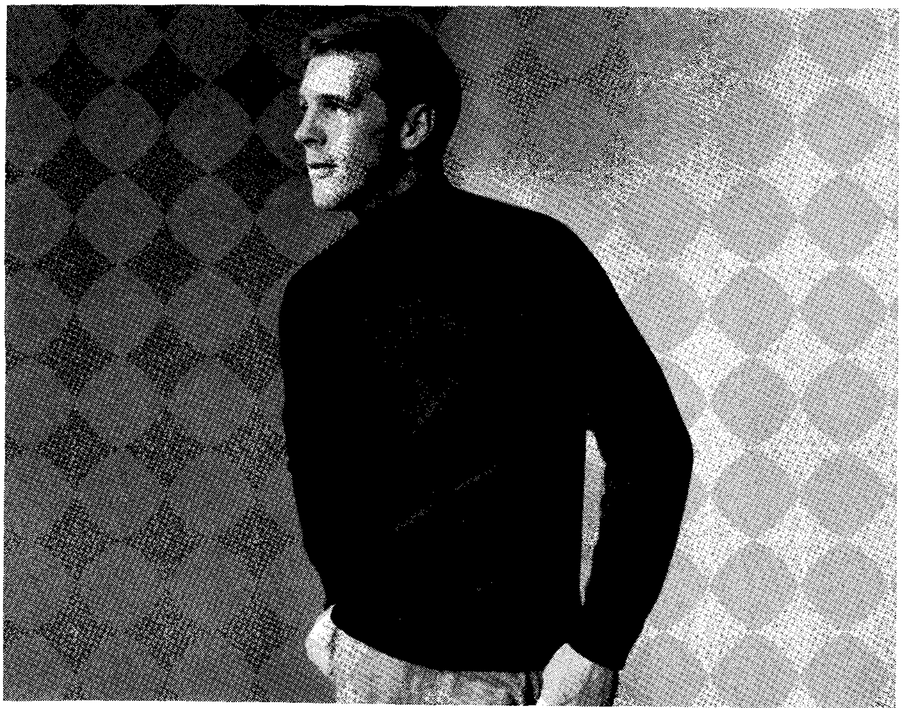
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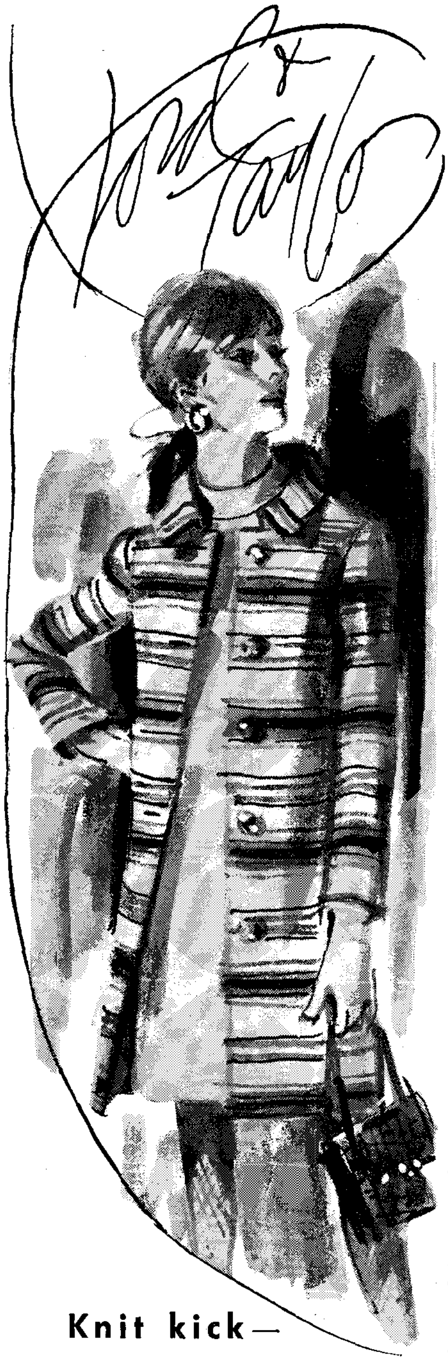
trous. There was much excitement when a sixty-million-mark (fifteen million dollar) turbine and generator plant that had been opened in the Wedding district last year by the Allgemeine Elektrizitätsgesellschaft (Germany's General Electric Company) had to dismiss twenty per cent of its labor force. Nevertheless, West Berlin's unemployment rate is still lower than West Germany's. However, the rate of investment in West Berlin has dropped below the rate in the Federal Republic, and in the past two years no new American firms have come here. Berlin's garment center, which houses Germany's largest garment industry, and which had a turnover two years ago of more than a billion marks, has been feeling the pinch. During the latest semiannual fashion showing, many West German buyers came here with strict instructions to buy twenty-five per cent less than they had bought six months before. "Everybody in Berlin—both management and labor—will have to work a little harder," a local businessman told me. "Some bad firms will drop out, but the good ones will stay. After all, this is still the largest industrial city between Paris and Moscow. The country's fashions are still created here. Fifty per cent of all German cigarettes are made here. Our electrical industries annually turn out products worth over three billion marks." But he also conceded that half of Berlin's industrial production consisted of capital goods, and these were harder hit by the recession than consumer goods. Berlin makes turbines and generators and heavy machinery, whereas the washing machines, refrigerators, radios, and television sets are made in the rest of the Federal Republic.

The city's most serious problem is one that is getting still more serious all the time; namely, its age structure. The population of West Berlin is old and is getting older. Of its 2,200,000 people, more than twenty-two per cent are over sixty-five. (This age group makes up only twelve per cent of the West German population.) Only a little over thirteen per cent of the West Berliners are under fifteen. (The figure for West Germany is twenty-two and a half per cent.) Moreover, one person in every three in West Berlin is a woman over forty-five. West Berlin needs skilled technicians, young scientists, and energetic junior executives to stimulate its economy, but the "Berlin myth" has lost a good deal of its magnetism. Although the Springer skyscraper in Kochstrasse, next to the



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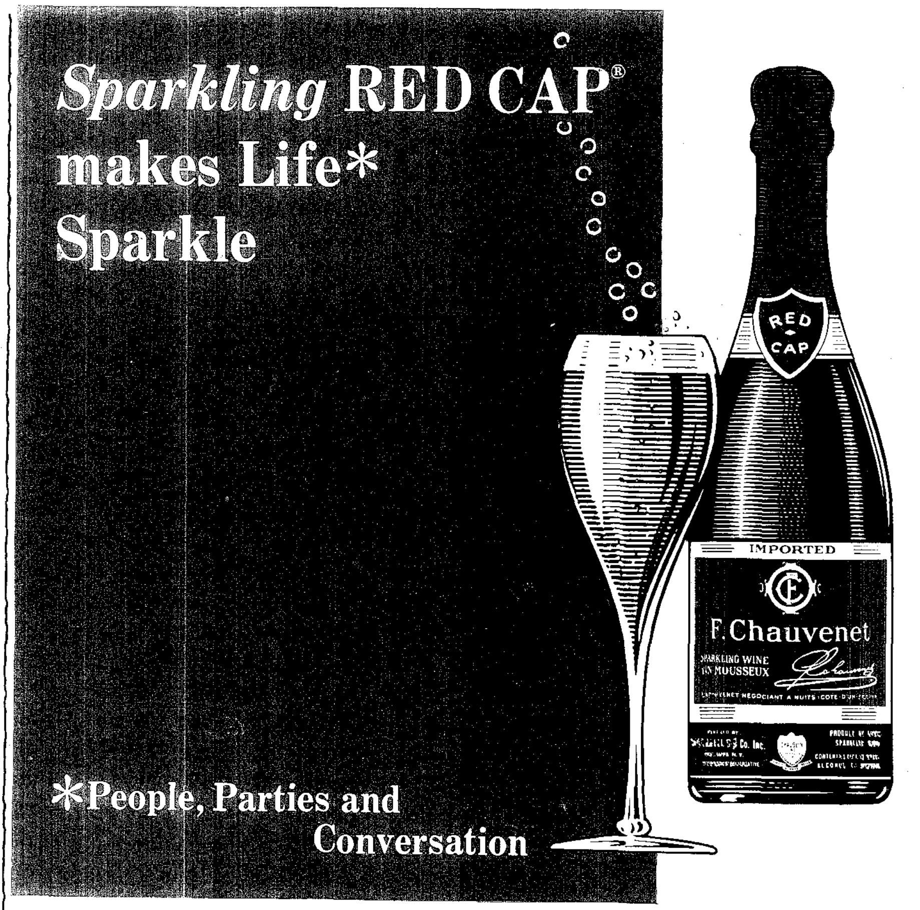
Wall, is the second-largest printing plant on the Continent, with eight electronically controlled American rotary presses, the presses work only a few hours every night, producing local editions of newspapers. The fact that Berlin has a housing shortage also discourages young people from settling here. There are many housing projects for workers, and there are elegant villas in Dahlem for executives, but there is a lack of adequate apartments for the middle-income group. It has been suggested that the Chamber of Commerce subsidize housing in order to make Berlin attractive to able young people in West Germany.

Berlin businessmen recognize the fact that the détente has been a mixed blessing. "What we need is a good political crisis," one businessman remarked to me. "When Khrushchev demanded in 1958 that Berlin be made a 'free city' in six months, Fritz Berg, the president of the Federation of German Industries, in Cologne, made a moving appeal for the building of an economic bridge between the rest of the Federal Republic and West Berlin, and overnight all sorts of orders poured in." It looks as though the businessmen of Berlin will have to do without a crisis, though, at least for a while. Up until last June, every major world crisis had somehow affected the extremely sensitive political seismograph of West Berlin, but though at that time the West was keeping a careful eye on events beyond the Wall, they could see no sign whatever that the Russians wanted to exploit the crisis locally. The political experts of the Western Allies say they haven't had any trouble with the Soviet representatives for months. Nowadays, in fact, they are more concerned about the Free University than about the Kremlin. Every day, more than a hundred Russians, soldiers and civilians, cross Checkpoint Charlie into West Berlin, for sightseeing or for business or personal reasons. Although Viktor N. Beletsky, the Russians' Counsellor for West Berlin Affairs, who works in the Russian Embassy in East Berlin, has not yet accepted an American invitation to drop in at the United States Mission for a friendly chat, he does see members of the West Berlin Senate regularly. The Western Allies even have protocol officers to deal with a Soviet protocol man concerning Western affairs in East Germany. When an American gets in trouble there, the United States Mission calls a West Berlin lawyer, who in turn calls a lawyer in East Berlin, and he



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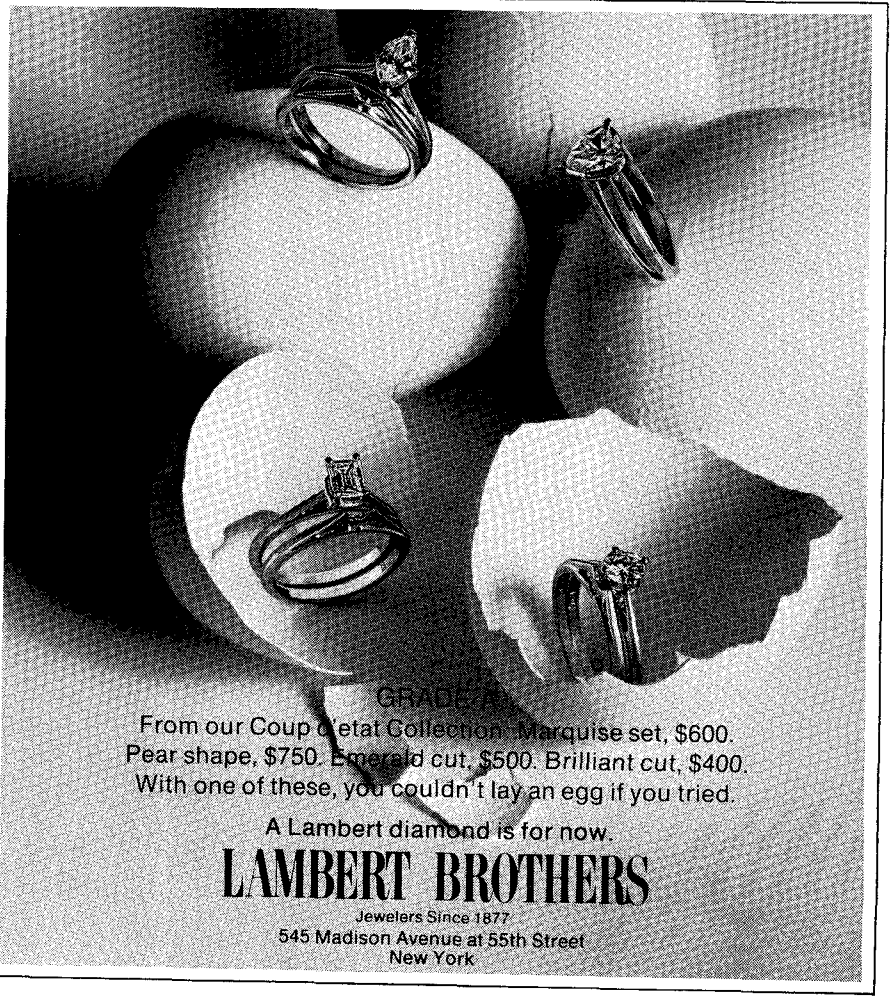
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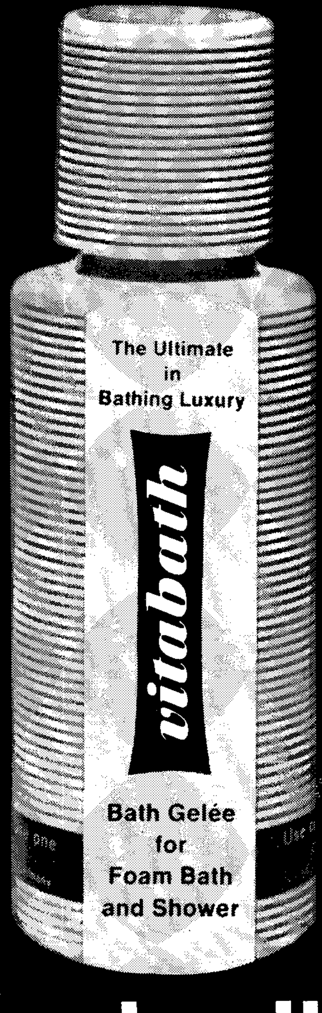

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goes to see the Soviet protocol officer. But such incidents have been rare lately.

DESPITE a continuing shortage of private housing, monumental public structures are still being erected in West Berlin, the two latest being a new cultural center—including a New National Gallery—and a futuristic medical center. The original National Gallery was founded around the middle of the last century by a rich German art patron named Wilhelm Wagener, who stocked it with his private collection, containing a number of paintings by Caspar David Friedrich (1774-1840), a romantic master of subtle moods, and by Carus, Schinkel, Waldmüller, and other nineteenth-century artists who are still (or again) considered important. Wagener's collection was ultimately moved into a large neo-classic structure on Unter den Linden by Kaiser Wilhelm I, whose tastes—like those of his grandson, Wilhelm II—ran to large marble sculptures and jumbo paintings of battle scenes. After 1896, when Hugo von Tschudi became the director of the Gallery, French Impressionist works were acquired and comprehensive exhibitions arranged, so the National Gallery succeeded in establishing contact with contemporary European artistic trends. All this didn't please Wilhelm II at all, and in 1908 Tschudi was fired. His successor, Ludwig Justi, was also an independent-minded man, however, and he banished the Emperor's pet battle scenes to the Zeughaus, or Armory, where they belonged. Justi survived both the Kaiser's displeasure and the First World War, and in 1919 he started a modern-art department, housed in the Crown Prince's palace, also on Unter den Linden (now also in East Berlin). There he publicized Germany's most important twentieth-century schools of art: the Dresden group, known as Die Brücke, whose most important members were Erich Heckel, Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, and Karl Schmidt-Rottluff; the Blaue Reiter group, from Munich, whose leading representatives were Wassily Kandinsky and Franz Marc; and painters associated with the Bauhaus, including Paul Klee and Lyonel Feininger. Not surprisingly, Justi was fired when Hitler came to power; he was replaced by Eberhard Hanfstaengl, from Munich, who managed to keep the collections together for a few years but resigned in 1937, when the Nazis started their campaign against "degenerate art." Many "degenerate" works were auc-

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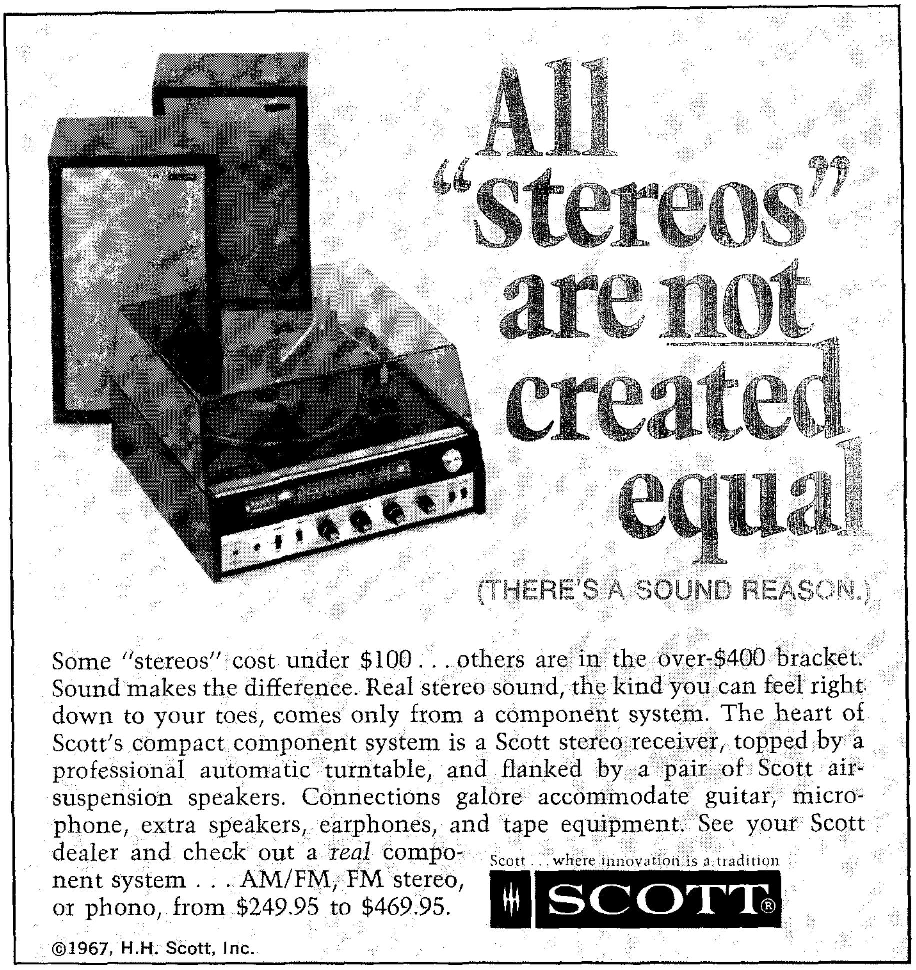
tioned off in Switzerland around that time. (In recent years, the National Gallery has bought some of these paintings back from private collectors, among them Lovis Corinth's "Walchensee.") During the Second World War, the National Gallery collections were scattered in cellars and warehouses, and a number of important paintings were ruined as a result of being hastily stored in one of Berlin's big concrete flak towers. In 1945, the Western Allies collected from various hideouts more than six hundred paintings belonging to the National Gallery, and brought them to Wiesbaden and Celle for inventory and restoration. When Berlin was subsequently divided, so was the National Gallery. Separate groups of curators in West and East Berlin took charge of the art treasures that were returned by the Western Allies and the Soviets, respectively. In 1959, the West Berlin National Gallery's paintings and sculptures were taken to the orangery of the Charlottenburg Palace, where one may now see beautiful works by Manet, Renoir, Monet, Daumier, Corot, Courbet, Pissarro, Signac, Vlaminck, and Modigliani, together with paintings by German Impressionists (Liebermann, Slevogt, Corinth), Brücke and Bauhaus works, paintings by Oskar Kokoschka, Ludwig Meidner's Expressionist "Revolution," Hannah Höch's Dada photomontages, and works by Arp and Laurens. A number of more recently acquired works by European modernists—Poliakoff, Hartung, Soulages, Kemény, Schlemmer, Uhlmann, Marini, Szymanski, Bissier, Burri, Trier, Manessier, and others—are housed in the Twentieth Century Gallery on Jebensstrasse. In addition, in the Dahlem section of West Berlin, about a twenty-minute auto ride from the National Gallery, one may see the Dahlem Museum's collection of Old Masters, with its twenty-six magnificent Rembrandts, including "Man with the Golden Helmet."

In 1962, the art collections, along with other important cultural possessions of the former Prussian state that were in West German hands, were placed under the control of a Prussian Cultural Foundation, set up by the Bundestag in Bonn. The Foundation was at once bothered by an acute shortage of space. (The great Prussian State Library is still in exile in the Marburg University Library, except for some particularly valuable volumes, which are stored in the State Library in Tübingen.) After several years of debate, it was decided that a new National Gal-



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lery and a new State Library should be built on the Kemperplatz, in the heart of the once elegant and still partially destroyed Tiergarten district, at the edge of West Berlin, very close to the Wall. Already standing there, as architectural expressions of hope for eventual reunification of the city, were the restored south wing of the Reichstag (almost touching the Wall), Hans Scharoun's revolutionary Philharmonic Hall, and the Congress Hall, designed by the American architect Hugh A. Stubbins. Now the cultural center is growing between the Tiergarten and the Landwehrkanal, in what looks like a no man's land, near Friedrich August Stüler's beautiful old St. Matthew's Church. Scharoun has designed the new State Library, which will be big enough to house eight million volumes, and will cost a hundred million marks to complete. The fascinating structure designed by Ludwig Mies van der Rohe for the New National Gallery, which will house both the old National Gallery collection at the Charlottenburg Palace and the Twentieth Century collection now at Jebensstrasse, is almost finished. Mies's gallery, which will be completed in 1968, is a classically serene yet totally functional two-story building. From the reinforced-concrete ground floor, one large glass wall opens into a sculpture garden, which has a pool and is enclosed by a granite wall. Above this main gallery, there is a glass-enclosed exhibition hall, which Berliners are already calling "*die Vitrine*"—"the showcase"—and which will presumably house the modern collections. It is surmounted by an enormous square steel roof, which was assembled on the ground and lifted about thirty feet into position by hydraulic jacks. The revolutionary event occurred a few months ago, and Mies came from Chicago to watch. He spent almost nine hours sitting in a car and anxiously watching while the immense roof structure was slowly lifted by the jacks, which were so well synchronized that there was never a difference of more than two millimetres in their height. The roof looks absolutely flat but isn't. "A really flat roof would give the impression of being slightly convex," Dr. Peter Krieger, a member of the National Gallery staff, explained to me. "To convey a truly horizontal impression, the roof had to be made ten centimetres higher in the middle. We are very happy with the building, and so is Mies. He told us he was particularly glad to have designed the New National Gallery for this spot, for over there in the Tiergarten was

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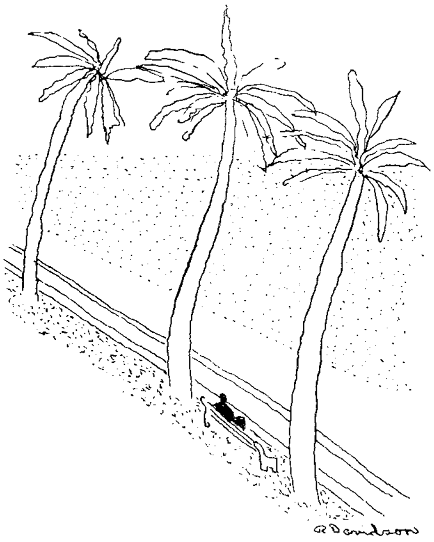
where he had his first architectural office."

As a layman, I must say that I have never found hospital design particularly exciting, but a new Medical Center that is being built for the Free University on the banks of the Teltow Canal, in the Steglitz district, comes as near to deserving that epithet as any such facility I have seen. The Center, which will replace an inadequate clinic in Charlottenburg, and will be used both for treatment and for medical instruction, represents a joint German-American effort. The planning, which occupied a decade, was in the hands of the Benjamin Franklin Foundation, a group of prominent Germans and Americans who were also responsible for erecting the Congress Hall in West Berlin. The Center's eight-story complex of buildings was designed by the American architectural firm of Curtis & Davis in collaboration with the Berlin architect Franz Mocken. The Center is being financed jointly by the Federal Republic, the City of Berlin, and the United States government. Arthur Q. Davis, the architect primarily responsible for the over-all planning, explained to me that the Center, which departs from the traditional German system of separate, more or less autonomous clinics, or pavilions, for various medical specialties, represents "the blending of German and American medical philosophies, extracting the most advanced ideas and techniques from each of the two systems." It seems obvious that the American system has made the greater contribution. "A masterpiece of automation" was what my guide called it the day I went to see the project. He was a young, blond Berliner named Peter Weiss, who works for Curtis & Davis. "Take the food supply, for instance," Weiss went on enthusiastically. "All the



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I asked what would happen if a patient needed specially prepared food. "If he is on a special diet, that will be prepared by the nurse in the ward kitchen," Weiss said, and he went on with his paean to automation. "Not only food but medical supplies, sterilized instruments, and laundry will be carried by the conveyor belts," he said. "There will be no running back and forth with a couple of aspirins. The beds, with their mattresses and sheets, will be carried on a large belt from the wards to a central bed-cleaning room. There sheets and mattresses will be removed—unfortunately, still by hand—the beds will be remade with sterilized mattresses and sheets, and will travel to the floor where they are needed. While a patient is in surgery, his bed will be sent off, and by the time he is back in his room a sterilized bed will be ready for him. Patients admitted at night will be accommodated in a special receiving section, near the main entrance, which will have its own facilities for examination, emergency operations, and other emergency treatment. In the morning, the new patient will be taken to an interview center and given a stamped metal card, something like a credit card, which he will use everywhere. When a patient arrives upstairs and enters the ward specializing in his particular ailment, his file will get there ahead of him, and he will be expected. On each floor, the doctor in charge of a particular medical service will have his laboratories for instructing students and for research, a clinic for outpatients and beds for his in-patients. The Herr Professor will have to walk only a few steps to see students, assistants, nurses, and patients. He will leave his floor only when he goes to the central ad-

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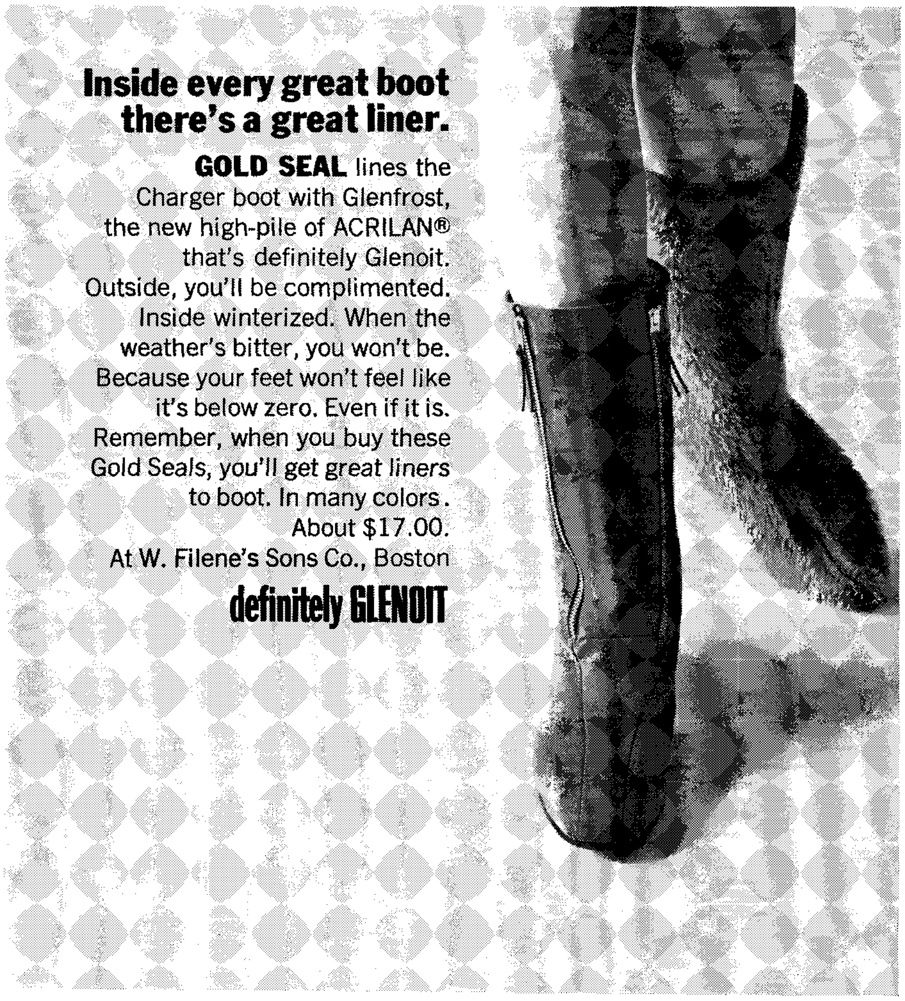
ministration section, to lecture in one of eleven auditoriums, or to the nearby operating rooms."

In the main building, Weiss and I saw workers putting the final touches on the enormous kitchen, with its huge ranges and deep-freeze cabinets, its conveyor-belt system, and dozens of strange machines. In the lecture halls, movie screens will be connected by closed-circuit color television with the operating theatres, where special cameras will be built into the lamps above the operating tables so that the students in the lecture halls will be able to observe every detail. Weiss showed me a large interdenominational chapel, and he explained that patients who cannot attend the chapel may listen to Catholic, Protestant, or Jewish prayers through earphones near their beds. All bedrooms face the outside, with kitchens, treatment rooms, and nurses' offices occupying the rest of the space. The Center will be able to handle forty-five hundred visitors a day—three per in-patient—and will have a nursery for visitors' children and a kennel for their dogs.

Weiss looked thoughtful as we walked out. "Not that I would *want* to be in here," he said, "but if I have to go to a hospital, I would rather be in this one than in any other."

TRAFFIC has been heavy lately at Checkpoint Charlie, and this summer there were long waiting lines. Checkpoint Charlie is used only by non-Germans, and apparently every foreigner who has come to either East or West Berlin recently has been eager to see how the other half of the city lives. The majority of the visitors, though, have come from the West. The only new touch in the Checkpoint's drab neighborhood on the West Berlin side is a new theatre, called City Cinema at the Checkpoint, that offers "the new cinema feeling—the first and only movie theatre in Berlin where you sit at a table during the performance and smoke, eat, and drink." On the East Berlin side, there have been several changes. The Vopos these days are not brusque, as they used to be, but, rather, quietly businesslike, and sometimes even polite. The propaganda posters and the martial music that used to greet the Western visitor are gone. The familiar large photograph of Walter Ulbricht, benevolently eying the visitor, has been joined by a photograph of Willi Stoph, the Prime Minister of the Deutsche Demokratische Republik—which may or may not mean something. (D.D.R. watch-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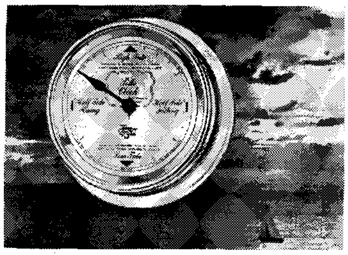

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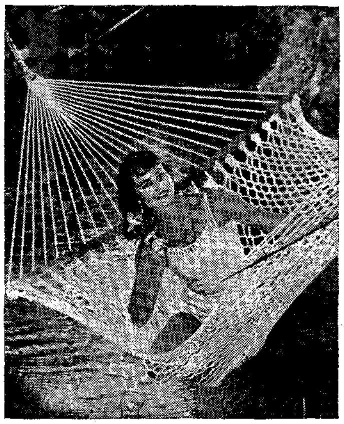

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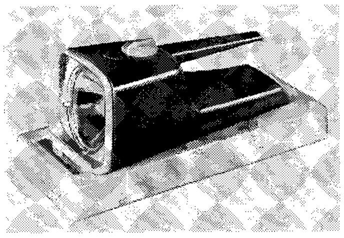

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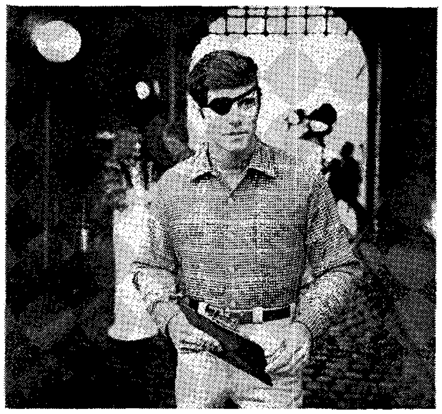
ers in the West have had no sign that Ulbricht is ready to step down; at seventy-four he is healthy and doing better politically than ever before. Moreover, no one knows whether his successor might be Stoph, a member of the Politburo named Erich Honecker, or somebody else.) A small barracks has been turned into an office where two girls make change; every foreigner must pay a sort of cover charge of five marks ($1.25) for his visit to East Berlin. Numerous buses come through from the West, changing drivers and guides at the Checkpoint; the East German guides are students and housewives, who conduct three-hour tours of East Berlin and are paid at a rate of seven marks an hour ($1.75). One student guide, who had just finished a prescribed three-month training course designed to enable him to answer any question, no matter how provocative, told me that political propaganda is no longer considered a necessary part of the guide's spiel, because the regime feels that East Berlin's new look will say more than a thousand of a guide's words ever could. And, indeed, there has been remarkable improvement in the past five years or so.

Unter den Linden has now been rebuilt to within a block of the Brandenburg Gate, which is as far west as East Berliners are permitted to go. Many of them sit on benches, gazing wistfully into West Berlin's Tiergarten, beyond. The new building nearest the Gate is a glass-enclosed structure housing the Embassies of Hungary and Poland. (The former sites of the French and United States Embassies, not far away, are still wasteland.) At the corner of the Wilhelmstrasse, a new apartment building houses prominent East Germans and prominent foreigners—Cubans, Indians, Africans, Chinese, Koreans, Scandinavians, and also, I'm told, a few Americans who have probably never registered at the American Consulate in West Berlin. To live in one of the apartments there, which are all one-room, modern, and well furnished, and which rent for a hundred and fifty marks a month (the equivalent of $37.50 at the official rate, and high for East Germany), is considered a sign of status. From their windows, the tenants can see automobile showrooms, elegant stores, and an ever-increasing volume of traffic. If Unter den Linden doesn't look the way it did before the war, it has certainly become a modern boulevard. The colors of its building fronts are bright, in contrast with the shades of gray in



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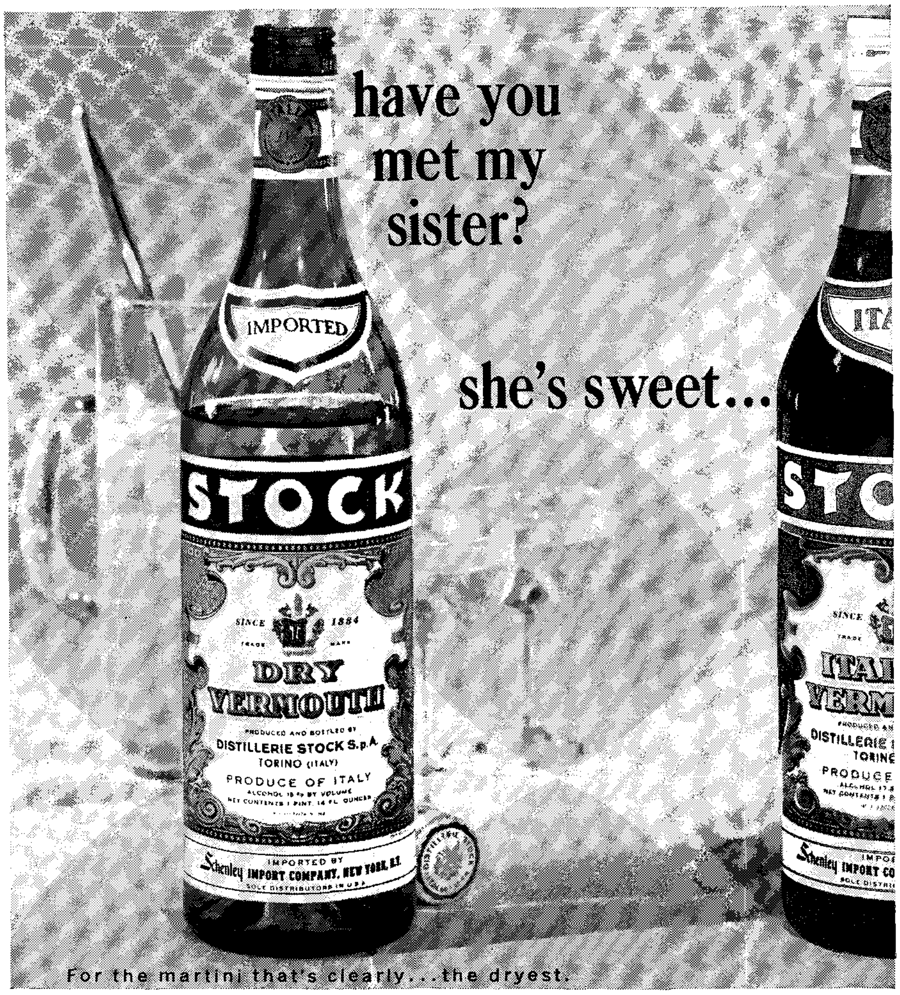
the other parts of the city, and new linden trees, planted a few years ago, are doing well. What is known on the east side of the Wall as "the New Berlin" or "the Socialist Reconstruction of the capital of the D.D.R." will be finished around 1970, according to the government's plan. Its most prominent landmark is nearing completion; this is the *Fernsehturm*, a twelve-hundred-foot television tower, which will be the tallest structure in Western Europe, and in its shadow the old Marienkirche nearby seems to get smaller and smaller. One feature of the tower, a big restaurant that will slowly rotate on a platform at a height of six hundred and sixty feet, should be very popular, because from it East Berliners will be able to get a good look at the city they have not been able to enter since August 13, 1961, when the Wall went up.

In the six years since the Wall was completed, sixty-three East German civilians have been killed at the Berlin boundary and seventy along the demarcation line between the D.D.R. and the Federal Republic. The West German authorities list fourteen other "highly probable" civilian deaths, and five Eastern border guards have also been killed at the boundary. There have undoubtedly been additional, uncheckable, casualties among people attempting to flee via the lakes or sewers of Berlin. A former noncommissioned officer in the People's Army, who recently escaped to West Berlin, reported that there is still a standing order in East Berlin that "no fugitive must reach West Berlin alive." The soldier also said that it is forbidden to shoot people in helicopters, or children, "unless they belong to armed bands," or Allied citizens who help fugitives. Since the building of the Wall, approximately 25,500 refugees have escaped to the West, but their numbers have decreased annually. In 1963, 3,692 persons crossed over; in 1966 the figure was only 1,736; and during the first half of this year only about two hundred people escaped. The number of fleeing East German border guards has also gone down. In 1966, 182 members of the People's Army defected, and in the first half of 1967 only thirty, though, in all, 1,971 border guards have defected since 1961. Such defectors are taken at once to one of the various Western secret services and are warned not to remain in West Berlin, where, in the past six years, twenty-five people have been abducted to the East—according to West Berlin sources, fifteen by force and ten by tricks. Meanwhile,



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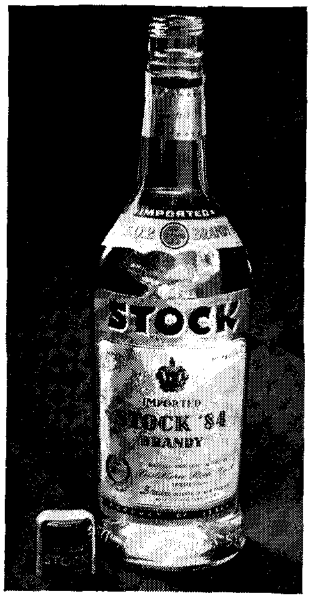

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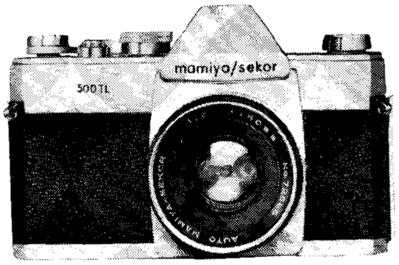

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an estimated fifteen thousand East German guards still form a ninety-six-mile chain around West Berlin. There are few East Berliners among the guards—not more than two or three in a hundred. East Germans who try to escape and fail are taken to a big prison in Waldheim; it is said that half the political prisoners there are serving terms for the crime of *Republikflucht*, or "escape from the Republic."

On a visit to East Berlin recently, I talked with various old friends, including a couple of faithful adherents of the Ulbricht regime as well as some of its opponents. It seemed to me that the gap between the two positions had narrowed considerably in the past twelve months. The attitude of Ulbricht's partisans toward many national and international problems has unmistakably mellowed. They feel that since the hardening of the Party line late in 1965, following the Eleventh Plenum of the Central Committee of the Sozialistische Einheitspartei Deutschlands (S.E.D.), the Socialist Party of East Germany, the regime has become so much stronger that they can afford to be lenient toward its antagonists. The gradual *rapprochement* between the United States and the Soviet Union has also had an impact on the Ulbricht regime, which closely follows the Soviet line. (Red Chinese diplomats in East Berlin are said to be disgusted with the East Germans, and to have complained of a lack of diplomatic courtesy.) The regime's antagonists have also moved slightly toward the middle of the road, though they still hate Ulbricht's philosophy and hope that he will never be recognized by the West. "Recognition would make the regime more intransigent and make life harder for us," one man said. He added, with a shrug, "We favor the recognition of Israel by the Arabs and are against the recognition of our own country. Meanwhile, our government, which has a recognition complex, supports the Arabs' policy of not recognizing Israel but wants almost everyone else to recognize the D.D.R."

The East-West cultural thaw that lasted from 1963 to 1965 in Germany has come to an end. No longer may East German poets go to West Berlin and give readings before students. No East German theatre groups may tour in the West. (But the cultural Cold War has two sides. The Federal Republic doesn't like Soviet artists to appear in West Berlin unless they also appear in West Germany, because an appearance in West Berlin only might imply a "cultural recogni-

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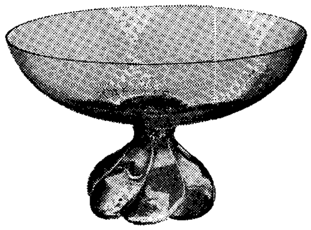

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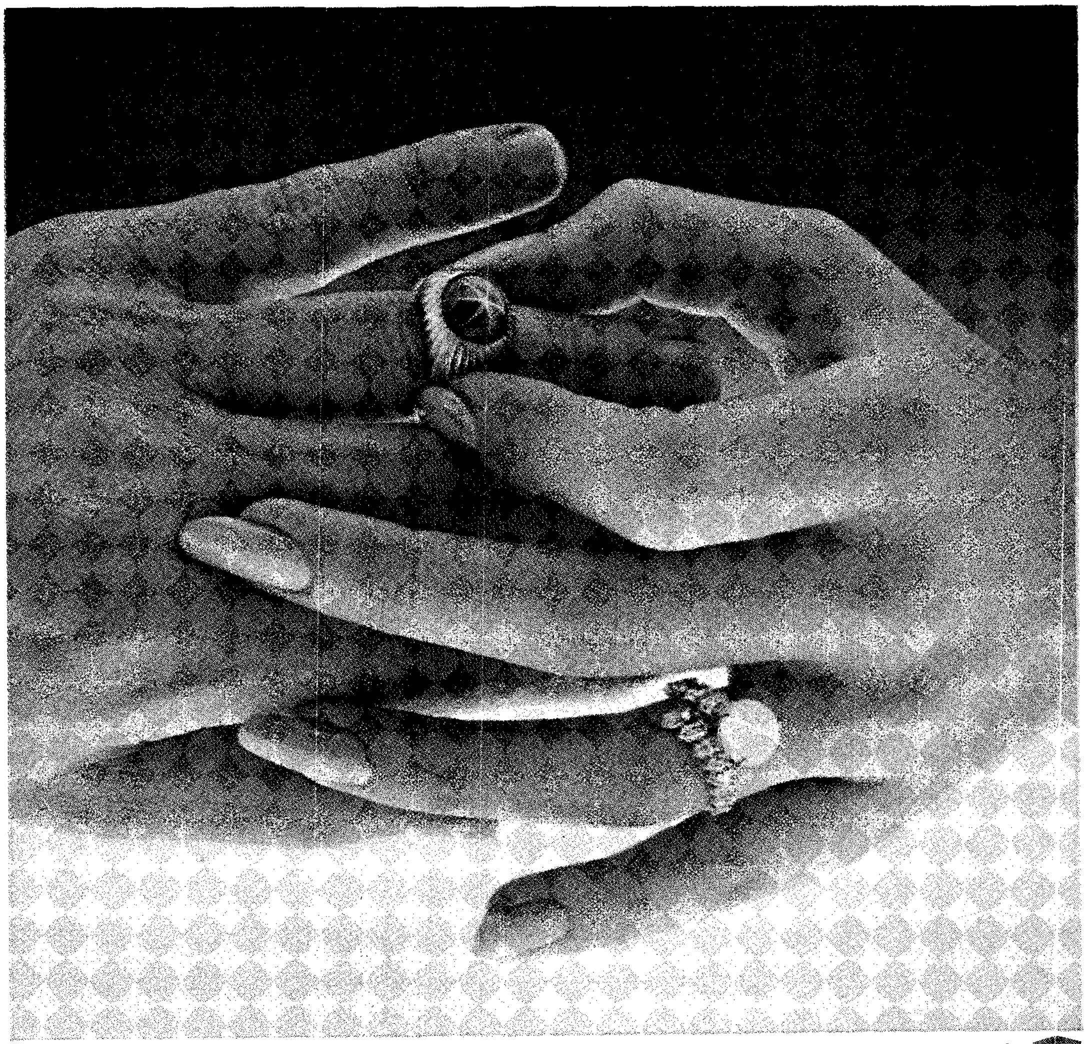

For informative booklet write Lindé Stars, Dept. N, 720 White Plains Post Road, Scarsdale, New York 10583. UNION CARBIDE tion" of Berlin as a separate state. When the musicians Sviatoslav Richter and Mstislav Rostropovitch came over from East Berlin to perform in West Berlin, the West Berlin government stressed the point that their appearances had been privately arranged.) East German writers and artists are not permitted to attend congresses in the West. Even soccer games and other sports events involving East and West are banned. The new line is "No contacts whatsoever unless the Federal Republic recognizes the D.D.R."

The new East German line on German culture was first enunciated last January 14th, at the three-hundredth anniversary of the Dresden State Theatre, by Klaus Gysi, the urbane, tough Minister of Culture, who denied the existence of a common German culture and contrasted "the humanist culture of our D.D.R." with "the reactionary position of West German imperialism." His statement "We have nothing in common with the Federal Republic" has since been repeated *ad nauseam*. "There are still people with pan-German illusions," wrote Willi Dehner, a prominent East German educational official. "But for us there is no longer a unified culture or education. We educate young people to defend and strengthen our Republic. West Germany's youth is educated to fight for revanchism." Margret Roebke, the Leipzig city librarian, has written, "The two social systems are completely incompatible. The political and moral aspects of the two systems also have nothing in common. The literatures of the two German states are now diametrically opposed. In the D.D.R., humanist German literature has found its true home." Many East Germans who remember the Nazi idea of "national culture" are watching the present trend unhappily (but passively). A friend in East Berlin told me, "The D.D.R. now 'claims' Goethe and Schiller, Bach and Händel, because they were born here or lived here. It makes me remember the nonsense we were taught in school—that the German translation of Shakespeare by Tieck and Schlegel was 'better than the original'! Handel died in London—minus the umlaut. Goethe would have smiled at the present campaign, but he is constantly being quoted. A while ago, Ulbricht said that a third part of 'Faust' could only be written in the D.D.R. The top Party bureaucrats couldn't tell whether he was serious or not."

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fessor Friedrich Jung, director of the Humboldt University's Institute of Pharmacology, recently denied the existence of a pan-German science. "Medical science, for instance, with its strong social content, is closely tied to a country's social structure," he wrote. "To be a physician in East Germany is a very different matter from being a physician in West Germany." Despite such exhortations, medicine is still considered a non-political science, and, partly for this reason, it is a popular profession for young people in East Germany, where doctors are well paid and also are left alone. The physical sciences are also popular with young people, many of whom are eager to escape from the world of ideology into the world of facts. (The regime is well aware of this, and is not displeased with the prospect of having a great many able scientists.) An East Berlin friend told me with much pleasure that his seventeen-year-old son, a first-rate mathematician, had been accepted as an electronics student. "Three and three are still six—the regime cannot change *that*," he added. But even those who are studying science or medicine have to digest a certain amount of political theory. I was told of a medical student in Jena who had passed all his science tests *cum laude* but had not been given his M.D. because he failed his test in Leninism-Marxism. The matter was brought up before the local S.E.D., which decided that the student should be sent to a big hospital as a male nurse. There he was visited by a member of the State Police, who told him he might have a chance of becoming a doctor if he would report to the State Police on the political reliability of his colleagues. The young man refused, and several weeks later he managed to escape to the West, where he is soon to get his degree. He is not at all resentful of his treatment, explaining that the Party people had to act the way they did.

I also heard about a young West Berliner who was visiting his fiancée in East Berlin at the time the Wall went up. He was trapped. Some months ago, he was drafted into the People's Army. He had a long, serious talk with his commanding officer, during which he said, "I'll obey your orders, but don't try to impose your politics on me." A couple of years ago, such a suggestion would have been indignantly turned down. As it was, the commanding officer assured the soldier that his honesty would be respected. He has not been bothered at all, was recently given a good apartment (he is married and has a child), and has been promised a good

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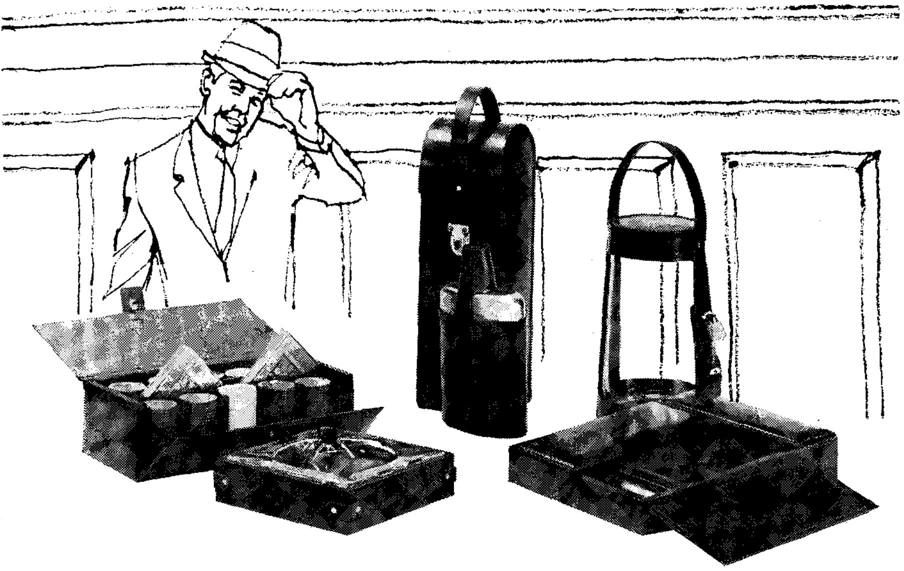
job when he returns to civilian life.

East Germans claim—and Western experts confirm—that East Germany now has the highest educational standards in the Communist world. Although the Ulbricht regime has copied a great many things from the Soviet Union, it has struck out on its own in the field of education. "German education was always distinguished," says a Western expert. "And at the end of the last war the East Germans did two things. First, they threw out almost all the former teachers, who had taught under the Nazis, and recruited a new generation of teachers from the other professions and from industry. Second, they decided to step up education in the sciences at the expense of the humanities. The general idea was to prepare youth from its earliest years for the demands of the technological age, and that was a smart investment in the future. The East German schools started from scratch after the war, and they have succeeded admirably. There is no such thing as a 'village school' in East Germany. All the schools have the same curriculum, the same tests, and identical well-furnished laboratories, where the children get an early idea of physics and chemistry. A sixteen-year-old in East Germany knows more mathematics than an eighteen-year-old practically anywhere in the West. However, there is little emphasis on subjects like geography and foreign languages. Even Russian is no longer as important as it used to be." The consensus among the experts in West Berlin is that if education in East Germany could get rid of its ideological ballast, it would be absolutely firstrate.

Education is one of the areas that the East Germans point to with particular pride when they make their familiar claim that there are no ex-Nazis in important positions in the D.D.R.—something that still cannot be said of West Germany, of course, where de-Nazification has often been a sour joke. A West Berliner who knows a lot about this subject has told me, "The number of former Nazis who are again active in East Germany can't be compared with the disturbing number of such people who hold important positions in the Federal Republic." This man has been asked several times to give up his research, because his findings are so unflattering to the Federal Republic. Still, the D.D.R.'s claim may be considerably exaggerated. A booklet titled "Former National Socialists in the Service of the German Democratic Republic" contains a hundred and one pages of names and material on such



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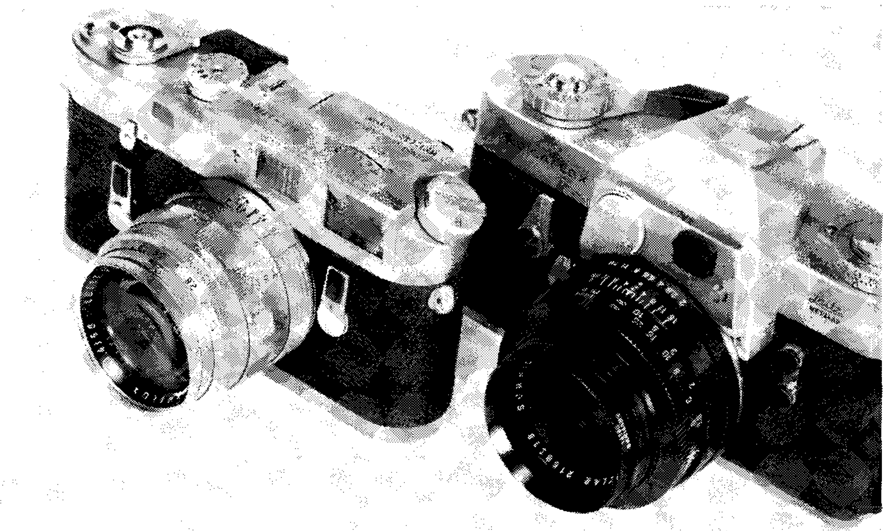

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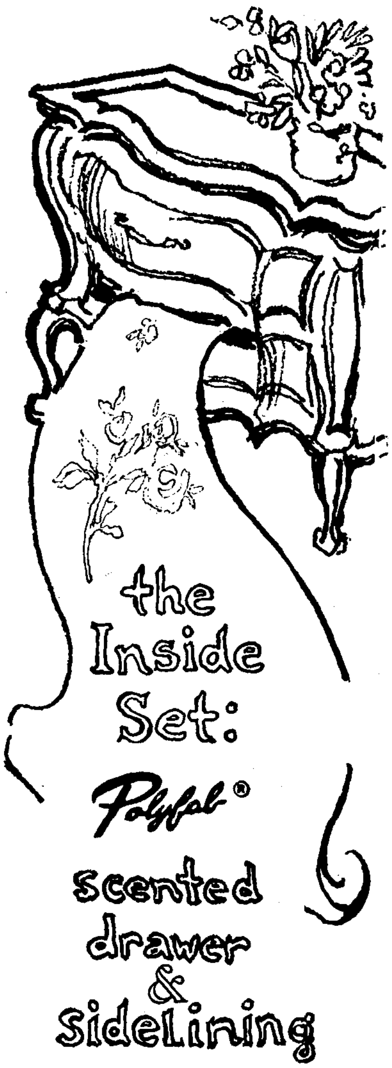
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people, collected by the Investigating Committee of Free Jurists in West Berlin, an organization that is respected for its objectivity and integrity. The Committee notes in an introduction to the booklet that it is neither its task nor its intention "to defend the staffing policy of the Federal Republic" but that "the Communists . . . have manned many key positions in their own state with ex-Nazis." Pankow's line is that these people have recognized their former errors and have become "upright democrats and peace fighters." Erich Honecker, the Politburo member who has been mentioned as a possible successor to Ulbricht, said in *Neues Deutschland*, the official S.E.D. daily, that while his party has fought energetically against the Nazi "activists," the "simple members of the Nazi Party have been given a chance to start a new life." Among those who have been given such a chance are Dr. Heinrich Homann, who joined the Nazi Party in 1933 and remained a member of it until 1945, and who is now vice-chairman of the Staatsrat and Ulbricht's deputy; Professor Ernst-Joachim Giessmann, now Minister for College Education; and Professor Werner Hartke, a National Prize Winner of the D.D.R. and the President of the Academy of Sciences in East Berlin. And there are many, many others. As Disraeli said, "This shows how much easier it is to be critical than to be correct."

People in East Germany who depend for news solely on their country's information media are, as might be expected, given a rather special view of world conditions. They are, predictably, informed regularly that a deep, dark connection exists between the war in Vietnam ("a bridgehead of imperialism in Southeast Asia"), the military *Putsch* in Greece ("a NATO plot"), and the Arab-Israeli war ("Israel is the imperialistic bridgehead in the Middle East"). On July 29th, *Neues Deutschland* explained, "The imperialists have resorted to a strategy of limited wars as a substitute for all-round aggression. They cannot afford a great war, and the limited wars are small enough to save the imperialist states from nuclear retaliation and big enough to suppress the national liberation movements at decisive points and to halt social progress." An American who attended a meeting in East Berlin at which several government commentators tried to explain the Middle East conflict reported that the burden of their message was "Some of us have relatives in Israel, and we have a certain sympathy for these people, but let's not be sentimen-

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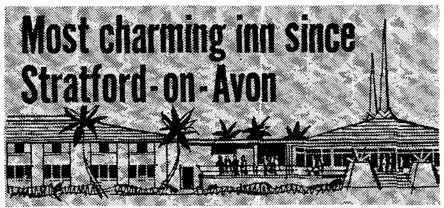
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tal about it. Just because the Jews were once persecuted by the Nazis, we cannot back up the Israelis, who are aided by the West Germans and the Americans. Let's not forget that Israel's attack against Egypt was an aggressive action against a very progressive state." From what I have heard in East Berlin, it seems doubtful whether the regime has been able to sell this line to a majority of the population. The sympathies of various East Germans I met were strongly for Israel. The regime insists that its position is anti-imperialist, not anti-Semitic, but the propaganda has been quite vicious at times, echoing ludicrous Soviet accusations of "*Hitlerbanditen in Sinai*," and during the hostilities the headlines in *Neues Deutschland* were not very different from those in the West German neo-Nazi paper *National-Zeitung*.

Although the East Germans are told next to nothing about the problems of their Eastern-bloc partners, they are sophisticated enough by now to realize that the Ulbricht regime is worried about Bonn's recent intensive efforts to establish trade and diplomatic relations with those countries. This July, when the Rumanians sent an ambassador to Bonn, there was a short and bitter attack in *Neues Deutschland*. At the February conference of the Warsaw Pact countries in Warsaw, the East Germans strongly advocated "solidarity," demanding that anyone willing to deal with the Federal Republic should hold off until Bonn had recognized the D.D.R. Now Czechoslovakia has signed an agreement to exchange trade missions with Bonn, and Willy Brandt has spent several days in Rumania, making the Ulbricht regime's recognition complex more acute than ever. At the moment, the D.D.R. has diplomatic or trade representatives in forty-seven countries, as well as embassies in China, Albania, Yugoslavia, Cambodia, and the Eastern-bloc countries. There are East German trade missions in Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Greece, Great Britain, Iceland, Italy, the Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, and Turkey, and banking representatives in Brazil and Colombia. The great hope is that one or another of these countries will grant the D.D.R. some sort of formal recognition and elevate the local representatives to diplomatic status. A number of young diplomats have been trained for *Der Tag* at the Walter Ulbricht Academy for Political Science and Law, at Babelsberg, and some of them have had further training in Moscow.

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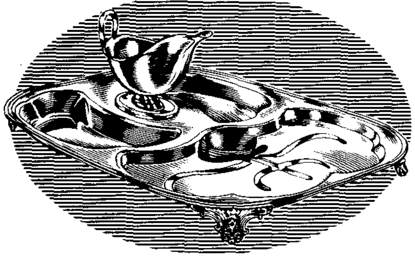

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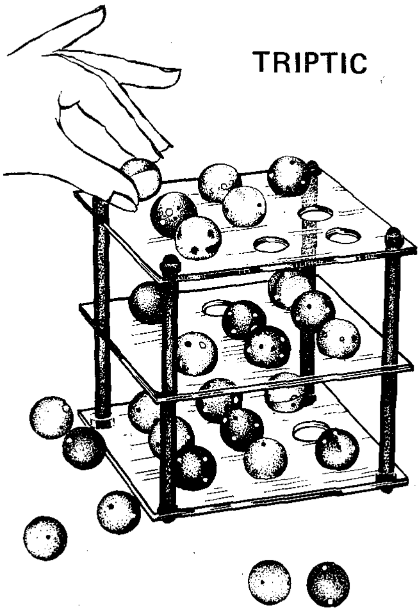

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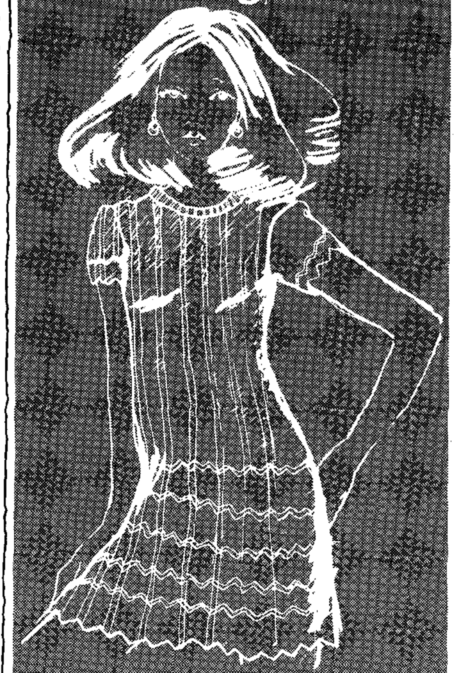
exclusively on the country's own information media. Cautious people study *Neues Deutschland* carefully every day, and most people read the local papers, but they read them mainly for sports and cultural items, skipping the front page and the editorials. Nearly everybody listens to a West German or West Berlin radio station, and many people watch Western television. People in the parks with transistor radios make no secret of their preference for listening to Western news reports. The constant exposure to two parallel information systems seems to have created a nationwide case of schizophrenia, and sometimes the East Germans are unable to remember who said what. Except for a few elderly wishful thinkers, the people have pretty much given up hope for a reunified Germany, but this has not strengthened Marxist thinking here, as some ideologists had hoped. Efforts to forge East Germany into a true nation have got almost nowhere, because the East Germans have no patriotic consciousness, as the Poles or Hungarians have, and because the D.D.R. was created with the help of a widely disliked foreign power—Russia. The one form of persuasion that seems to have any effect is repeated daily, and that is to tell the East Germans that they are "the true and better Germans;" to denigrate the West Germans as ex-Nazis, lackeys of imperialism, monopolists, militarists, revanchists, and so on; to play up the Federal Republic's troubles (economic difficulties, scandals in high places, friction within Kiesinger's Cabinet); and to call the West German Social Democrats "traitors" because they formed a coalition with the Christian Democrats. Eventually, the regime feels, this constant repetition will convince the people that there are always going to be two Germanys and that they'd better face the fact. Time is on Ulbricht's side. Most people over forty oppose the regime, but the number of younger citizens who feel that they owe something to the state that has given them a good free education and good jobs is growing all the time. These younger people also feel that they have achieved something. "It isn't the Politburo that has built the highways and the factories and produced the optical instruments and the locomotives that we sell all over the world," one man said to me. "It's us. We've rebuilt this country, under much more difficult circumstances than *they* had over there." His resentment of the West Germans was symptomatic. Many people in East Berlin have acidu-

the village store



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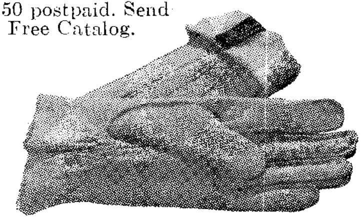

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us remarks to make about visitors rom the Federal Republic who arrive shiny cars and wearing new suits, to reat "the poor East Germans" with actless condescension. Tact and good nanners have never been deeply ingrained German characteristics, but, ccording to many people here, the behavior of West German visitors to ast Berlin sets an all-time record for oor taste. A woman in East Berlin vho hates the Ulbricht regime told me he felt like joining the S.E.D. after a isit from some former neighbors who ad been lucky enough to move to Vest Germany a few months before he Wall went up. "They were deeply anned, after a wonderful vacation in Majorca," she said. "The wife showed ne a thick gold bracelet and said that vas nothing—she had a couple more ack home. Her husband chuckled vhen he saw our old car, and said e wouldn't dare set foot in such a *Kiste* [jalopy]. My husband said that t least the *Kiste* was fully paid for, hough it had cost eight thousand narks, a terrific sacrifice for us. After our visitors had left, we felt depressed for days." Some people here ay that they hope the time will ome when West Germans, like Vest Berliners, are forbidden to enter the D.D.R.

A number of East Germans apparently suffer from similar fits of depression, even if they haven't had any such isitors. On the whole, women seem etter able than men to adapt themselves to "the new reality." One voman said to me, "I keep telling my usband that life is getting better here ll the time. Last winter, for the first ime, we had plenty of fruit and fresh egetables. And you can buy almost verything if you look for it long nough. We can't go where we really vant to go—who wants to spend a acation in the bloc countries?—so nstead we buy things for our apartment." According to recent statistics, ut of every hundred East German ouseholds ninety-two have radios, sixty-eight have television sets, sixty-three ave vacuum cleaners, forty-four have vashing machines, and thirty-four have efrigerators. It is easier to buy new lectrical appliances, though, than to get spare parts for them. Automobiles re still extremely expensive; a Wartburg, which is said to be a very reliable make, costs fifteen thousand narks (or almost four thousand dollars at the official rate), and you may have to wait two or three years for it. Many people, however, doubt that material well-being will make them more

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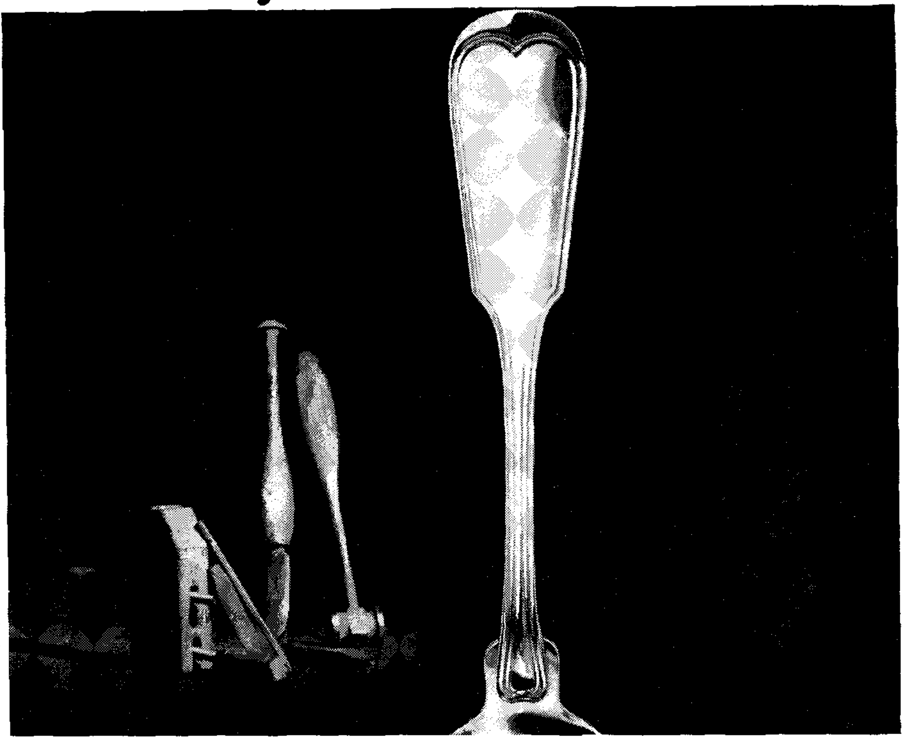

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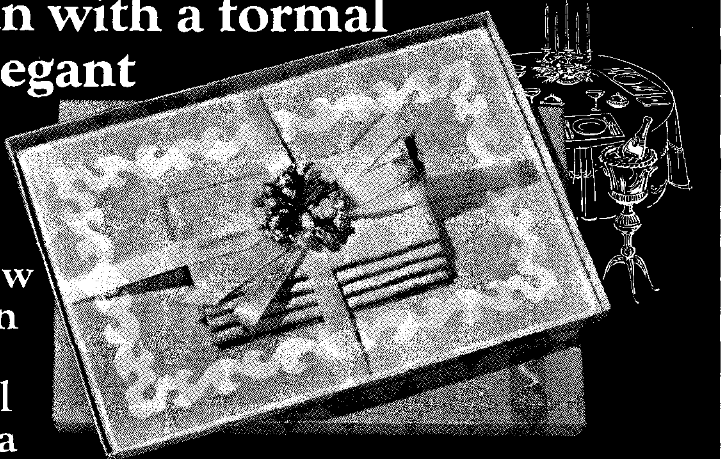

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contented in the long run. One man said, "You don't want to hear about politics anymore, yet you constantly do, even when you're spending what should be a pleasant evening with friends. There are always stories of people who got badly hurt because they made a small political mistake. The regime hasn't learned to treat us like human beings. A trivial slip may be built up into something world-shaking. You get discouraged."

In a Marxist state, politics, culture, and material well-being are only the superstructure. The important thing is the state's growing economic foundation. East Germany is now the second-ranking industrial country in the Communist world, outdone only by the Soviet Union, and it is in seventh or eighth place among the industrial nations of the earth. It is the Soviet Union's most important foreign-trade partner; in fact, twenty per cent of the Soviet Union's entire foreign trade is with the D.D.R., which, for its part, sends about forty-five per cent of all *its* products to Russia, including chemicals, machine tools, cement factories, food-producing plants, precision machinery, optical instruments, textiles, and furniture. East Germany is no longer just a "workshop" for the Russians, though the Soviet Union does still send some raw materials and semi-manufactured products to be processed there. The economies of the two countries are now intricately dovetailed; there are said to be contractual agreements between them extending up to the year 2000. Economic experts in West Berlin have said that most East German workers and technicians are probably more resourceful now than their opposite numbers in West Germany. They work harder, and over the years they have needed more imagination. Having had to become great improvisers, they know, for instance, how to fix up a thirty-year-old automobile by making a new engine block, new springs, and a new crankshaft by hand. "What pleases us most is that we are respected again," an East Berlin technician told me. "Soviet and other Communist technicians come here to learn from us. We can even afford to admit that our economic-reform system still has some way to go. Each Communist country now has its own reform system, and each believes its own is best. Ours is called NÖSPEL, for Neues Ökonomisches System der Planung und Leitung der Volkswirtschaft. Lots of things are wrong with NÖSPEL, but we'll make it work. The other day, a Soviet co-worker of mine asked me to

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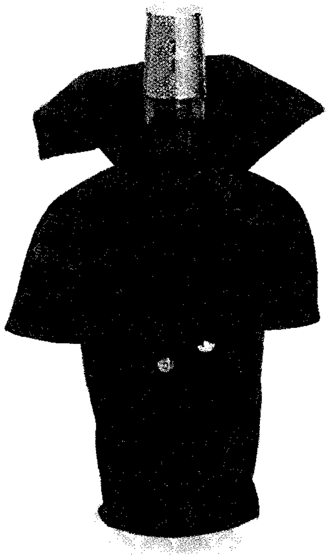

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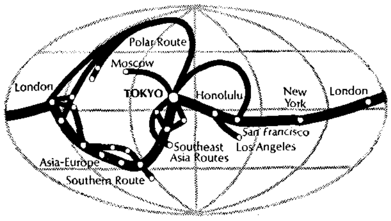
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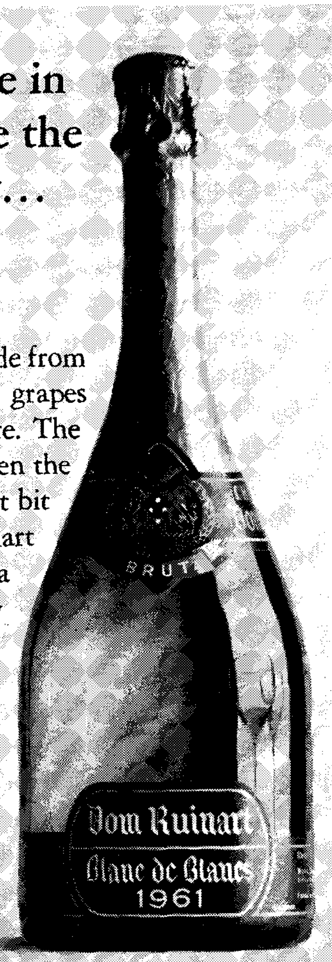
help him shop for a pair of shoes. I took him to a department store, where he selected a pair priced at twenty-three marks. We noticed that they had a flaw in the stitching. I called the section manager, who took a look and gave the Russian the shoes for nineteen marks. He was flabbergasted. He said that back home the section manager would need the signatures of two high-ranking department-store executives. I told him we had the same problem here two years ago."

The Soviets obviously feel that they can depend on the D.D.R. Ulbricht remains the Kremlin's most faithful ally, and the Soviet leadership rewards him with growing appreciation. No longer is he a mere *Befehlsempfänger*, or "errand boy;" he has become an important partner, and he is said to show much more self-confidence than he used to in the presence of Kremlin officials. Still, some questions remain unanswered. Why, for instance, do the Russians continue to take out every ounce of East German uranium, though they don't need it now? Can it be that they still don't fully trust the East Germans? Even the shrewdest D.D.R. watchers can't say for sure.

On October 31st, it was four hundred and fifty years since the day Martin Luther nailed his ninety-five theses to the wooden doors of Wittenberg's Schlosskirche, where the Great Reformer is buried. This fall, the East German government sponsored a big celebration in Wittenberg and minor ones at Halle University and at the Wartburg Castle, near Eisenach, where Luther was given refuge first by the Elector Frederick the Wise after he had been banished by the Pope and then by Emperor Charles V. It was at the Wartburg that Luther began to make his famous translation of the New Testament. Only a few hundred Western visitors were allowed to attend the celebrations, and the representatives of the West German E.K.D. (the Evangelical Church in Germany) were not among them. The announcement of the celebrations came as a surprise to many people in both East and West Germany, for the regime had been campaigning with increasing vigor against the Evangelical Church, which it had labelled "reactionary." (It is also probably the West's best-informed organization on the situation in the D.D.R.)

So far, the regime's ideological attitude toward Luther has been ambiguous. An official guidebook says, "Luther is important for his revolutionary and national activities prior to 1521, which



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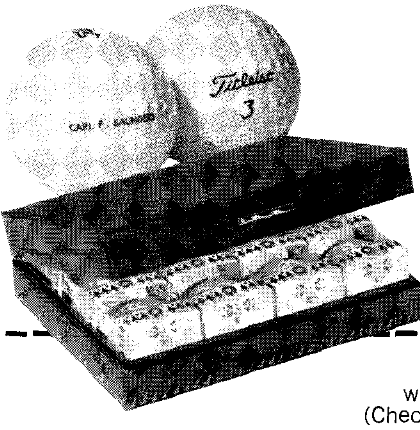

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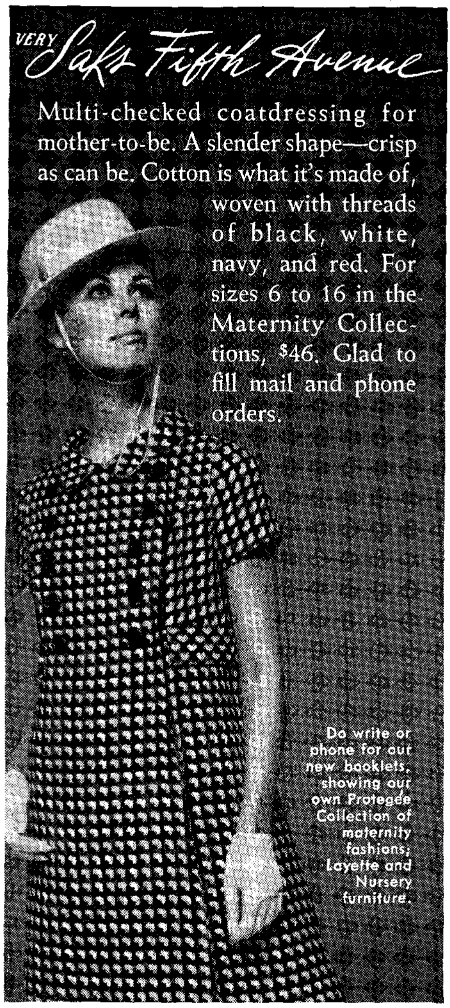

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mobilized the progressive forces in Germany against the Papal exploiters, and for giving the lower classes, in his Bible translation, a propaganda weapon for their anti-feudal demands. . . ." During the Peasants' War (now called by the East Germans the Peasants' Revolution) of 1524-25, however, Luther was on the side of the feudal forces, demanding "order and obedience" from the peasants. He called the peasants "robbing, murdering mobs," ignored their revolutionary motto "The last shall be the first," and told the princes, "Stab, beat, strangle [the peasants] wherever you can." Friedrich Engels' book about the Peasants' War takes a rather dim view of Luther as a revolutionary. Obviously, the image of the Great Reformer had to be changed somewhat, and a few months ago articles began to appear in the East German press in which he was presented as the great refashioner of the German language (which he unquestionably was) and as a sort of early champion of the S.E.D.—a label that might have provoked Luther, an outspoken man, to some colorful utterances. Now a number of new books have similarly reappraised the founder of German Protestantism. "Martin Luther Today—Greatness and Limitations of the Reformer from the Social-Historical Viewpoint," by Herbert Trebs, is called by the magazine *Der Christ in Unserer Zeit* "a scientific contribution to the Luther celebrations." The magazine claims that it was "the fault not of Luther but of circumstances that the Reformation could achieve only certain aims," and continues:

> If, according to . . . Walter Ulbricht, early Christianity presented no antithesis to Socialism, the same can be said of the early thought and work of Martin Luther. . . . His demolition of the ideological superstructure of feudalism had a revolutionary character. The analogy for Christians in our country is to follow at long last the ideas of the October Revolution, and the changes resulting from the foundation of the D.D.R.

To which Martin Luther might have said, as he did in his concluding address at Worms, "*Gott helfe mir! Amen.*"

A writer in East Berlin who knew what had happened at the recent writers' congresses in Moscow and Prague—both of which culminated in courageous protests against censorship and appeals for freedom—said to me, "Why can't it happen here? East German writers have become strangers even within the Eastern bloc." Another said, "Of course, some of our writers are just *too* negative in their outlook.

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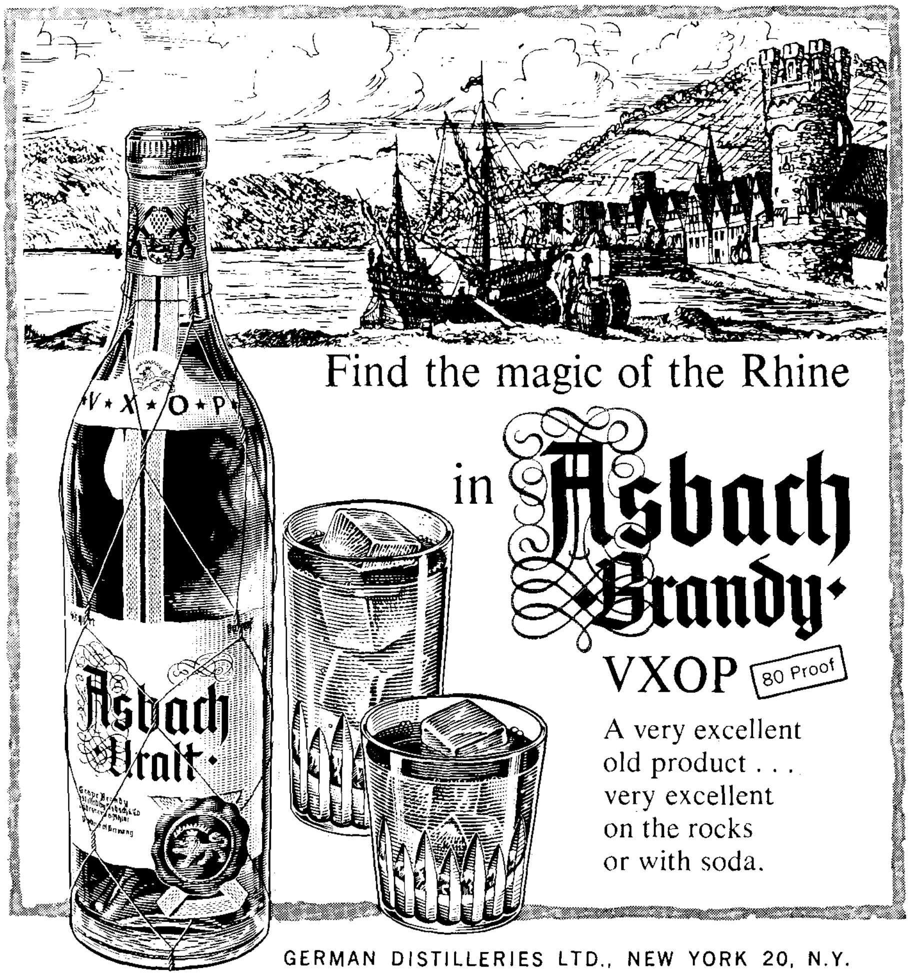
Being negative is all very well, but once in a while one has to be positive." When I made some reference to Moscow and Prague, he merely replied, "One must never generalize about these things." These two viewpoints illustrate the dilemma of the East German writer today. He must conform or be silent. Some of the country's best writers haven't been heard from lately because they dared criticize the regime or followed a pragmatic line. Among them are Christa Wolf, whose novel "Der Geteilte Himmel" ("The Divided Heaven") was awarded the Heine Prize, and Erik Neutsch, who wrote the best-selling "Spur der Steine" ("Trail of Stones"). Peter Hacks, a West German playwright living in East Berlin, saw his play "Die Sorgen und die Macht" ("The Worries and the Power"), which was concerned with contemporary political issues in the workers' state, withdrawn after two performances. The gifted East German playwright Manfred Bieler has moved to Prague, where he works for the Balustrade Theatre. There are now no good plays in East Berlin dealing with contemporary local affairs; all the good playwrights seem unwilling to follow the Party line.

Probably the most notable literary silence is that of Wolf Biermann, the famous balladeer, who has been compared to Béranger, Rimbaud, Villon, and the young Brecht. He once wrote, in "The Singer's Commencement Speech":

> Those who once bravely faced ma-
> chine guns
> are afraid of my guitar. Panic
> spreads when I open my mouth. . . .

In early December, 1965, following the Eleventh Plenum, a polemical article in *Neues Deutschland* called Biermann "a political pornographer," and the subsequent campaign of vilification against him, which lasted six months, proved that the poet's words were indeed considered more dangerous than machine guns. Then the regime's tactics changed; Biermann was systematically ignored, apparently in the hope that he would sooner or later be forgotten. He was not allowed to appear in public; he was forbidden to go to other Eastern countries. According to a Swiss report, his request for a visa to Warsaw was turned down because he "wasn't worthy to represent the D.D.R. in the Socialist world." Officially, he is reported to live quietly in East Berlin, but there have been rumors that he is in Bautzen Prison, that he is working in a small East German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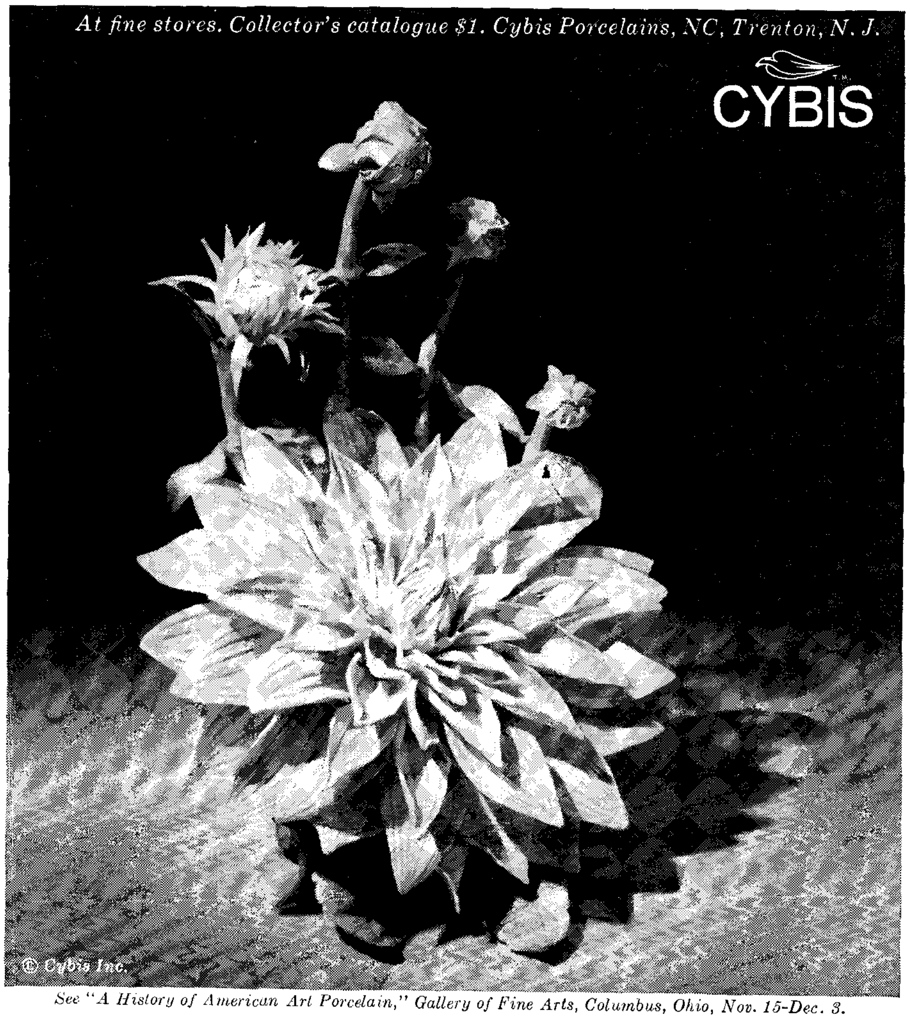
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town, or that he has been sent to work in a steel mill in Brandenburg. A recording of his songs was announced at one point but has never been released. His collection of poems "Die Drahtharfe" ("The Wire Harp") was published in West Germany in 1965 and sold more than thirty-five thousand copies, whereupon, in February, 1966, the D.D.R. regime announced that East German authors must get permission from the East Germany copyright office to be published abroad. East German writers nicknamed the decree "Lex Biermann." Officially, however, Wolf Biermann no longer exists.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

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Is there, then, in the New Boston or environs one such as I? Box 39.—*Adv. in Advertising News, Boston.*

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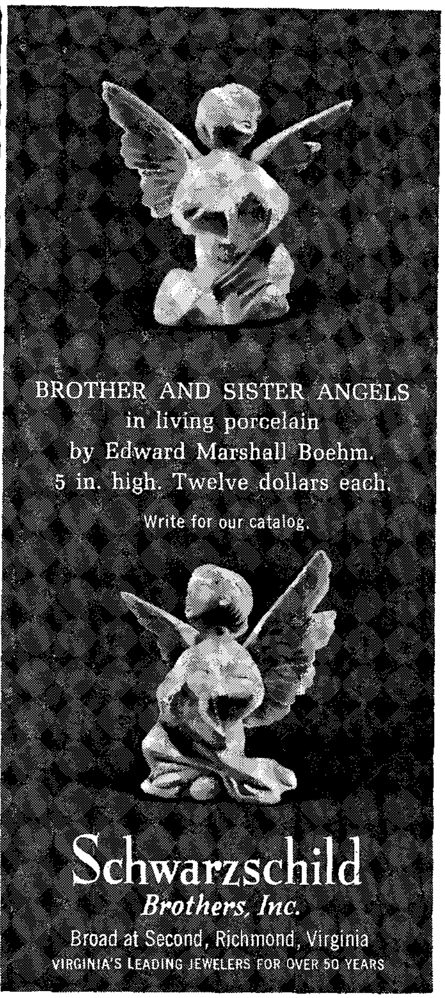

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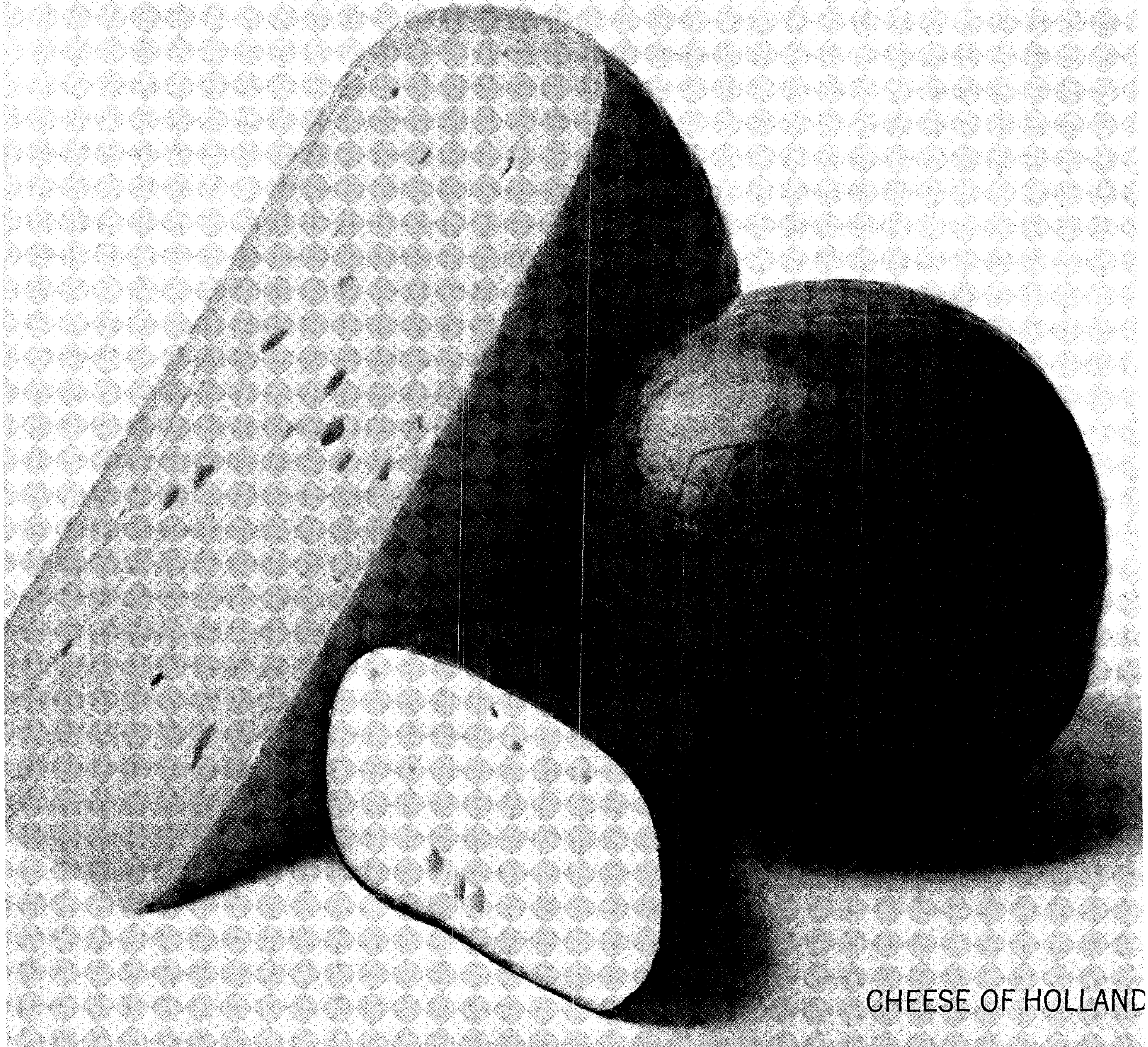

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Magic Nights

UNLIKE some of my colleagues, I was completely enchanted by the revival of Engelbert Humperdinck's opera "Hansel and Gretel" at the Metropolitan Opera House on Monday night of last week. Much of this enchantment arose from Robert O'Hearn's settings, which reflected the work's forest mystique with all sorts of flora and fauna—Christmas trees, spiders, insects, squirrels, and so on—plus a witch's castle that rose up out of the ground and was obviously made, as is proper, of sugar candy. "Hansel and Gretel" is often thought of as a children's opera, but it has its charm for adults, too, and it contains one of the most beautiful scores written between the time of Wagner and the time of Richard Strauss's maturity. On the other hand, it is an utterly guileless affair, which can easily burlesque itself if it is not properly done, and it is a credit to both Mr. O'Hearn and Nathaniel Merrill, who directed the production, that it never did so the other night. It is an opera that needs all the resources of a well-equipped opera house like the Metropolitan. You have to have those angels flying through the air, and all the rest of the fantasy, and a lot of stage machinery to make these things possible. Of course, if you don't believe in magic and have no feeling for mythology in your soul, "Hansel and Gretel" is not for you. For the rest of us, it is a masterpiece—Wagnerian, but not oppressively so, and containing some lovely melodies.

Franz Allers conducted the opera with a nice sense of its eloquence; the horns—instruments that are associated in a very special way with forest music and that have a big role to play here—did quite nobly, despite a few initial fumbles, and the cast was one to do the work full justice. Outstanding was the Gretel of Teresa Stratas, a wonderfully worked-out impersonation—childlike, impetuous, and slightly greedy. I had never before seen this particular role so well done. The Hansel of Rosalind Elias, though it seemed to me a slight case of miscasting from the vocal point of view, was nevertheless

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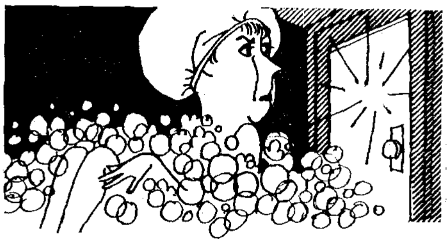
effective, and Karl Dönch made a superb Witch, complete with a very appropriate German accent. Lili Chookasian and William Walker were the parents, Gertrude and Peter; Lilian Sukis was the Sandman, and Karan Armstrong the Dewfairy—all at least adequate. An English translation, by Norman Kelley, was used, and proved to be delightful. After twenty years' absence from the repertory, it was about time "Hansel and Gretel" was revived, and I hope that it will not stay away so long again.

LAST Tuesday evening, the Philadelphia Orchestra came to town for a concert in Philharmonic Hall, under the man who brought it to the top rank among American orchestras—the veteran Leopold Stokowski. The main item on the program was Mahler's big "Resurrection Symphony," No. 2, and it was preceded by what is best described as "selections from" Bach's "Magnificat," though the program indicated that the whole work was to be performed. No matter. There were four movements, in Bach's finest style—two for chorus and one each for soprano and mezzo-soprano. The soprano aria was sung by Veronica Tyler, a singer one can always count on for purity of tone. The mezzo-soprano aria was sung reasonably well by a young Brazilian singer named Maria Lucia Godoy. The chorus was the Singing City Choirs, trained by Dr. Elaine Brown, and it performed superbly. The rest of the "Magnificat" was left out.

However, the Bach items were a mere prelude to the evening's main concern, which was, after all, the Mahler symphony, with the Misses Tyler and Godoy again in the solo parts and the chorus participating in the last movement. The performance of the Mahler was impressive indeed. Mr. Stokowski is one of the few remaining survivors of the Golden Age of conductors, which included Toscanini, Furtwängler, Beecham, and Bruno Walter. Now in his middle eighties, he still retains the power to electrify that characterized the maestros of that period. All the drama of Mahler's great work was brought out, and the final moments, which constitute the climax of the whole work, were pervaded with all the mystical feeling and all the apocalyptic significance that Mahler put into them. The performance was an object lesson in how to conduct Mahler. Mr. Stokowski did not knock himself out with the first growl from the strings in the first movement, as some younger



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onductors do. He made the growl ense enough, but held it to its proporionate place, leaving room for bigger nd better growls to come later. In act, his reading of the entire work vas remarkable for the studied proportioning of its elements and for the act that this studied proportioning nowhere seemed deliberate (though you new very well that it was carefully lanned) but had all the apparent freeom of impulse. Mr. Stokowski's conrasts were extraordinary—all made or dramatic purposes—and since Maher is one of the most dramatic and visionary of composers, they all enhanced he atmosphere of the supernatural that his symphony contains. I am afraid hat we now live in a world that takes ess and less interest in the supernatural, nd that a frequent consequence of this a misapprehension of Mahler's music as well as a misapprehension of Humperdinck's). Mr. Stokowski reminded s that it was not always so, and that the Day of Judgment (the subject of the ist movement) can be made vividly eal by a conductor who is a reminder f the era when mighty maestros walked he earth.

THE American Opera Society is certainly attracting an embattled udience—one that is beginning to reemble the famous audience at the Parma Opera, where boos are as freuent and loud as applause. Last Thursday evening, the Society put on concert performance of Bellini's "Norma" in Carnegie Hall. During he intermission, the audience caught ight of Maria Callas—one of the great Normas of the past—sitting in a ox, and bedlam broke loose as Miss Callas threw blossoms to her admirers rom the bouquet she was carrying. Then Giovanni Martinelli, one of the great past Polliones in the same opera, limbed into her box and embraced er, to thunderous applause and shouting. After that, somebody discovered hat another past Norma, Zinka Milaov, was on her way to her parterre eat, and there was another tremendous ovation. It sounded like Madison Square Garden. After all this, I imagine that it took considerable courage or the Norma of the evening, Elena Suliotis, to come out onto the stage gain and sing at all. She did, and she racked momentarily on a high C. The udience thereupon—most discourteously, I thought—rewarded her with highly charged demonstration of booing. There were counter-boos, and houts of "Shut up!" and "If you

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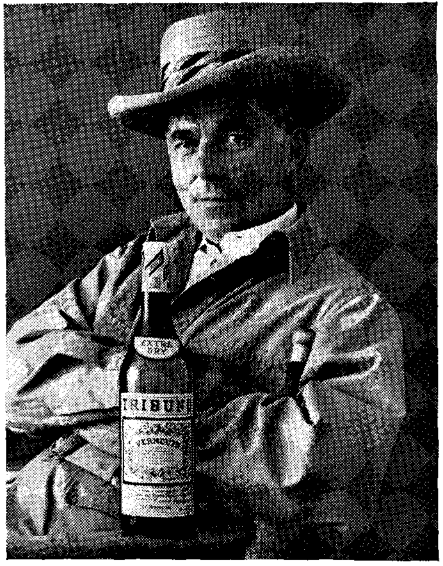

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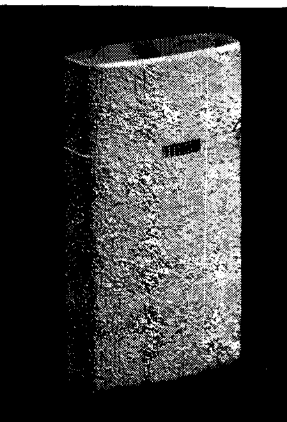
don't like it, go home!" For a time, it looked as though the attackers and defenders of Miss Suliotis might come to blows, but the conductor, Carlo Felice Cillario, started up the next number, and the audience finally fell silent.

"Norma," as nearly every opera buff knows, is the final test of a great soprano. It is the heavyweight-championship bout, the World Series, in the domain of soprano singing. I suspect that most operagoers go to hear "Norma" for the vocal athletics rather than for the music, which is fairly ponderous and not, to my mind, equal to that of some other Bellini operas, particularly "I Puritani." And I suspect that only two living sopranos, neither of whom I have heard in the role, would make totally adequate Normas—Birgit Nilsson and Joan Sutherland. Miss Suliotis is hardly in their class. She is pretty, and she has a certain stage presence, and the other night she sang all the notes (except for that one cracked high C) and all the embellishments dutifully and often pleasingly. Even this is quite a feat for a singer who is still in her twenties. Miss Suliotis has a remarkable lower range, and she is good at singing powerful passages. But when she gets to pianissimi a lack of support gives her voice a little-girlish sound. Her "Casta Diva" was begun so softly that it begged the question this aria always arouses—whether the soprano will succeed in controlling her breath so that she can hold out through the long vocal phrases—and she made no pretense whatever of enunciation in it. Miss Suliotis is certainly a young singer to watch, but I am afraid that her ambition may be outrunning her capacities. That way lies vocal disaster.

The remainder of the cast was, with a couple of exceptions, merely competent. One of the exceptions was Luigi Roni, a high bass, who did the role of Oroveso with character and considerable beauty of voice, though he was not equal to some of the lower-lying phrases. The other was Joyce Mathis, who made a quite agreeable début in the minor role of Clotilde. Paul Franke served competently in the other minor role, that of Flavio. Gianfranco Cecchele, a tenor of some reputation in Italy, sang the role of Pollione without much power and with a good deal of pushing in the upper register. Nancy Tatum did fairly well as Adalgisa, but wobbled now and then and sang out of tune in more than one ensemble.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT



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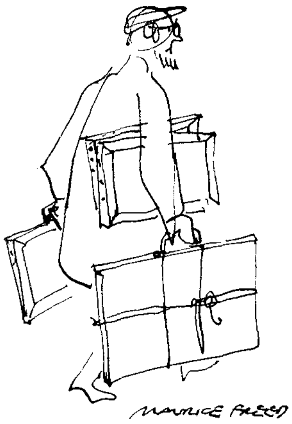
THE ART WORLD

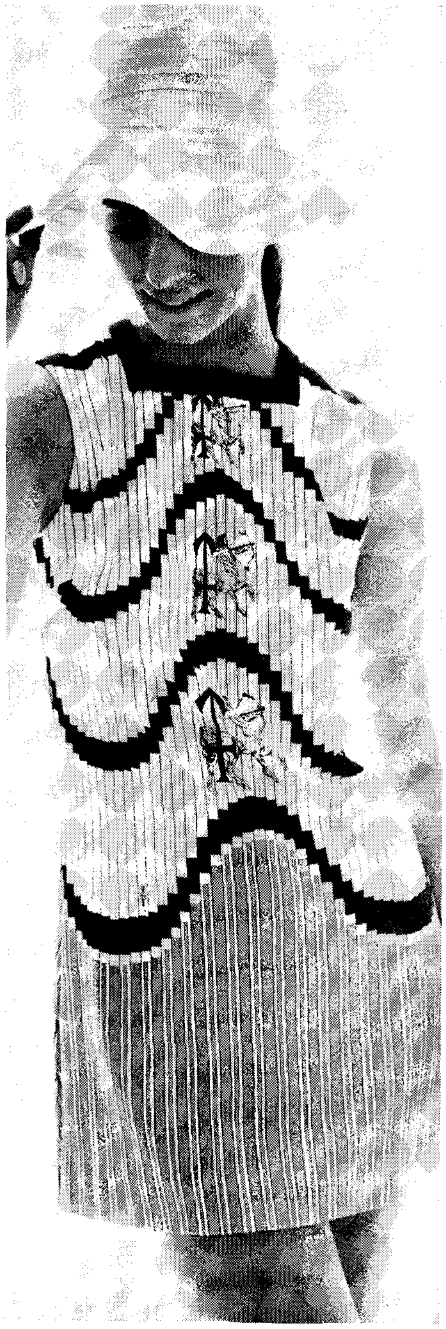
Museum of the New

IT requires a certain daring for a new art museum to start off with an exhibition by artists who proclaim the end of art and demand the elimination of museums. Suppose the customers—sponsors, the public—take them seriously? It is probably safe to rely on the levity of the art world in regard to anti-art pronouncements; after all, people who have been against art have kept art going for more than fifty years. Inspired by their tradition, the Chicago Museum of Contemporary Art, which opened in late October, has gone to the limit in proposing that an art museum should not be an art museum. Its director, Jan van der Marck, formerly curator of the Walker Art Center, in Minneapolis, is convinced that "the arts have exploded all over the place" and that painting and sculpture as such no longer, in the second half of the twentieth century, represent vital forms of creation. The art he shows will reflect this attitude, and he is prepared to place his institution behind experiments in music, the underground film, and poetry readings "perhaps accompanied by electronic effects with tapes and lighting." The new Museum is strictly avant-garde—a space platform on which advanced art, wherever it is produced, may alight in its orbit around the globe. Van der Marck has made it plain that he is interested neither in regional art ("There is no Chicago art") nor in accepted reputations. "I'm not concerned," he says, using Calder as an illustration, "with art that has already proved its point." A museum that rejects the dimension of time, which museums are supposed to embody, appears to be in a state of contradiction, but, being contradictory, this rejection fits into the general scheme of the new institution.



One of the stars of its inaugural exhibition is Allan Kaprow, plotter of Happenings and fabricator of sites for them to happen on, or in. In an article entitled "Death in the Museum," which appeared in *Arts Magazine* in February, Kaprow denounced museums as "a fuddy-duddy remnant from another era" and suggested that "modern museums should be turned into swimming pools and night clubs . . . or . . . emptied and left as environmental sculpture." Strong words, especially since the museums that Kaprow was thinking of were not the nineteenth-century marble-columned temples of the arts or the converted mansions of millionaires but exactly the kind of super-modern art emporium—with screen-projection systems, control panels, "jazzy lighting effects and piped-in lectures . . . entertainment and baby-sitting facilities"—that has just been unveiled in Chicago. In Kaprow's view, it is futile to modernize any museum, because it is a place in which pictures and sculptures are set apart "from the rest of nature" and this setting apart is antagonistic to the modern creative temper. Art ought to be out in the street, the second-hand-car lot, the garbage dump. "The spirit and body of our art," affirmed Kaprow, bravely, "is on our TV screens and in our vitamin pills."

But the Museum of Contemporary Art goes all the way with Kaprow, stopping just short of not existing. It is passionately opposed to enveloping art in an aura of "high culture" and it has no intention of setting anything apart from anything. Its stress is on informality; "art should grab you by the shoulder and shake you," says van der Marck, who would probably not be too disturbed if it also led people by the nose. He wishes to "take the eternal out of art" and make it "expendable." He concludes his catalogue for the first exhibition at the Museum by lauding an "event" piece by Alison Knowles for representing a "radical dissolution of the barriers that separate art from life." In keeping with this outlook, the Museum's program for its inaugural year contemplates much instant and evanescent art—Happenings, "light objects," paper art (about to go on exhibition at the Museum of Contemporary Crafts, in New York), art ordered by telephone to be made in Chicago workshops. The opening of the Museum was celebrated by a discothèque dance with strobe lights and an "evening" involving John Cage (who was prevented from cooking mushrooms onstage, with sound effects, only by a



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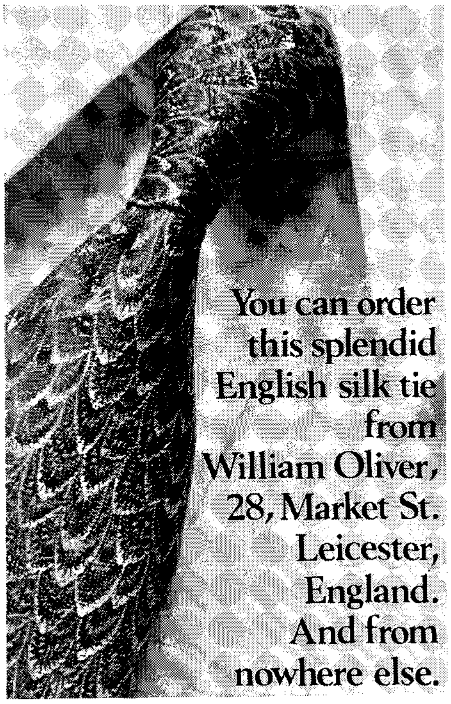

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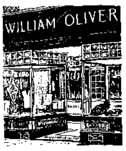

last-minute lack of mushrooms), Dick Higgins, who is the proprietor of the Something Else Press, of New York, and Alison Knowles, who is Mrs. Higgins.

The first exhibition, "Pictures to Be Read/Poetry to Be Seen," is aimed at dissolving the boundaries of painting and of poetry. Putting words into pictures, and shaping poems to resemble objects, is of course nothing new. Inscriptions appear on Egyptian statuary and on Renaissance portraits; George Herbert wrote poems in the shape of—among other things—a tombstone; Dadaist, Surrealist, and Bauhaus articles made words "work" as compositional elements in paintings, collages, and posters; the late Frank O'Hara collaborated in "poem-paintings" with such painters as Bluhm, Rivers, and Hartigan; and de Kooning, Kline, Vicente, and others incorporated poems in etchings done in William Hayter's studio in the fifties. What distinguishes these creations from those in the Contemporary Museum is the ideological intention of the latter. Of the twelve artists in the "Pictures to Be Read" exhibition, half are identified with the "intermedia" movement promoted by the Something Else Press, which, as its name implies, is out to replace the arts with a new species of entity—the aesthetic hybrid. The other artists in the exhibition, with the exception of Mary Bauermeister, are also working in forms borrowed directly from activities outside of art—blueprints, scratch pads, maps, instruction sheets, photographs, comic books. All this is familiar. The unusual thing is that the program of melting down forms and fusing them together not only is being presented by the Museum but has been adopted by it as its own. Chicago has thus produced the interesting phenomenon of a museum with an aesthetic ideology. The effect could be the opposite of a "dissolution of the barriers" between art and life. It could lead, instead, to splitting art institutionally into theoretical compartments, in a manner analogous to the divisions among the avant-garde movements of the early part of the twentieth century. Such a development, if it were continued, in defiance of momentary shifts in art-world tastes (it won't be), could be a force for intellectual clarity, and thus provide a highly desirable antidote to the present practice among museums of extending an equal art-historical welcome to all modes that have succeeded in becoming fashionable.

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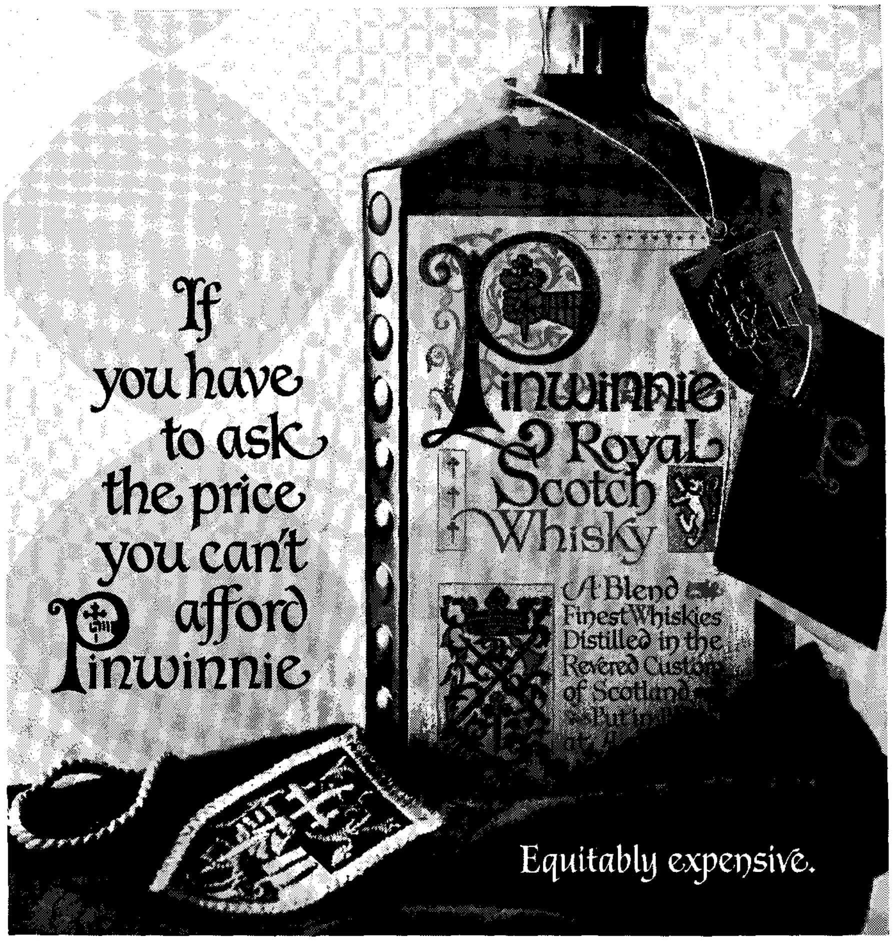
porary Museum is explicitly dedicated to the Duchamp-Cage tradition of reaching away from art toward things and symbols that happen to fall within the artist's field of vision. The "Poetry to Be Seen" among the pictures in the exhibition is devoid of the attributes of poetic composition and consists mainly of "found" words—of the same order as the found objects of collage and assemblage. In the background of the show is Duchamp's 1965 exhibition, "Not Seen and/or Less Seen." Two of the exhibitors, Oyvind Fahlström and Kaprow, induce audience participation in arranging their words; both are involved with the games theory of Cage, which permits works to be "performed" by the spectator. One Something Else broadside quotes the thought that "canvases and sculptures have become performable"—a development, on the literal plane, of the idea of an Action Painting as an enactment by the artist that the spectator repeats within himself. Fahlström has designed a group of Pop-painted "sitting blocks" carrying such words as "Breath" and "Stripped." A story about the Museum in a Chicago newspaper showed a young matron in an Op costume perched on a pair of these blocks; art and life could hardly be pressed closer together. Fahlström, who shows in New York at the Janis Gallery, also favors a Pop-style politics of the sort that first appeared in the Reuben Gallery several years ago; it attacks society by means of verbal and pictorial gleanings from the streets. His Chicago collages contain such items as "Here Lies Chuck Executed for Cowardice," in which the words are put together as in a jigsaw puzzle; a hand reaching out to write, on a paper blackboard, "My Secret Identity Is;" picture cutouts of General Walker and of a naked burlesque queen; two paper match folders with the motto "New Hope for School Dropouts;" and this clincher (scrawled in the center of his "Life-Curve, No. 2—Snow Field," a collage in white fur): "Bomb Hanoi Now.... Why? . . . 'Cause Silva Say So." While it is true that these data associate art with life, they do so as mere reminders and without arousing conviction or feeling.

Kaprow's contribution is a hut bearing a large sign, "Words," built into a corner of the gallery. The inside of this Environment, a version of which was presented five years ago in New York, is divided into two square rooms, one of which is plastered with dissociated words on strips of paper. Words,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barely audible, are played on phonographs, and the spectator is supplied with a stack of bits of paper and with a stapling gun, so that he can write words and tack them wherever he likes. The other room is a forest of paper streamers—suspended from the ceiling—on which one may fasten messages with paper clips. The public as a collective collaborator in works of art is notoriously lacking in talent, and it is unlikely that Kaprow's booth will be any more interesting at the end of its engagement than it was at the start. The answer to this criticism is that the aim of modern art is *not to fabricate an object but to instigate an event.* Judged on this score, the major event in "Words" is Kaprow's doing the setting; for the spectator, less is left over to "perform" than there is in a painting of Hofmann or Kline.

The other major audience-activating Environment in the exhibition is "The Big Book," by Alison Knowles, who, like Kaprow, is a veteran Happenings-maker. Through this Environment the spectator is invited to crawl; "no two people," asserts Miss Knowles, "enjoy a hole in the same way." "The Big Book" is a physical metaphor that literally contains everything. It is the story of the artist's life presented through copious samples of her domestic and cultural surroundings. It is both individual and collective; seventeen artists, including several in the Contemporary exhibition, contributed to it. Eight feet high and weighing one ton, it has eight movable "pages," each several feet wide, into which are set doorways, ladders, tunnels, murals, prints, signs, furniture, cooking facilities, a toilet, medicine, coffee, a guestbook, and an art gallery. No medium has been left out of this "Book;" it is audio-visual, kinetic, electrified, mobile. It makes use of painting, sculpture, film, silk screen, mirrors, colored lights, double images, carpentry, welding. Sounds of building "The Big Book" are played back to visitors, together with talk originating in the Higgins ménage. Here art has become so thoroughly intertwined with life that one wonders whether life has anything left for itself. And, too, whether a work so personally *lived* is to any real degree accessible to strangers, even if one should move in. "Maybe," Miss Knowles ponders, with admirable awareness, "having done 'The Big Book' is better than going through it."

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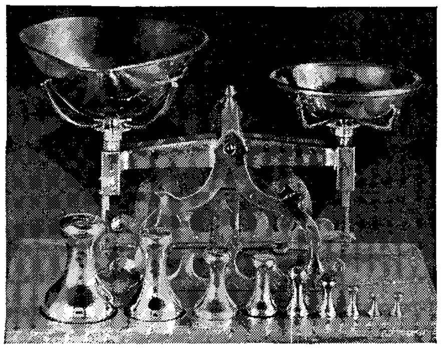
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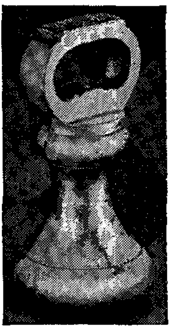
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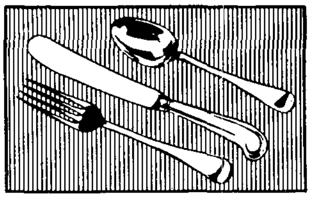
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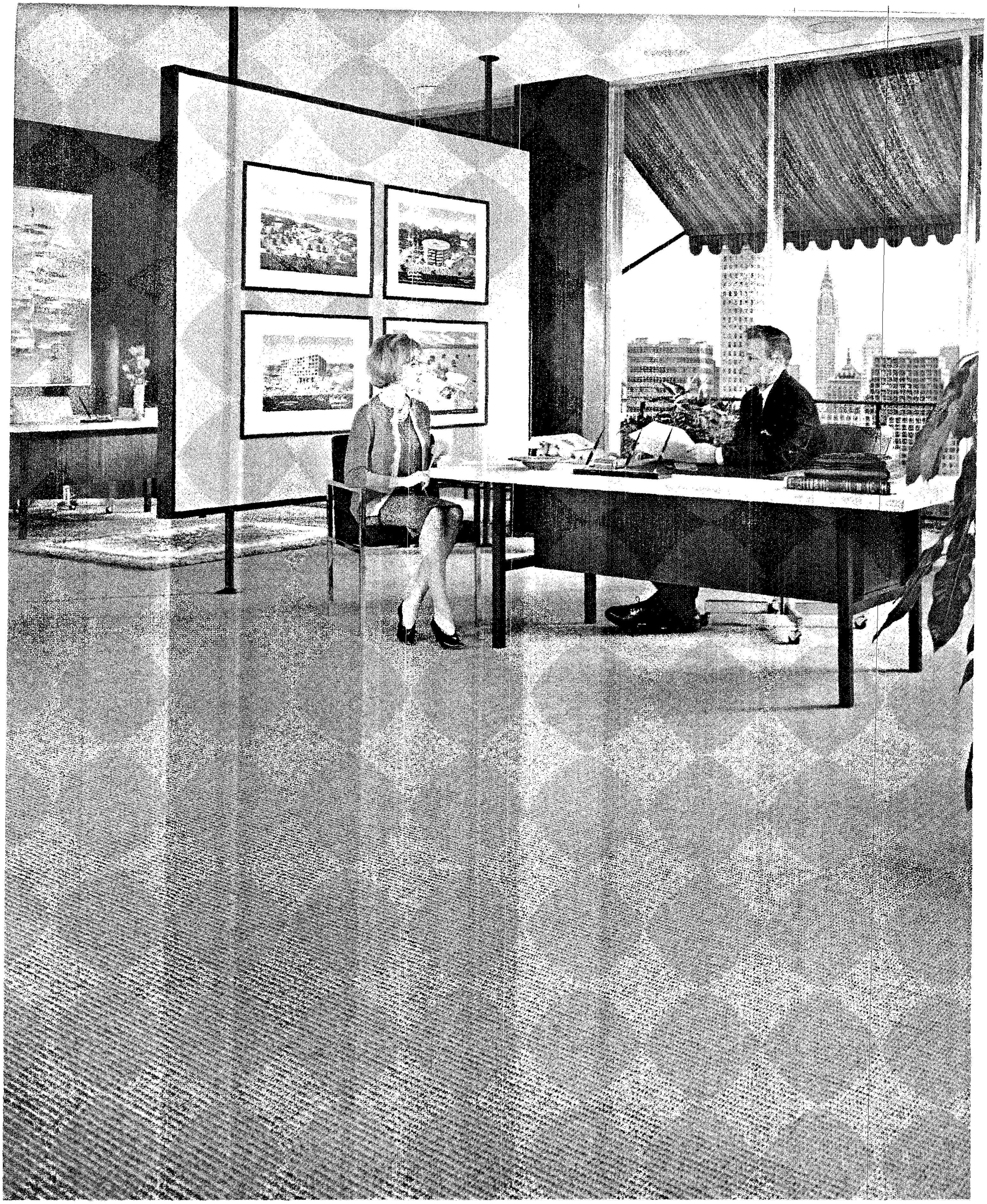

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ary Museum has brought art closer to ife, it has undoubtedly made it easier or people to live almost entirely in an rts complex. The ultimate "museum" f the Now, toward which the Museum of Contemporary Art strives, is any ity street seen through an aesthetic creen. Several of the "Pictures to Be Read" exhibitors—Ray Johnson, Kitaj, eorge Brecht—give the impression of eing so totally immersed in art that t doesn't matter whether they make t or find it. A box by Johnson, known n New York for the charming paper utouts he sends through the mails, ontains Chinese lettering on blocks, a amily photograph, and a sign saying, 'His Art Looks Timey Eccentric and hinese Modern to Me." Another work relates to the steel comb exhibited y Duchamp half a century ago. Kitaj's ilk-screen posters contain pseudo-recipes for painters ("How Many Times he Same Color May Be Applied") nd include a negative of the well-nown photograph of Rothko, Newnan, de Kooning, Tomlin, Baziotes, nd other artists who were protesting a hoice of jury by the Metropolitan Museum of Art in the fifties. Brecht, a box-maker in the Joseph Cornell manner (the vogue among art historians, which van der Marck follows, is to explain why Brecht's boxes are *not* like Corell's), uses images relating to dance ecitals at the Judson Memorial Church nd to the biographies of friends (e.g., nother Something Else artist, Joe Jones, is commemorated by a birth certificate of one Joseph Jones, accomanied by the statement that "Joe Jones Is Not Jo Jones").

Though she is somewhat out of key with the exhibition, and, visually, is the est artist in it, Mary Bauermeister, young German Post-Surrealist frequently shown in New York, is also art-onscious in the most aggravated degree. "V.I.P. Very Important Picture" s an irregularly diamond-shaped structure made of her characteristic layers of glass crammed with discs and painted alls, in the center of which an empty frame advertises the absence of a painting. Bauermeister's "words to be seen," one in meticulous handwriting or in ld-fashioned lettering in English and German and worked in among her tiers of small stones or inscribed in her crowded jewel cases, enunciate problems of creating art and give instructions, at times ironic, to the spectator: "These Damned Tools Hands Included," "This Is a Reproduction of a Reproduction Glued to the Bottom of the Box Piece at the Left," and this ulti-

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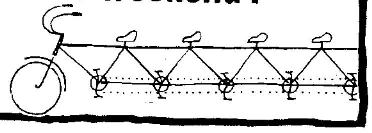

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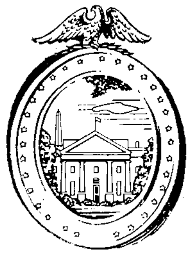
mate confession of aestheticism: "I'm a Pacifist but War Pictures Are Too Beautiful."

Two Italians and a Japanese in the exhibition had been known to me only through publications, including the catalogue of an exhibition in Milan this year of a group of artist-theoreticians under the title "Towards a Cold Poetic Image." Something Else and the Cold Poetic Image prove capable of getting along without strain. Gianfranco Baruchello meditates in symbols, words, and small, analytical drawings a bit reminiscent of Matta. His images, at times executed on Plexiglas and on photographic paper, are pseudo-functional—arrows, maps, plans—with words written or printed in a tiny hand, like notes on the back of an envelope of thoughts and reminders about a projected undertaking. His exhibits in the Chicago show mention Heidegger and quote (erroneously) from Eliot's "Prufrock": "I Am Not Prince Hamlet Nor Am I Supposed to Be." Baruchello has a convincing intellectual quality. Gianni-Emilio Simonetti, also a contributor to the Cold Image, employs miniature pasted-on figures and decalcomania, together with small painted geometric shapes, dots, and arrows scattered on a vast gray-white background. His work, like Baruchello's, evokes the functional chart or the memorandum of an event. Another Cold Imagist, Shusaku Arakawa, now showing at the Dwan Gallery, in New York, does compositions consisting of instructions on diagrams, like the paintings of Rivers that label the parts of the body—but without the body. His language, in print or typescript, favors Surrealist dissociation. He likes to label his works at the bottom with a box presenting information: "Title: A Couple.—Name: Arakawa.—Date: 1966-1967." This matter-of-factness symbolizes the professional aspect of the mixed-media movement, but also the degree to which it is concentrating on art-making.

Another use of the note-pad format is represented by the drawings of Wolf Vostell, a German collaborator of Something Else and Kaprow. Vostell's sketches of plans for Happenings have an Expressionist dash and softness at odds with the tight handling of the Cold Imagists. These works are in effect doodles, and the notion of exhibiting them may have been stimulated by the worship-of-personal-relics by the Something Else group. In a sense, Vostell's drawings genuinely break down the barrier between art and life, since they were produced for some oth-



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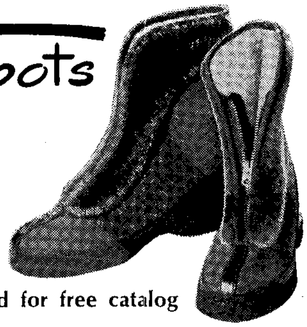

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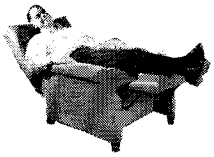
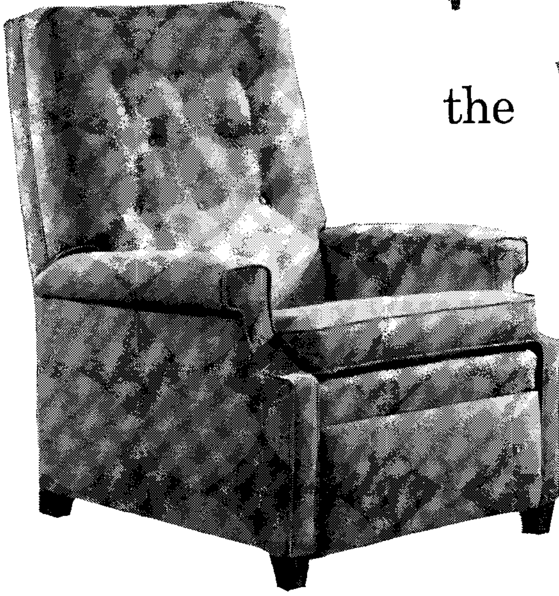
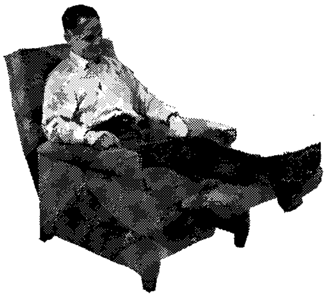
r purpose than to be art—as if one ramed one's breakfast (this has actually been done by Daniel Spoerri, an rtist not in the show but associated vith Something Else and greatly adnired by van der Marck). Vostell's ketches belong to an action that will ocur elsewhere—not in the Museum—vhereas Arakawa adapts the form of he diagram or ground plan in behalf of n aesthetic objective. The words in 'ostell's sketches, since they relate to a erformance not available in the galery, are meaningless; while they are to be seen," they are in no sense oetry.

The only artist in the exhibition so ar unknown in New York is a young Chicago Pop painter, James Nutt, a nember of the South Side Hairy Who roup. He specializes in gruesome com-s neatly executed in garish colors on 'lexiglas, with added bits of flat metal e.g., heel plates) and plastic. Of the poetry" in his work I remember only ne title of one example—"Snooper Trooper." The opening show also preented, in the basement gallery, Claes Oldenburg's sketches for monuments, pon which I commented in this colmn a few months ago.

In general, the "Pictures to Be Read/Poetry to Be Seen" show lives p to its title. Most of the exhibits are ighly intelligent but not much to look t. The works are the projections of deas, and, apart from their verbal quivalents (i.e., without being approached as something to "read"), they re (again with the exception of Mary Bauermeister and of the Environnents) finicky designs without scale, ensuous appeal, or passion. They are hus signs of intellectual activity, while he words in them, being largely either eminders or nonsense, are merely here to be "seen." As for the mediamixing program of the Museum, it is a act of art history that the art object has een increasingly giving way to the art vent; *the active nature of painting* and drawing was pointed out half a century ago by Paul Klee, for examole. Removing art from the context of he treasure house of artifacts into an environment of "life" takes, however, nore than incorporating everyday objects into mixtures of color or light and sound, or converting painting into theare, or denouncing museums or transforming them into community recreaion centers. Today, the art museum is already a mass medium no more separated in essence from popular life than s a movie theatre or bowling alley. That is why, despite his objections,

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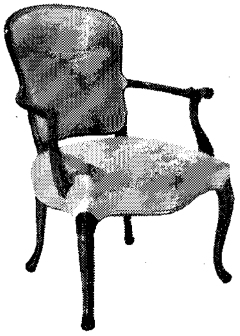

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Kaprow is in the Museum of Contemporary Art. Art, nevertheless, does not overcome its distance from the real world by passing from the realm of art history that is embodied in the traditional museum to the realm of the mass media, whose products, philosophers never tire of telling us, are a major factor in the alienation of man in contemporary society. Moreover, the Chicago exhibition makes it clear that, whatever be their ideological convictions, the museum conception of art as a privileged form of work prevails in the artists and so cannot be driven out of art. To dissolve "the barriers that separate art from life" is an impossible ideal—the dream of a world in which all actions are intended to be forgotten at their moment of fulfillment. In such a world, ruled entirely by the Now, museums would, of course, have ceased to exist. —HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

FALL COMES TO MARSHFIELD, VERMONT

[*Doris Jones in the Barre-Montpelier (Vt.) Times-Argus*]

MARSHFIELD—Rakish gay-blades tired of vexing verdant valleys, are on a vandalous spree throughout the countryside. Their garish garb and wanton ways are so infectious that silent sentinels are forgetting they were only shady silhouettes during the season past. As shafts of sunlight strike the ferny forests, the vandals weave an arching grove of paisley-patterned curtains, covering the Northeast Kingdom.

Rippling rivers, humming in harmony with an orchestra of feathered friends, are also tuning up as tourists take to the highways to view the vast cathedral enveloping space. . . .

Marshfield church ladies sacrificed their summer hours to prepare for fall travelers. Knitting needles clicked, while they chatted at workbees; strawberries were preserved; seasonal oddities were captured on canvas. They brushed up on the history of herbs, rock gardens, antique tools and crafts. And, yesterday, all were ready to give tourists a real old-fashioned treat.

Travelers, looking down from Thistle Hill, were thrilled. Subdued fertile fields, domed by the vaulted sky, sprawled beyond human vision. Mailboxes skirting the dusty back roads and cinnamon brown roofs zigzagging through the town added intrigue to the scenery. . . .

Charlie Carpenter was a famous name by day's end. His farm, endowed with Vermont lore, featured relics so aged they were nameless. The more vigorous vikings trekked across the cone-studded pastures to study sugar house operations. . . .

Back in the village, the Ladies Aid put in a busy day, displaying their crafts in the old post office building, the town hall and the United Church.

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FOOTBALL

Hale and Farewell

TO those who manage, hurt or not, to stay upright belong the spoils (Army, Yale, Princeton); to those who have ght well in a not always winning se belongs a rousing valedictory arvard, which next June graduates nty-six senior citizens from its foot- squad). A touch of magic will re- n—Vic Gatto, Harvard's undaunt- back. Next year, it is likely that he be helped, and excellently, by Richie ro, another lightweight, who is the hiest runner of this season's muscu- Harvard freshman team, and by e Varney, a giant six-footer (at ıteen he weighs in at two hundred thirty), a Harvard freshman up- whom, it is said, the Houston Oil- have already cast greedy eyes. rvard, hurting here and there, was operating under full power when ɔst, 45–6, to Princeton last Satur- , but neither was Princeton, with name two improvisations) White ıding in for Schoene at quarterback Bracken standing in for Weber tailback. But Bracken (running a wild thing, throwing deerfly ses, and punting so hard that the rvard fielders twice were running ard their own goal in pursuit of ball) and Moore (floating hori- ıtally over Harvard linemen to one chdown after another, or cracking yard after yard on his semi-spinner ough the Harvard strong side) and ıyne (batting down or gobbling up rvard passes) were enough by them- es to turn what should have been even match into turmoil.

The late-in-the-season reflowering Princeton and Yale (Yale 44, Penn- ania 22 last weekend) is bringing once again the venerable argument t practice (in the spring) makes fect; i.e., that, granted workouts April and May, these teams would e been at midseason height right the start, instead of wobbling along first few weeks of this fall. But n there are Harvard, Cornell, and rtmouth to prove that being in top m at the beginning of the program, they were this year, does not guar- ee anything like a continuous per- mance. Let the cases, both pro and , rest: Harvard was almost wholly its pins against Princeton last week;

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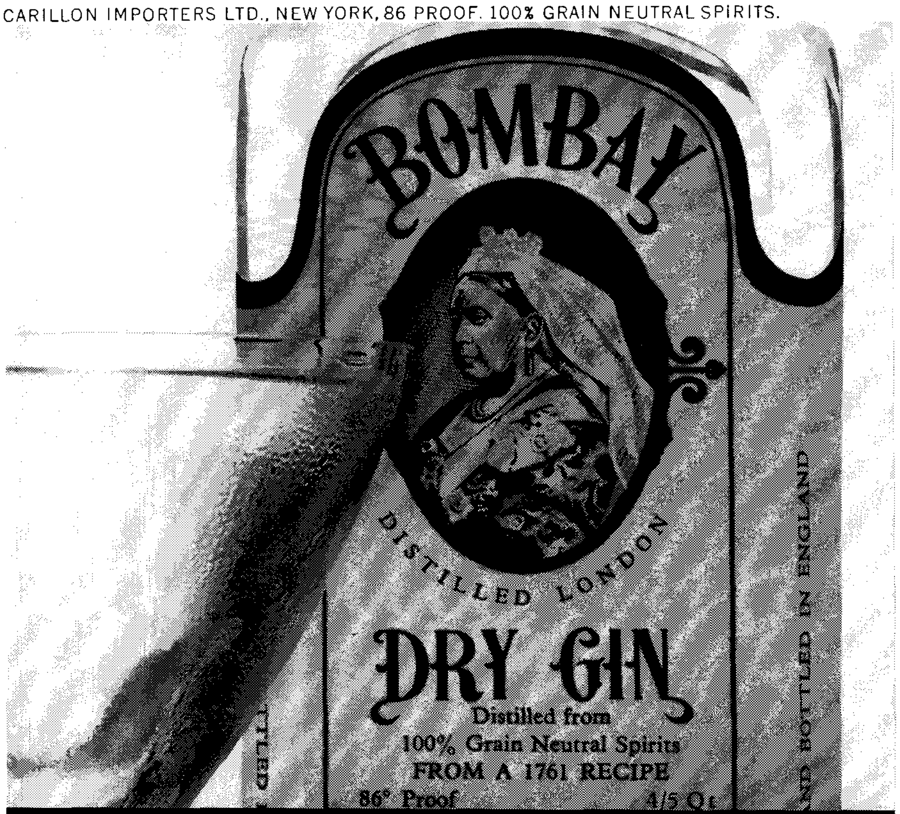

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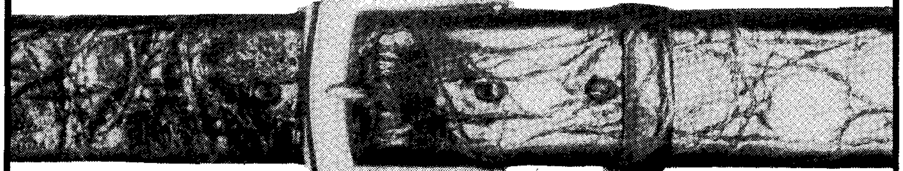

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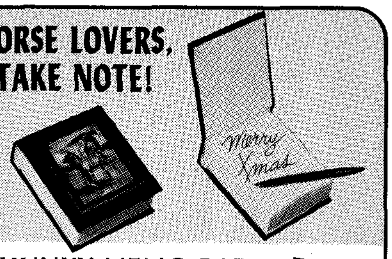

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Cornell, unable to decide whether Robertson or Arthur is the better tactician, was tied, 14–14, by bedraggled Brown; Dartmouth beat Columbia, which is hamstrung without Busa and O'Connor to run for it, by no more than 13–7.

ARMY, the old sure-seater (there has hardly been a vacant seat in Michie Stadium this fall), carried on against Utah, the well-guided missile (it has come as far east during the season as West Point and goes as far west as Honolulu), which plays a rugged brand of ball with a rugged band of men. Army, steadily outweighed in the line every Saturday, was outweighed again (and outrun, for that matter) but not outmatched—Army 22, Utah 0. Utah held the ball for eighty-six plays and Army had it for fifty-nine, but Army was managed by Lindell (now wholly recovered from all his ailments), who popped the ball in the air when Army couldn't run it—often enough for two touchdowns. Army ran, too, though; the Jarvis sprint of thirty-eight yards, which ended at Utah's three-yard line, was the most useful instance, and the Andrzejczak sprint of sixty-one yards (during which his circling must have taken him a hundred yards) was the prettiest. (Jarvis has run with the ball a hundred and nineteen times this season and has been caught behind his line only twice.) Utah, on the bland statistics, is not impressive, but any team that begins its curriculum by losing to Minnesota by a point after touchdown cannot be considered inconsiderable. Statistics, incidentally, can lie; the camera cannot. Thus it is that an interesting matter has come to light. What would have been Army's winning touchdown in the match it lost to Duke (the only one it has lost this fall) was disallowed because it was ruled that Young, an Army end, had interfered with a Duke defender on the play. The camera shows Young on his hands and knees, five yards from the erect interfered-with defender, at the moment the penalty was called.

—J. W. L.

•

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BOOKS

Trial by Hospitality

UNTIL not long ago, young men wanting to be diplomats in Eng- d had to pass a *viva* in house-party nners. The disguised exam was own as the "Foreign Office week- d," and it was conducted in a coun- house as if it were a genuine piece privileged English hospitality. It nded a killer. Men who had come rough it said that even the cold baths d hidden weepings of a childhood at on were no preparation. The week- d was the right initiation ritual for job, I suppose. It taught fortitude, concealment of boredom, respect paltry taboos, the aloof skill of get- g promptly to sleep in hostile terri- ry, the trick of composing perfidious ports in the head during a harmoni- s rubber of bridge. If a guest could rvive from Friday to Monday with- t showing inroads, without squirting apefruit into anyone's eye, without cking under the testy silences of ghbred English sociability, and with- t mentioning anything important, he s obviously fit to represent Her Bri- nic Majesty in crisis. At dead of ght, perhaps, the house might have ld the supersonic note of men shriek- g with loneliness in their sleep. In the tion outside the gates, there might ve been hunger-marchers, or demon- ators being clapped into prison, or me other example of Englishmen go- g in for the sort of behavior that ueen Alexandra once reprimandingly smissed as "Balkan." But the success- l candidates registered none of it. orm was all, the form of the clan; the lf withdrew, suppressed by the pecul- r metaphysic of classy Anglo-Saxon tertaining, which erases a man's sense having a core and merges him into common flux of concentration on the tuous.

Giving himself the structure of a nilarly awful test-by-hospitality in uth Africa, Etienne Leroux has writ- n a funny metaphysical novel called Seven Days at the Silbersteins" Houghton Mifflin). The science of be- g that he investigates is the science f being white and right under apart- eid. His characters have achieved erfect bigotry and unalloyed blood, gainst odds of pity, love, and popula- on ratios, by the technique of seeing on-whites only in unindividualized lumps. The difficulty of the endeavor as even induced white Gentiles and white Jews to make out one another's faces. The hero, an Afrikaner, is a well-mannered hole-in-the-air that a white-thinking Jewish family comes to know as a shape called Henry. Our Henry is ready to be toppled into matrimony. The opening lines of the book are very like the thundery start of "Pride and Prejudice" ("It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife"). Mr. Leroux begins, "The Van Eedens felt that it was about time for their only son to marry someone who, in some respects, was worthy of their standing. The young man had had, thank God, a sophisticated enough upbringing to realize that love should enter into the matter only in the last instance. The name Salome was mentioned and, after frank consideration, she was declared acceptable." Salome, surnamed Silberstein, exists more partially than the creatures of nineteenth-century fiction. Henry doesn't yet love her, which makes her metaphysically underprivileged. Living in a household heavy with substantial Silbersteins, she remains a figment to her teased lover until the last page of the book, although she manifests herself to readers now and then, wordlessly dropping her veils during the seven stages of the story. The long-suffering Henry is accompanied through his trial by a pine-scented uncle called J. J., who has been appointed to do the spadework on the marriage contract. They face a formidable week and an asphyxiating family. The Silbersteins, a strong-minded and unexplanatory lot, are given to springing sudden fancy-dress parties and to dropping conundrum statements onto the toes of their guileless guest. Jock Silberstein, the host, is a hairy boomer who has made a fortune in wine growing. He practices apartheid like some bossy nurse organizing children into teams for charades (white workers to bottle the red wine, black workers the white). His huge energy comes out of his symbolic place in the scheme of the book, where he represents belief in the dynamism of the profit motive, just as the traces in the limp Henry of Bertie Wooster are only incidentally the endearing marks of a silly ass and really due to the fact that he represents the effeteness of belief in birth. A lifetime spent in the placid uplands of pedigree has emptied Henry's mind pleasantly of almost everything, including apprehension, though there is a point in the novel where his carefully bred vacancy is invaded by intimations of death. The idea of it makes him tug his ears, one by one, and think glumly of the disillusionment of an extremity in which one can only close one's eyes and wait for still more assaults of Nothing to happen.

The week of his spiritual trial is endured in a weakened social state. His

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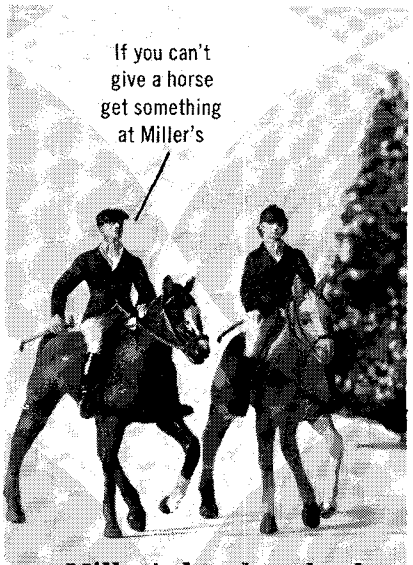
confidence is always being ambushed by the servants' habit of laying out mischievously inapt clothes for the household's succession of evening amusements, and he seems practically concussed with the weight of cumulative Silbersteins. His hostess, "slim Mrs. Silberstein," is a negligently erotic woman who bares her chest alarmingly. Like her husband, she expresses inviolate satisfaction with the tastefully faked Cape Dutch character of the house. There are also two trampled maiden aunts, referred to as "the drab Misses Silberstein," who are obediently overjoyed by the gusts of prankishness that pass for hospitality in the man who feeds them. And there is the dowager Mrs. Silberstein, an old carcass barnacled with jewelry and nearly incapacitated by the elaboration of her evening dresses. She welcomes Henry with the accusation that he is small and thin: "I thought you were taller. Runtish little goy." Behind his back, Jock remarks "Pleasant" and the filleted Misses Silberstein are stimulated, but the old battleaxe pursues her point: "Small. Impotent."

As the educated play their barbarous games, the Africans in the background of the book keep their toothless mouths shut, lay out food, make other people's bank accounts breed, and eventually set fire to their model employer's model native village. The demonstration of protest is movingly bungled. It peters out, in muddle, as it began, led by the haywire impulse of a firebug white agitator. The incident scarcely impinges on Jock Silberstein's circle, unless it gives them their usual vague throb of pleasure at the regenerative effect of a little Black anarchy. Jock's friends, who are described by their own words in lines of dialogue that the pithy Mr. Leroux seems to be holding well away from himself, are a clique of ironclad chatterboxes with a taste for proxy violence and no ear for anyone but their kind. They have a comic habit of foisting interests on Henry that he has never possessed and that he stands around with awkwardly, as if they were inedible cocktail things on toast. He is assumed to want to talk about, in turn, leprosy, adultery, murder, impurity, prostitution, and theft. The smart whites gossip excitably, and Henry fades. One of the most excited is Sir Henry Mandrake, who later dies in the midst of babble, watched by the aspic eyes of a terrible wife. Lady Mandrake has always spoken proudly of her husband's wonderful wish to die naturally and without pain-killers. In the agony of the event, she continues to find it



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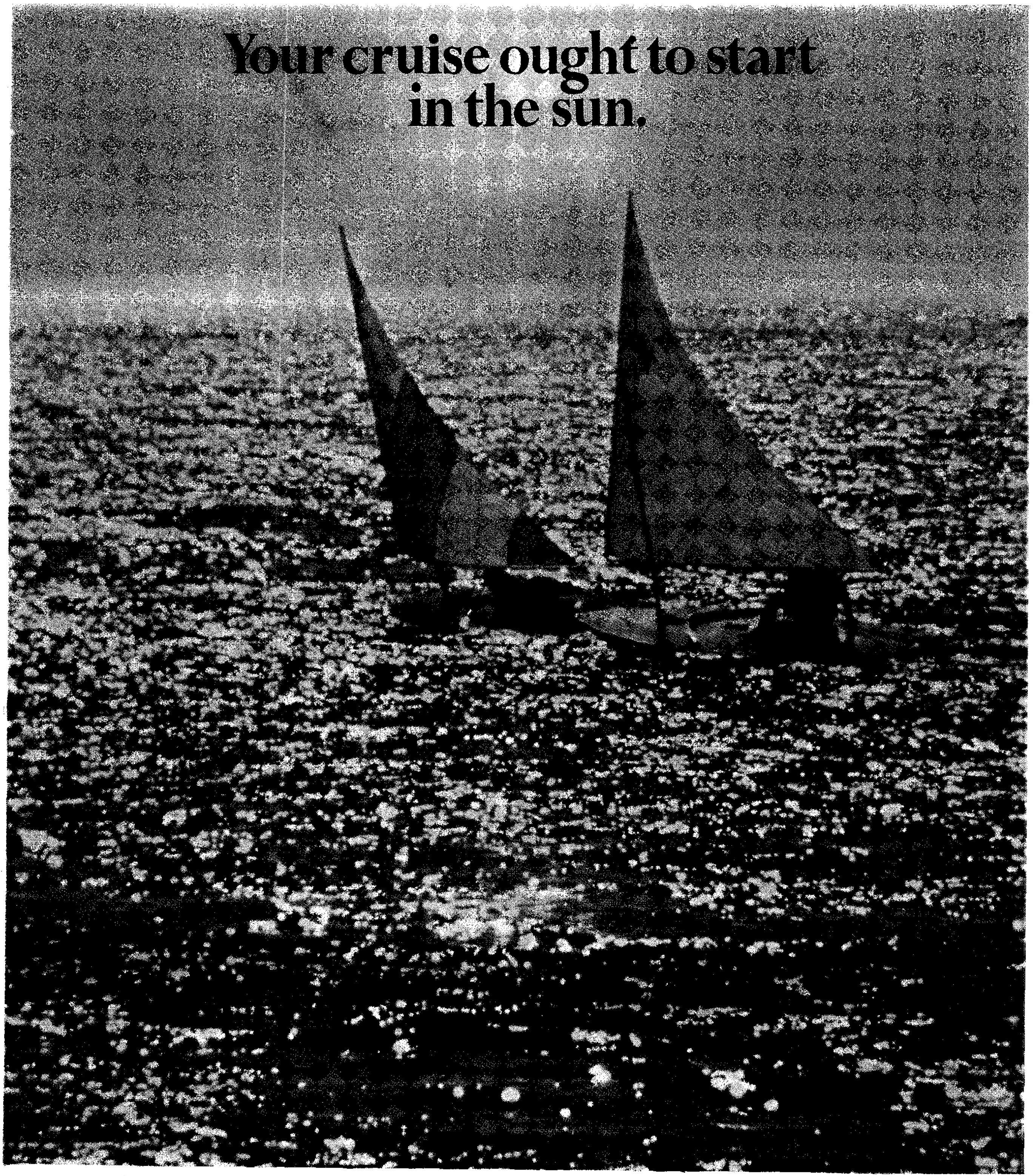

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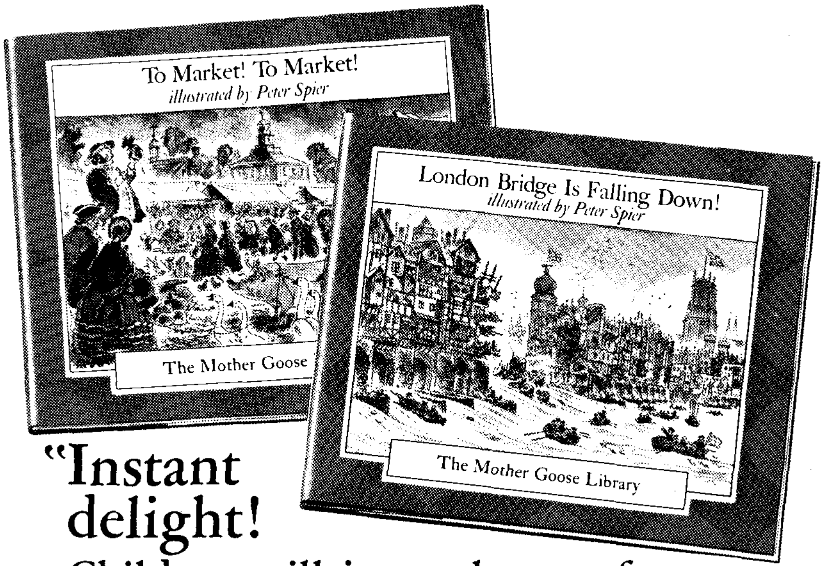
wonderful and immediately talks about the corpse as if she were dictating some remote celebrity's obituary. "He was an intimate friend of Ellen Terry and Irving," says the monster of the heartfelt in her brightest voice, and "one of the very first to laugh at the work of Cézanne." While the remorseless ventriloquist prattles on, the corpse's expression fixes into a grimace of violent feeling that might be fury, hate, pain, sorrow, or suffering: "without circumstantial proof," says Leroux, they are much the same.

On Henry's way back to his room he is grazed by a bat, and the dessert apple beside his bed exudes a worm. The whole pampered house suddenly seems a death ship due to be scuttled. One evening, Henry has the impression that it is running down, but all that has happened is that the estate's diesel generator has stopped. With the new day, the machinery will always start up again, just as the sham élite's rapacity and posturing cleverness will always grind into action, and well-heeled salon sages will talk about the purifying effects of poverty or express their pathological worship of Blackness, which they speak of as though the chaotic energy released by others' misery were some enormously expensive injection of hormones to ward off their own senility. Jock Silberstein's position to them is racingly mock-jocular. He speaks of them to Henry as philistine: "So are they all, my friends here, good at their professions, and rich as well." This s typical of the surface of the book. The sliver of Mark Antony disappears again in a flash, and then, much later, n mid-party, a prize bull called Brutus ppears, bred to be precisely half red nd half black. The emblem of apartheid is greeted with cheers for its high utterfat content and with open pleasure n its lustiness on the part of the thrilled pinsters Silberstein. Farmers exclaim, photograph is taken, and as the shut- er goes off at an *n*th of a second the howpiece of genetic theory raises its ead and gives a bellow of pain too high or the human hearing threshold to atch. The image is the formal parallel f an earlier scene about Jock Silber- ein, who shuts himself into an engine om so noisy with escaping steam that he loudest voice can't be heard, and n bangs a hammer in a transport of detectable violence and yells the rds of Job at the top of his lungs.

Mr. Leroux can write. (So can his nslator, Charles Eglington.) It is ring that a metaphorical novelist uld have the humanity and skill make moments like these concrete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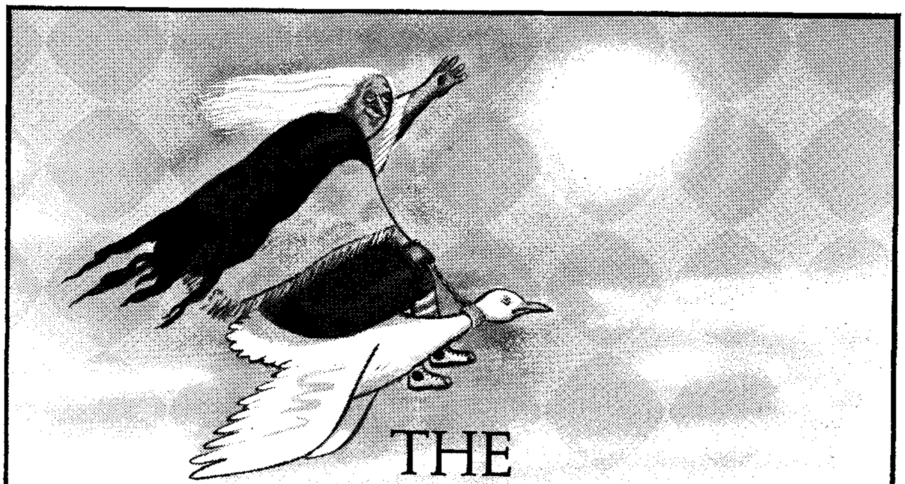

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about distress. Toward the end of the book, the symbolic design about Good vs. Evil and White vs. Black seems to me to get a bit wild. The revelatory seventh day, in which pallid Henry is said to feel faith for the first time and therefore to be capable of love, runs amok with some arguable generalities. It is apparently faith alone that makes Salome visible and beloved; before this, she has been unidentifiable as an entity. As it turns out, the whole thesis of the book rests on the idea that "civilized" people now are fundamentally indifferent to the fate of individuals and can harbor compassion only for groups. In Jock's words to Henry, the reason Salome remains hidden from him is that the world no longer has a sense of separate characters with dramatic images: "We are all simply conduits." But the very man who says this is hugely dramatic and singular. By some true instinct of fiction, the book luckily keeps overriding the point it means to serve.

"Seven Days at the Silbersteins" tangles with a dangerous form. Contemporary allegories that substitute one-cell symbols for complex realities generally seem to be playing nothing much more than a rather offensive game of intellectual peekaboo. On the face of it, to boil down apartheid into a bicolored bull is the act of a mannered fool. When everything stands for something else, and for something unmentionably major, one's only usual response is to long for the human scale and decide not to stand for anything oneself. Mr. Leroux's book is a fluke, because it is without showoff and inspired by rage. The bilious cartoons of a sterile economic clique, and the theme of a vanishing regard for people's discrete existences, are obviously rooted in a passionate concern about South Africa. Against the background of a society that patterns its human beings with such a horrible instinct for formal design, the elegant scheme of the book has vile cause.

"NO MAN'S TIME," an allegory by V. S. Yanovsky (Weybright & Talley), is something else. The prose, translated from the Russian, is what they call roistering, full of lunges of slang unnervingly placed between opaque metaphors that seem to have sprung out of the head of some maudlin drunken Eskimo who learned English by gramophone record in an igloo. The out-of-time village that the fable poses against Chicago and New York, teaching Chicago and New York a lesson, is said to appear to "lie on a

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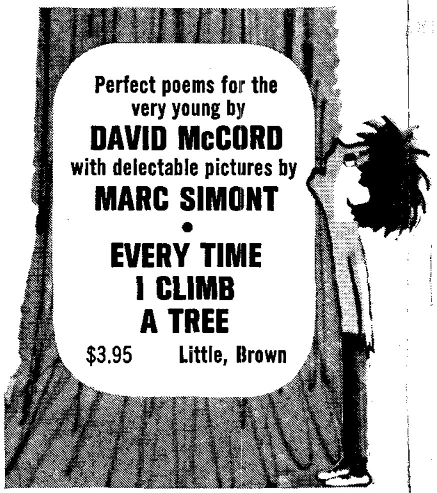

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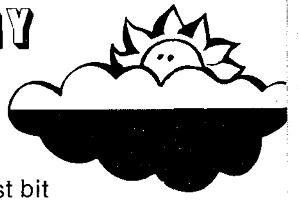

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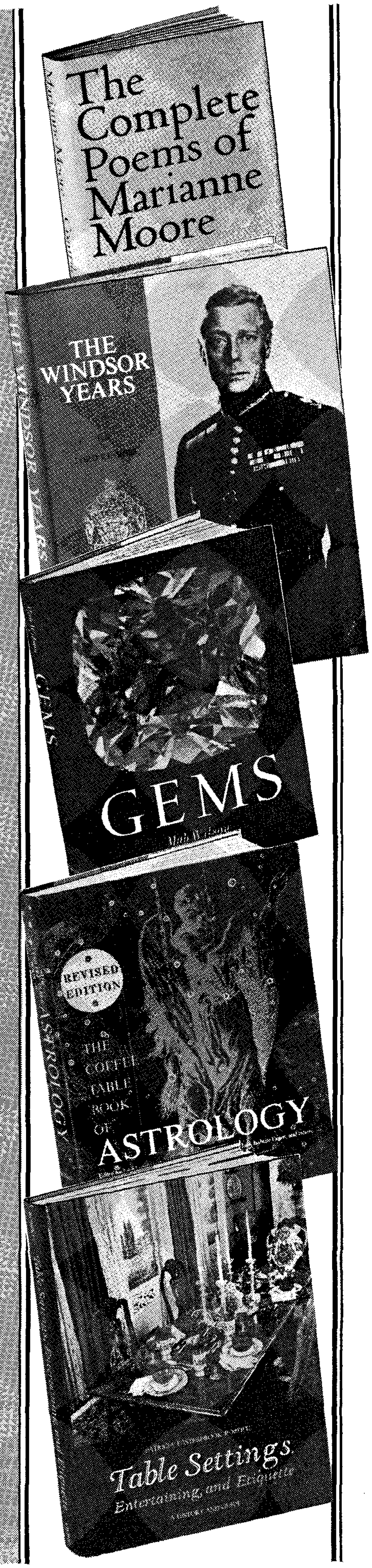
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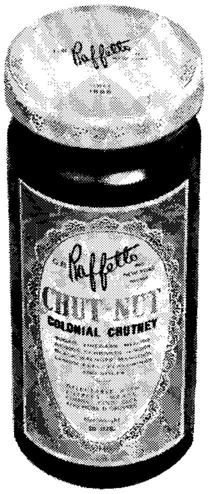

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silver charger (like an oblation to be offered an invading general)." Silver *charger*? Silver salver? The book has a reckless passion for unseatingly wrong images, and fancifulness spreads into the body of the work in spite of its talent. W. H. Auden writes the preface with his usual affection, and sees the fable as the story of a modern Jason searching for the Golden Fleece. The block I have about this sort of thing is probably personal; for instance, I always thought of the three men in Pinter's "The Caretaker" as two brothers and a caretaker, and when a scholar on the B.B.C. Third Programme analyzed them as the Trinity it let in no light at all.

Yanovsky's Jason is a Russian-born émigré living in Chicago, once a religious believer and now a practicing capitalist, who has been hired to search for the heir of an immense and mysterious fortune. In Chicago the man's name is Cornelius Yamb, but in the primitivist Canadian village where he finds the heir, or fleece, he is greeted as Conrad Jamb, a deacon who scarpered after marrying a splendiferously built girl and fathering a crippled boy. The girl is a sort of Brünnhilde with nature-food convictions, and Cornelius/Conrad finds it not half bad to be received as her husband and to be cradled in the hug of her whole-wheat-germ life. Love goes well. ("For some reason his heart gave a few fast, strong beats." Circulation?) The villagers eat lukewarm puddings, play chess, make butter, till the fields by hand, and have not discovered humor. They also listen to arithmetical problems and sermons about the higher implications of mathematics, preached by a bawling redbeard who yells crushing remarks from the pulpit, such as "Brothers, sisters, you remember Kantor's great revelation, his comparison of different infinities, proving some to be larger and some smaller. . . . Believe it or not, fools, but it is so!" The snarling congregation hears large theories of oneness equalling diversity and goes to sleep, possibly burdened by the metaphysical strain of living in a place where time stops between the first and the thirteenth of every January and may be made to run backward. When the visitor plagues them for a sight of the symbolic heir, whom he knows to be called Bruno, a pretty girl confusingly says, "You are thinking of We." We *is* Bruno, but he thinks of himself as We, and so does everyone else in the town. This raises involved questions of identity and of plural participation in someone else's first-person case, and

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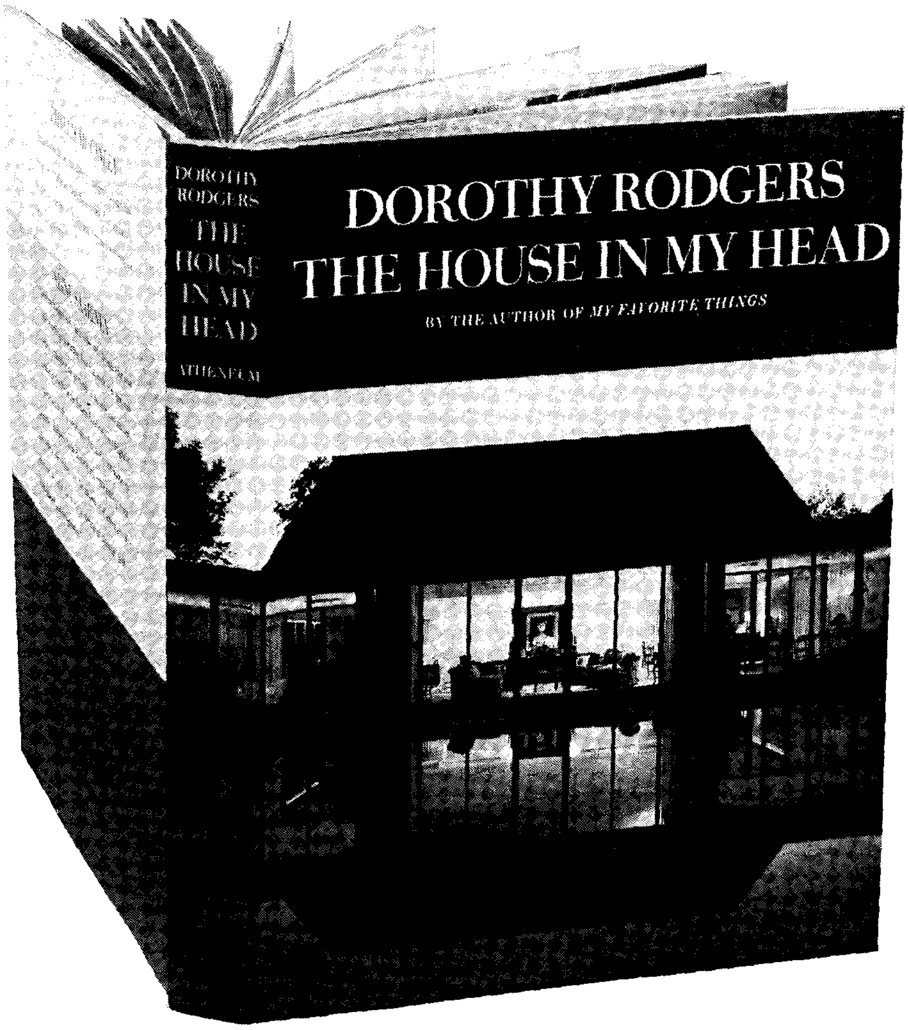
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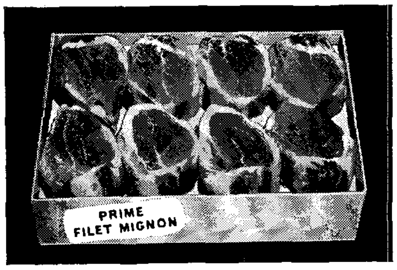

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also leads to tricky narrative statements such as "We was not alone." We is a two-hundred-and-forty-pound man with diabetes, and his fortune is high-mindedly sought by West Germany, the Vatican, two wings of Protestantism, the Soviet Union, and the American Intelligence service, all of them ostensibly for reasons to do with his birth and upbringing, though obviously the loot would come in. The loaded golden fleece has a speech pattern all his own. It is archly primordial and rather testy, and his time scale makes him remember the Creation as if it were yesterday. "Giant bats, reptiles, and horned cats were crawling out from the jungle. . . . semen of sickness, greed, jealousy, death, and the spores of Marx, Hegel, Darwin, Aquinas, Pavlov, Freud. . . . Can't you understand: the personality is We. We is the personality! And the past lies before us, not behind. If it were before his eyes, man would see his future rather than his past!" The bloated lord of gobbledygook soon scents a future in the outside world as a TV Thinker and agrees to go to the United States with his Jason.

It is in the American scenes that the book suddenly shifts tone. The humor seems more dependable and the inventions connect with something imaginatively alive. The last sequences are hard to forget. Cornelius's New World wife and children have been burned to death in a fire, the point of the Bruno search has become finally shop-soiled, and the exile's quest has dwindled into a contest with minor irritabilities that hardly mask the phantom pain of a past felt to have been hacked off and squandered. Cornelius crawls under his old Lincoln, found on a junk heap in Brooklyn, and the filthy weather makes him think himself back in Russia. Remorse and loss shuffle his sense of time, his dead sisters wrangle about him, and the chassis of the wrecked car nearly kills him before a boozing tramp with the body of Bruno jacks it up and splits a bottle of wine with him. Yanovsky makes the last part of his book powerful with the homesickness of a man's ache for his life. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE SLOW NATIVES, by Thea Astley (Evans). An Australian novel, set in the suburbs of the east-coast city of Brisbane. References to local plants and an occasional Aussie locution are not a match for the univer-

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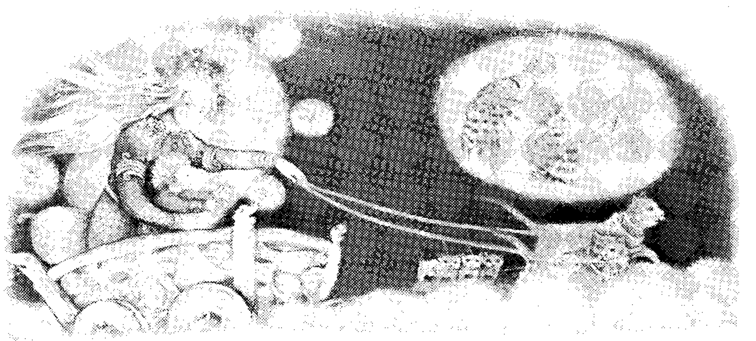
sal suburban quality of the characters and their spiritual dilemmas. Working pretty close to the surface, and not always following through as far as she should, the author investigates dry patches in the lives of a dull married couple, their fourteen-year-old son and his underprivileged companion, some nuns, a priest, and a spinster, and she discovers some hope, at some cost, for them all—Protestant and Catholic, male and female, adult and adolescent, married and deliberately or accidentally celibate. Miss Astley's complacency does not have the full support of the metaphors that obviously pop into her head faster than she can figure out what to do with them.

GENERAL

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, VOLUME II: YOUNG STATESMAN, 1901-14, by Randolph S. Churchill (Houghton Mifflin). In 1901, Winston Churchill had just entered Parliament as a Tory. Three years later, he left his party over the issue of free trade, joined the Liberals, and worked his way up into the Cabinet, where he played a leading role in the great political battles and social reforms of those prewar years—fighting for the Lloyd George budget, helping found England's labor-exchange and unemployment-insurance systems, and extending wages-and-hours legislation. Then Churchill shifted to the Admiralty, where his job was to prepare the fleet for the First World War. During these years, Churchill also married, founded a family, and wrote. (He published a valuable biography of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill.) The present author, however, reflects his father's primary concern: most of the book is devoted to English politics. Since these were politically exciting years, the book is crammed with detailed accounts of dramatic events in which Churchill played a part, most of which profoundly altered British life; in fact, this volume marks the confluence of Churchill's biography and English history. The one subject that gives the author trouble is the bad impression his father often made. Churchill's rapid ascent—he was a Cabinet member at thirty-three—naturally created envy, and, besides, he took strong stands on controversial issues. But apart from envy and political disagreement, Churchill evoked—along with admiration, loyalty, affection, and



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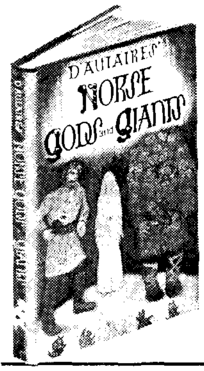

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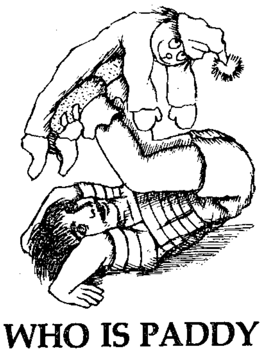

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love—resentment, dislike, hostility, and contempt, and the author, who is a loving son as well as a thorough biographer, sometimes finds these negatives hard to explain. Luckily, Randolph Churchill's documentation does the job for him—for instance, an exchange of letters in which Winston Churchill, with all due respect, refuses to accept a mild (though unjust) reprimand from George V demonstrates how a *toujours-de-l'audace* man might grate on *surtout-pas-trop-de-zèle* personalities.

THE FRAIL OCEAN, by Wesley Marx (Coward-McCann). The oceans, Mr. Marx says, are no more impervious than forests to destruction by human carelessness or avarice, and he explains how, like the rest of our natural environment, they represent a biochemical balance that men disturb at their peril. He illustrates his generalizations by many specific discussions, ranging from the preservation of kelp beds and whale herds to issues in American federal-state relations and problems in international law. His writing is clear and plain.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE EDGE OF THE CHAIR, edited by Joan Kahn (Harper & Row). A collection of stories, some fact and some fiction, about crime and terror and all varieties of sinister mischief. Anthologies of this kind are all too often little treasuries of the expected; this one is anything but that. The editor has a catholic taste, and there are things here by writers you have never heard of, along with good, but not always familiar, examples of the work of such well-known craftsmen as John Collier, Ambrose Bierce, G. K. Chesterton, Ray Bradbury, and Robert M. Coates.

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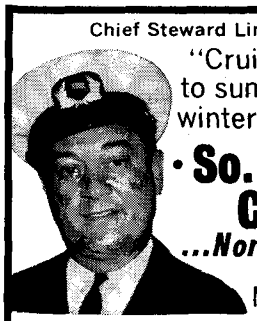

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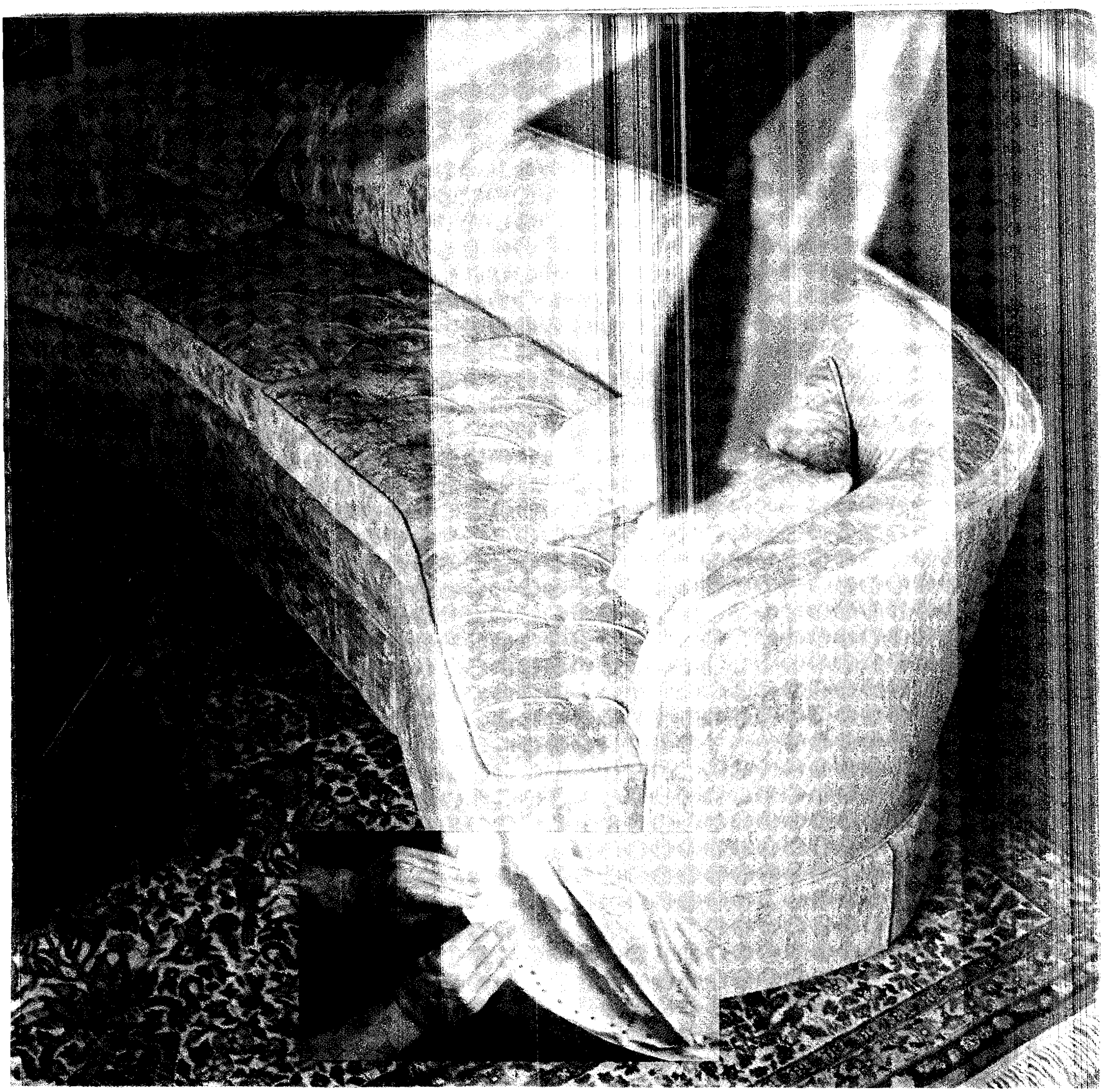

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fore he fitted this sweep of crushed velvet, the Heritage upholsterer stretched, shaped and stitched four yers of support over the arms and back of the frame. When a sofa, or any piece of furniture, takes its shape m the inside out, only more money can buy it.

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